

A
COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH POEMS

1660—1800

Selected and Edited by
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HARPER & ROW, PUBLISHERS
New York, Evanston, and London

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PREFACE

THIS book is designed primarily for the convenience of advanced students of Restoration and eighteenth-century literature in American colleges and universities. Its main purpose is to give such students, many of whom cannot rely upon access to adequately equipped libraries, a selection of representative poems published in England and Scotland between 1660 and 1800 sufficiently generous to enable them to judge the achievement of the age, in all its variety of themes and styles, for themselves.

It is an age about which it is increasingly easy to form sympathetic and properly instructed views. The prejudices of a hundred years, to be sure, die hard, and there are many readers and critics among us to whom the verdict pronounced by Romantics and Victorians upon the "classical" school of the eighteenth century remains even yet the final word. That true poetry is always a direct outpouring of personal feeling, that its values are determined by the nature of the emotion which it expresses, the standard being naturally set by the preferences of the most admired poets in the nineteenth-century tradition, that its distinctive effort is "to bring unthinkable thoughts and unsayable sayings within the range of human minds and ears", that the essence of its art is not statement but suggestion—these are still for many persons self-evident propositions, and their effect is still to fasten a taint of the unpoetic upon even the greatest productions of an age which by principle eschewed personal confessions, which loved wit and cultivated regularity, precision, and a "satisfying completeness" of form, and which drew the substance of its verse from such—to the nineteenth century—prosaic things as the scorn of Tory for Whig or of wit for pedant and dunce, as the coming of a city shower, or as the optimistic theory of the world.

But it is clear that the tyranny of these presuppositions about the nature of poetry and of the inhibitions of taste which they have tended to encourage is far less complete at the present moment than it was even a few years ago. There have of course always been readers who have found in the poetry of Dryden and Pope and Swift and Prior and Johnson a source of unfailing delight. The difference is that today such admirers of "classical" verse need no longer feel themselves isolated in the midst of a hostile world. No more are they on the defensive, it is not they but the surviving disciples of Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold who are out of harmony with the movement of modern

criticism and taste Of this movement in the English-speaking world the most influential spokesman is beyond question Mr T S Eliot, no one has done more than he to make us aware of the limitations of Romantic and Victorian ideas about poetry or to win a respectful hearing for poets who worked in idioms foreign to nineteenth-century taste His essay on Dryden, inspired by the excellent and no less enthusiastic appraisal of Mr Van Doren, is a manifesto of revolt "To enjoy Dryden means to pass beyond the limitations of the nineteenth century into a new freedom" "Dryden [in *Mac Flecknoe*] continually enhances he makes his object great, in a way contrary to expectation, and the total effect is due to the transformation of the ridiculous into poetry." "The reproach of the prosaic, levelled at Dryden, rests upon a confusion between the emotions considered to be poetic—which is a matter allowing considerable latitude of fashion—and the *result* of personal emotion in poetry . . ." "Dryden lacked what his master Jonson possessed, a large and unique view of life, he lacked insight, he lacked profundity But where Dryden fails to satisfy, the nineteenth century does not satisfy us either, and where that century has condemned him, it is itself condemned In the next revolution of taste it is possible that poets may turn to the study of Dryden. He remains one of those who have set standards for English verse which it is desperate to ignore" That these statements represent a view which has become increasingly prevalent, and that not alone in academic circles, since 1920, there is ample evidence in the mass of recent critical comment not merely on Dryden but on many of his successors in the same tradition—on Pope, on Swift, on Johnson, on Churchill, on the numerous minor poets of the Georgian era who have been so diligently collected by Mr David Nichol Smith and Mr Iolo Williams Not every one would endorse the late Mr Strachey's enthusiasm for Pope's *Pastorals*, but there are many readers nowadays who appreciate what he means when he speaks of "the enchantment of the heroic couplet," and who would subscribe unreservedly to his emancipated view of the subject-matter of poetry "If we look at the facts, where do we find poetry? In the wild fantasies of Aristophanes, in the sordid lusts of Baudelaire, in the gentle trivialities of La Fontaine. . . There is poetry to be found lurking in the metaphysical system of Epicurus, and in the body of a flea. And so need we be surprised if it invests a game of cards, or a gentleman sneezing at Hampton Court?"

Many of the barriers which once stood in the way of a full enjoyment of eighteenth-century poetry have thus been broken down—thanks to the critical revolution of the past decade But this is not all Appreciation of the verse contained in this volume is dependent upon other things besides an open mind toward forms of poetry not approved by the nineteenth-century tradition, it demands an adequate conception of the culture, the ruling ideas,

and in general the artistic and intellectual history of the age in which it was produced. We stand at present only upon the threshold of a proper understanding of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but progress toward such an understanding has been notably rapid during the last few years, and the student who approaches the period today can do so with the help of much more trustworthy and stimulating guides than would have been available a decade ago.¹ It is not merely that we have for the first time satisfactory texts of a number of important poets (Blake, for example), or that the lives and personalities of others (for instance, Pope) have been put in a fairer light, or that diligent inquiry has told us more than we ever knew before about such topics as the origins of the heroic couplet, the vogue of burlesque and mock-heroic poetry, or the influence of Spenser and Milton on eighteenth-century style. Along with much accumulation of new detail and much fruitful sifting of the old there have come also altered perspectives, and a fresh insight into the complex forces that shaped the period as a whole. In this progress the chief factor has undoubtedly been the renewed concentration by scholars on the relations between eighteenth-century literature and the history of ideas. How vivifying the effect of this form of study can be appears most conspicuously perhaps in the scattered writings of Professor Lovejoy.² If we are now beginning to have something like an adequate understanding of the intellectual atmosphere surrounding neo-classical criticism and poetry, if we are on our way toward a more discriminating and genuinely historical conception of the complex of movements which has been commonly called "romanticism," the credit must in very large measure go to him. Others at the same time, but independently, have applied a similar method to more limited problems, with results that are no less illuminating in their way. Thus—to mention only a few examples—a good deal that was formerly obscure in Dryden's religious poems has now been cleared up, many aspects of Thomson have acquired new meaning by being brought into relation with the scientific and religious ideas of his time, Blake no longer stands an isolated and hence unintelligible figure in the later eighteenth century.

In selecting and reprinting the poems which make up this volume I have tried to keep in mind both of these new directions of interest in the verse of the period. I have naturally devoted most space to major figures, such as Dryden, Prior, Swift, Gay, Pope, Thomson, Johnson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Blake, and Burns, but I have not neglected their lesser contemporaries, many of whom have left us verse of indubitable excellence in forms or on subjects that would have been inadequately illustrated in a selection.

¹ The titles of the most important or useful of these are brought together in the bibliography at the end of the volume.

² For a list of his principal papers on eighteenth century topics see the third and fourth sections of the bibliography.

only from the better-known men With rare exceptions I have included only complete poems or complete parts of poems, and I have taken the texts of these, whenever possible, from the most authoritative contemporary sources, and have printed them unaltered except for the correction of an occasional misprint or the insertion of an occasional needed mark of punctuation³ In arranging them in the volume I have followed an order determined, for the whole work of an author, by the date of his first important publication,⁴ and, for the individual poems of an author, by the dates, so far as these could be ascertained, of their first appearance in print⁵

I suppose that no one who undertakes such a work as this can ever feel entirely happy about the printed result I have omitted some poems which, could I now plan the collection anew, I should certainly wish to include, and I have given valuable space to others of whose superior claims I am no longer quite convinced In preparing the texts I have not always, as Johnson confessed on a more momentous occasion, "executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations" The difficulties have been greater than I could anticipate It has not always been easy, and occasionally it has proved impossible, to determine with certainty what particular form of a poem best represented its author's final intentions I have been reasonably diligent in my inquiries, but so imperfect still is our knowledge of the textual history of this period that I have been forced, more frequently than I could wish, to content myself with what I feel sure are only approximations. Nor, even when I knew what text I ought to print, has it invariably been possible to act upon the information Certain poems I have been compelled to reproduce from obviously inferior sources, of a number of others I have been obliged to give texts which, though they have been collated in proof with the proper originals, still retain some of the variations in capitalization and punctuation, though not in wording, characteristic of the modern editions from which they were set⁶ And finally I shall not be surprised to learn, though here again I have taken some pains, that the dates of first publication given in the notes are in some instances incorrect I can only hope that errors of this sort are not unduly numerous and that users of the collection will have the kindness to inform me of any that they may discover

³ The source of the text of each poem is indicated in a footnote, though not always, I am afraid, with all the precision that might be demanded in a work of greater scholarly pretensions It has seemed unnecessary, for example, to take account of the fact that there were duplicate printings, with some textual variations of minor importance, of Cowley's *Works* of 1668, of Prior's *Poems* of 1718, of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1731, and possibly of others among the editions which I have used

⁴ This appears as the second of the three dates given in parentheses after the name of the author

⁵ To this latter rule I have admitted a few exceptions Thus poems printed posthumously have normally been placed according to dates of composition

⁶ These poems are designated in the bibliographical footnotes by the phrase "See Preface"

The debt which this book owes to earlier attempts in the same kind, and especially to the admirable anthologies of Iolo Williams and David Nichol Smith, will be evident to all readers. I have received much kind assistance, at various stages in its preparation, from friends both in this country and England. Messrs Birrell and Garnett, of London, and Mr Walter Hill, of Chicago, have generously allowed me to collate certain rare books in their possession. Mr L F Powell, the learned and benevolent librarian of the Taylor Institution, Oxford, Professor F B Snyder, of Northwestern University, and Professors Sir William Craigie, George L Marsh, and George Sherburn, of the University of Chicago, have aided me in the choice and verification of the texts and in the preparation of the appendixes. I am under obligation also to Mr Geoffrey Keynes and the Nonesuch Press for permission to use the text of Blake contained in the excellent one-volume edition of his poetry and prose published in 1927, to the Cambridge University Press for authorization to include the text of Prior's *Jinny the Just* first printed from manuscript by A R Waller in 1907, and to the University of Chicago Press for permission to imitate the cover design of my *New Essays by Oliver Goldsmith*. My chief debt, however, is to my assistant, Mr W K Chandler, from whose advice and criticism, freely given during the whole course of the undertaking, I have profited more than I can adequately say.

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A

Collection of English Poems

1660-1800

*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618-1633-1667)

To Sir William Davenant Upon His Two First Books of *Gondibert*, Finished Before His Voyage to America¹

METHINKS *Heroick Poesie* till now
Like some fantastick *Fairy Land* did show,
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches and *Gyants race*,
And all but *Man* in *Mans chief work* had place
Thou like some worthy *Knight* with sacred Arms 5
Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*
Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want
Yet ev'en thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,
Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well 10
By fatal hands whilst *present Empires* fall,
Thine from the *Grave past Monarchies* recall
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
The *Poets Fury*, then the *Zelots Spirit*
And from the *Grave* thou mak'est this *Empire* rise, 15
Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t'affright our Eyes,
But with more Lustre and triumphant state,
Then when it crown'd at proud *Verona* sate
So will our *God rebuild* mans perisht frame,
And raise him up much *Better*, yet the *same* 20
So *God-like Poets* do past things rehearse,
Not *change*, but *Heighten* Nature by their Verse
With shame, methinks, great *Italy* must see
Her *Conquerors* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee*
Rais'd by such pow'rful Verse, that ancient *Rome* 25
May blush no less to see her *Wit o'ercome*
Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give
The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind 30
Thou in those beaten pathes disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit

¹ Published in *The Preface to Gondibert*, Paris, 1650 Text of *Works*, 1668

This latter *Age* should see *all New but Wit*
 Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make, 35
 And leave bright *Tracks* for following *Pens* to take.
 Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the *Muse*
 Did thy desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,
 And ne're did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* bless,
 If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like success. 40

Ode. Of Wit¹

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
 Thou who *Master* art of it
 For the *First* matter loves *Variety* less,
 Less *Women* lov't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.
 A thousand different shapes it bears, 5
Comely in thousand shapes appears
 Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,
 Like *Spirits* in a *Place*, we know not *How*

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
 In no *Ware* deceives us more 10
 For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
 Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape*,
 Some things do through our Judgment pass
 As through a *Multiplying Glass*
 And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far, 15
 We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest *word* of *Fame*
 Grows such a common Name
 And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
 Just so, as *Tit'lar Bishops* made at *Rome* 20
 'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jest*
 Admir'd with *Laughter* at a feast,
 Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain,
 The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet 25
 With their five gowty feet
 All ev'ry where, like *Mans*, must be the *Soul*,
 And *Reason* the *Inferior Powers* controul
 Such were the *Numbers* which could call
 The *Stones* into the *Theban* wall. 30

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1656 Text of *Works*, 1668

Such *Miracles* are ceast, and now we see
No *Towns* or *Houses* rais'd by *Poetrie*

Yet 'tis not to adoin, and gild each part;

That shows more *Cost*, then *Art*
Jewels at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear, 35
Rather then *all things Wit*, let *none* be there.

Several *Lights* will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' skie,
If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie* 40

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,

Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*
In which who finds out *Wit*, the same may see
In *An'grams* and *Acrostiques Poetrie*

Much less can that have any place 45
At which a *Virgin* hides her face,
Such *Dross* the *Fire* must purge away, 'tis just
The *Author blush*, there where the *Reader* must

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*

When *Bajazet* begins to rage 50
Nor a tall *Meta'phor* in the *Bombast way*,
Nor the dry chips of short lung'd *Seneca*
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd *Similitude*

What is it then, which like the *Power Divine* 55
We only can by *Negatives* define?

In a true piece of *Wit* all things must be,

Yet all things there *agree*
As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without force or strife,
All *Creatures* dwelt, all *Creatures* that had *Life*. 60

Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which without *Discord* or *Confusion* lie,
In that strange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*, 65

Makes me forget and injure you
I took you for *my self* sure when I thought
That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.

Correct my error with thy *Pen*,
And if any ask me then, 70

What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll onely shew your *Lines*, and say, 'Tis *Thus*

The Chronicle. A Ballad¹

MARGARITA first possesst,
 If I remember well, my brest,
Margarita first of all,
 But when a while the wanton Maid
 With my restless Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous *Catharine*
 Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my Heart)
 To *Elisa's* conqu'ring face.

Elisa till this Hour might reign
 Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'ne.
Fundamental Laws she broke,
 And still new *Favorites* she chose,
 Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
 And cast away her yoke

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
 Both to reign at once began
 Alternately they sway'd,
 And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
 And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
 And sometimes *Both* I' obey'd

Another *Mary* then arose
 And did rigorous *Laws* impose
 A mighty *Tyrant* she'
 Long, alas, should I have been,
 Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
 Had not *Rebecca* set me free

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,
 'Twas then a *golden Time* with me.
 But soon those pleasures fled,
 For the gracious *Princess* dy'd
 In her Youth and Beauties pride,
 And *Judith* reigned in her sted

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1656 Text of *Works*, 1668

One Month, three Days, and half an Hour
Judith held the *Sovereign Power*
 Wondrous beautiful her Face,
 But so weak and small her Wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so *Susanna* took her place.

40

But when *Isabella* came
 Arm'd with a resistless flame
 And th' Artillery of her Eye,
 Whilst she proudly maicht about
 Greater Conquests to find out,
 She beat out *Susan* by the By

45

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black-ey'd *Besse*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
 To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*
 Thousand worse *Passions* then possest
 The *Interregnum* of my brest
 Bless me from such an *Anaichy*!

50

Gentle *Henniette* than
 And a third *Mary* next began,
 Then *Jone*, and *Jane* and *Audria*
 And then a pretty *Thomasine*,
 And then another *Katharine*,
 And then a long *Et cætera*

55

But should I now to you relate,
 The strength and riches of their *state*,
 The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
 The *Ribbans*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
 The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
 That make up all their *Magazins*

60

If I should tell the politick Arts
 To take and keep mens hearts,
 The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
 The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
 The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
 Numberless, *Nameless* *Mysteries*!

70

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
 By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*,
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All Change of *Weathers* that befell)
 Then *Holmshead* or *Stow*

75

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with Me
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present *Empress* does claim,
Heleonora, First o'th' Name,
 Whom *God* grant long to reign!

80

Anacreontiques or, Some Copies of Verses Trans-
 lated Paraphrastically out of Anacreon¹

Drinking

THE thirsty *Earth* soaks up the *Rain*,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again
 The *Plants* suck in the *Earth*, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair
 The *Sea* it self, which one would think
 Should have but little need of *Drink*,
 Drinks ten thousand *Rivers* up,
 So fill'd that they or'eflow the *Cup*
 The busie *Sun* (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
 The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night
 Nothing in *Nature's Sober* found,
 But an eternal *Health* goes round
 Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
 Fill all the *Glasses* there, for why
 Should every creature drink but *I*,
 Why, *Man* of *Morals*, tell me why?

5

10

15

20

The Praise of Pindar In Imitation of Horace his
 second Ode, B. 4. Pindarum quisquis studet
 æmulari, &c.²

PINDAR is imitable by none,
 The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone*
 Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly
 And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1656 Text of *Works*, 1668

² Published in *Poems*, 1656 Text of *Works*, 1668

What could he who *follow'd* claim,
 But of vain *boldness* the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a *Sea* to name?
Pindars unnavigable Song
 Like a swoln *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours along
 The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice* 16
 From his enlaiged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noise

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
 Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,
 Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul 15
 Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he sings
 In a no less *Immortal strain*,
 Or the great Acts of *God-descended Kings*,
 Who in his Numbers still survive and *Reign*.
 Each rich embroidered *Line*, 20
 Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
 By his sacred Hand is bound,
 Does all their *starry Diadems* outshine.

Whether at *Pisa's* race he please
 To *carve* in polisht *Verse* the *Conque'iors Images*, 25
 Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,
 Be crowned in his *Nimble, Artful, Vigorous Song*
 Whether some brave young mans untimely fate
 In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,
 Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing* words, 36
 As *joy* to his *Mothers* and his *Mistress* grief affords.
 He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
 Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name*
 The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,
 So *small* is *Deaths*, so *great* the *Poets* power 35

Lo, how th'obsequious *Wind*, and swelling *Ayr*
 The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
 Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
 And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
 Whilst, alas, my *tim'rous Muse* 40
Unambitious tracks pursues,
 Does with weak unballast wings,
 About the *mossy Brooks* and *Springs*,
 About the *Trees* new-blossom'ed *Heads*,
 About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*, 45
 About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,

And all *inferior beauteous things*
 Like the laborious *Bee*,
 For little drops of *Honey* flee,
 And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Industrie*.

50

To the Royal Society¹

PHILOSOPHY the great and only Heir

Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin
 Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,

Though full of years He do appear,

(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,

For whatsoe'er the Painters Fancy be,

5

It a Male-virtue seems to me)

Has still been kept in Nonage till of late,

Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate

Three or four thousand years one would have thought,

10

To ripeness and perfection might have brought

A Science so well bred and nurst,

And of such hopeful parts too at the first

But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,

(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)

15

Would ne're consent to set him Free,

Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,

Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie

That his own business he might quite forget,

They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit,

20

With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,

In stead of solid meats t' encrease his force,

In stead of vigorous exercise they led him

Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discourse.

25

In stead of carrying him to see

The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie

In Natures endless Treasure,

They chose his Eye to entertain

(His curious but not covetous Eye)

With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain

30

Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,

That labour'd to assert the Liberty

(From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)

Of this old *Minor* still, Captiv'd Philosophy,

But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight

35

For such a long-oppressed Right

¹ Published in Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, 1667 Text of *Works*, 1668

Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose
 Whom a wise King and Nature chose
 Lord Chancellour of both their Lawes,
 And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cause 40

Authority, which did a Body boast,
 Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
 Like some old Giants more Gigantic Ghost,
 To terrifie the Learned Rout
 With the plain Magick of true Reasons Light, 45

He chac'd out of our sight,
 Nor suffer'd Living *Men* to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the Dead
 To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled, 50

He broke that Monstrous God which stood
 In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,
 Which with a useless Sith of Wood,
 And something else not worth a name,
 (Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
 Or to Defend, or to Beget, 55
 Ridiculous and senceless Terrors!) made
 Children and superstitious Men afraid

The Orchard's open now, and free,
Bacon has broke that Scare-crow Deitie,
 Come, enter, all that will, 60

Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the Forbidden Tree,
 We would be like the Deitie, 65
 When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we
 Without the Sences aid within our selves would see,
 For 'tis God only who can find
 All Nature in his Mind

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
 (Though we our Thoughts from them perversly drew) 70

To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,
 Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew,
 He sought and gather'd for our use the True,
 And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
 He prest them wisely the Mechanick way, 75
 Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,
 Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,

The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine
 Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
 Must not from others Work a Copy take, 80
 No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*,
 Much less content himself to make it like

Th' Idæas and the Images which lie
 In his own Fancy, or his Memory
 No, he before his sight must place 85
 The Natural and Living Face,
 The real object must command
 Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

From these and all long Errours of the way,
 In which our wandring Prædecessors went, 90
 And like th' old *Hebrews* many years did stray
 In Desarts but of small extent,
Bacon, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,
 The barren Wilderness he past, 95
 Did on the very Border stand
 Of the blest promis'd Land,
 And from the Mountains Top of his Exalted Wit,
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it
 But Life did never to one Man allow
 Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too, 100
 Nor can so short a Line sufficient be
 To fadome the vast depths of Natures Sea
 The work he did we ought t' admire,
 And were unjust, if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Excess 105
 Of low Affliction, and high Happiness
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That's alwayes in a Triumph, or a Fight?

From you, great Champions, we expect to get
 These spacious Countries but discover'd yet, 110
 Countries where yet in stead of Nature, we
 Her Images and Idols worship'd see
 These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
 Though Learning has whole Armies at command,
 Quarter'd about in every Land, 115
 A better Troop she ne're together drew
 Methinks, like *Gideon's* little Band,
 God with Design has pickt out you,
 To do these noble Wonders by a Few
 When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he) 120
 Too many to o'come for Me,
 And now he chuses out his Men,
 Much in the way that he did then;
 Not those many whom he found
 Idely extended on the ground, 125
 To drink with their dejected head

The Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled
 No, but those Few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious Hands the Cup

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious Fight 130

 Their wondrous pattern too you take
 Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
 And with their Hands then lifted up the Light

 Io! Sound too the Trumpets here! 135

Already your victorious Lights appear,
 New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
 And Crowds of golden Worlds on high,
 Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea,
 Could never yet discover'd be

By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye 140

Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near Objects can secure,

 Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
 Into the privatest recess 145

Of her imperceptible Littleness
 Y' have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,
 And well begun her deepest Sense to Understand

Mischief and true Dishonour fall on those
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
 So Virtuous and so Noble a Design, 150

So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine
 The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,

Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe 155

Whoever would Deposed Truth advance
 Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
 Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
 And the sharp Points of Envious Wit

So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance, 160
 In many thousand years

A Star, so long unknown, appears,
 Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,
 It troubles and alarms the World below,
 Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show 165

With Courage and Success you the bold work begin,
 Your Cradle has not Idle bin
 None e're but *Hercules* and you could be
 At five years Age worthy a History
 And ne're did Fortune better yet 170

Th' Historian to the Story fit
 As you from all Old Errors free
 And purge the Body of Philosophy,
 So from all Modern Follies He
 Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit. 175
 His candid Style like a clean Stream does slide,
 And his bright Fancy all the way
 Does like the Sun-shine in it play,
 It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide, 180
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,
 But gently pour the Crystal Urn,
 And with judicious hand does the whole Current Guide.
 'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely Dress without the paint of Art.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

(1606-1635-1668)

Gondibert, An Heroick Poem¹

Book II, Canto V

*The House of Astragon, where in distress
 Of Nature, Gondibert for Art's redress
 Was by old Ulfen brought where Art's hard strife,
 In studying Nature for the aid of Life,
 Is by full wealth and conduct easie made,
 And Truth much visited, though in her shade*

FROM *Brescia* swiftly o're the bord'ring Plain,
 Return we to the House of *Astragon*,
 Where *Gondibert*, and his successful Train,
 Kindly lament the Victory they won

But though I Fame's great Book shall open now, 2
 Expect a while, till she that *Decad* reads,
 Which does this Dukes eternal Story show,
 And aged *Ulfen* cites for special deeds

Where Friendship is renown'd in *Ulfenore*, 10
 Where th' ancient musick of delightful veise,

¹ Published in 1650 Text of *Works*, 1673

Does it no less in *Goltho's* Breast adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts reheise

These weary Victo'is the descending Sun
Led hither, where swift Night did them surprise,
And where, for valiant toiles, wise *Astagon*,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their Eyes. 15

When to the needy World Day did appear,
And freely op'd her Treasury of light,
His House (where Art and Nature Tennants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their sight 20

Where *Ulfyn* (who an old Domestick seems,
And rules as Master in the Owners Breast)
Leads *Goltho* to admire what he esteems,
And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest

Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd,
As does th' unwearied Planets imitate,
Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create 25

Those heights, which else Dwarf Life could never reach,
Here, by the wings of diligence they climbe,
Truth (skar'd with Terms from canting Schools) they teach,
And buy it with their best sav'd Treasure, Time, 30

Here all Men seem Recov'ers of time past,
As busie as intentive *Emmets* are,
As alarm'd Armies that intrench in haste,
Or Cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges skare 35

Much it delights the wise Observers Eye,
That all these toiles direct to sev'ral skills,
Some from the Mine to the hot Furnace hie,
And some from flow'ry Fields to weeping Stills 40

The first to hopefull *Chymicks* matter bring,
Where Med'cine they extract for instant cure,
These bear the sweeter burthens of the Spring,
Whose vertues (longer known) though slow, are sure

See there wet *Divers* from *Fossone* sent!
Who of the Seas deep Dwellers knowledge give,
Which (more unquiet then their Element)
By hungry war, upon each other live 45

Pearl to their Loid, and Cordial Coral these
 Present, which must in sharpest liquids melt, 50
 He with *Nigella* cures that dull disease
 They get, who long with stupid Fish have dwelt.

Others through Quarries dig, deeply below
 Where Desart Rivers, cold, and private run, 55
 Where Bodies conservation best they know,
 And Mines long growth, and how their veins begun.

He shewes them now Tow'rs of prodigious height,
 Where Natures Friends, Philosophers remain
 To censure Meteors in their cause and flight, 60
 And watch the Wind's authority on Rain

Others with Optick Tubes the Moons scant face
 (Vaste Tubes, which like long Cedars mounted lie)
 Attract through Glasses to so near a space,
 As if they came not to survey, but prie

Nine hasty Centuries are now fulfill'd, 65
 Since Opticks first were known to *Astragon*,
 By whom the Moderns are become so skill'd,
 They dream of seeing to the Maker's Throne

And wisely *Astragon*, thus busie grew,
 To seek the Stars remote societies, 70
 And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new,
 For Nature's law, in correspondence lies

Man's pride (grown to Religion) he abates,
 By moving our lov'd Earth, which we think fix'd,
 Think all to it, and it to none relates, 75
 With others motion scorn to have it mix'd,

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still
 Whilst other Orbes dance on, or else think all
 Those vaste bright Globes (to shew God's needless skill)
 Were made but to attend our little Ball 80

Now near a sever'd Building they discern'd
 (Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)
 A Throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,
 They came from Toyles which their own choice desir'd

This they approach, and as they enter it 85
 Their Eyes were stay'd, by reading o'er the Gate,

GREAT NATURES OFFICE, in laige letters writ,
And next, they mark'd who there in office sate.

Old busie Men, yet much for wisdom fam'd,
Hasty to know, though not by haste beguil'd, 98
These fitly, NATURE'S REGISTERS were nam'd,
The Throng weie their INTELLIGENCERS stil'd

Who stop by snaies, and by their chace o'retake
All hidden Beasts the closer Forrest yields,
All that by secret sence their rescue make, 95
Or trust their force, or swiftness in the Fields

And of this Throng, some their imployment have
In fleeting Rivers, some fix'd Lakes beset,
Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save
From trifling Angles, or the swal'wing Net 100

Some, in the spacious Ayre, their Prey o'ietake,
Cous'ning, with hunger, Falcons of their wings;
Whilst all their patient observations make,
Which each to NATURE'S OFFICE duely brings

And there of ev'ry Fish, and Foule, and Beast, 105
The wiles these learned *Registers* record,
Courage, and feares, their motion and their rest,
Which they prepare for their more learned Lord

From hence to NATURES NURSERY they goe,
Where seems to grow all that in *Eden* grew, 110
And more (if Art her mingled *Species* show)
Then th' Hebrew King, Nature's Historian, knew

Impatient *Simplers* climbe for Blossomes here,
When Dewes (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseen show'rs
First feed the early Childhood of the year, 115
And in ripe Summer, stoop for Hearbs and Flow'rs

In Autumn, Seeds and Berries they provide,
Where Nature a remaining force preserves,
In Winter digg for Roots, where she does hide
That stock, which if consum'd, the next Spring sterves 120

From hence (fresh Nature's flourishing Estate!)
They to her wither'd Receptacle come,
Where she appears the loathsome Slave of Fate,
For here her various Dead possess the Room

This dismall Gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide, 125
 Was hung with *Skelitons* of ev'ry kinde,
 Humane, and all that learned humane pride
 Thinks made t' obey Man's high immortal Minde.

Yet on that Wall hangs he too, who so thought, 130
 And she dry'd by him, whom that He obey'd,
 By her an *El'phant* that with Heards had fought,
 Of which the smallest Beast made her afraid

Next it, a Whale is high in Cables ty'd,
 Whose strength might Herds of Elephants controul, 135
 Then all, (in payres of ev'ry kinde) they spy'd
 Which Death's wrack leaves, of Fishes, Beasts, and Fowl

These *Astragon* (to watch with curious Eye
 The diff'rent Tenements of living breath)
 Collects, with what far Travailleurs supply, 140
 And this was call'd, THE CABINET OF DEATH

Which some the *Monument of Bodies*, name,
 The Arke, which saves from Graves all dying kindes,
 This to a structure led, long known to Fame,
 And call'd, THE MONUMENT OF VANISH'D MINDES

Where, when they thought they saw in well sought Books, 145
 Th' assembled soules of all that Men held wise,
 It bred such awfull rev'rence in their looks,
 As if they saw the bury'd writers rise

Such reaps of written thoughts (Gold of the Dead,
 Which Time does still disperse, but not devour) 150
 Made them presume all was from Deluge free'd,
 Which long-liv'd-Authors writ ere *Noah's* Show'r

They saw *Egyptian* Roles, which vastly great,
 Did like fain Pillars lie, and did display 155
 The tale of Natures life, from her first heat,
 Till by the Flood o'er-cool'd, she felt decay

And large as these (for Pens were Pencils then)
 Others that *Egypt's* chiefest Science show'd,
 Whose River forc'd Geometry on Men,
 Which did distinguish what the *Nyle* o're-flow'd 160

Near them, in Piles, *Chaldean* Cous'ners lie,
 Who the hid bus'ness of the Stars relate,

Who make a Trade of worship'd Prophetie,
And seem to pick the Cabinet of Fate

There *Persian Magi* stand, for wisdom prais'd, 165
Long since wise Statesmen, now *Magicians* thought,
Altars and Arts are soon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought

In a dark Text, these States-men left their Mindes, 170
For well they knew, that Monarch's Mystery
(Like that of Priests) but little rev'ience findes,
When they the Curtain op'e to ev'ry Eye

Behinde this Throng, the talking *Greeks* had place,
Who Nature turn to Art, and Truth disguise, 175
As skill does native beauty oft deface,
With *Termes* they charm the weak, and pose the wise

Now they the *Hebrew, Greek* and *Roman* spie,
Who for the Peoples ease, yoke'd them with Law,
Whom else, ungovern'd lusts would drive awry,
And each his own way frowardly would draw 180

In little Tomes these grave first Lawyers lie,
In Volumes their Interpreters below,
Who first made Law an Art, then Misterie,
So clearest springs, when troubled, cloudy grow

But here, the Souls chief Book did all precede, 185
Our Map tow'rds Heav'n, to common Crowds deny'd,
Who proudly aim to teach, ere they can read,
And all must stray, where each will be a Guide

About this sacred little Book did stand
Unweildly Volumes, and in number great, 190
And long it was since any Readers hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented Seat

For a deep Dust (which Time does softly shed,
Where only Time does come) their Covers beare,
On which, grave Spyders, streets of Webbs had spread, 195
Subtle, and slight, as the grave Writers were

In these, Heav'ns holy Fire does vainly burn,
Nor waimes, nor lights, but is in Sparkles spent,
Where froward Authors, with disputes, have toin
The Garment seamless as the Firmament 200

These are the old *Polemicks*, long since read,
 And shut by *Astragon*, who thought it just,
 They, like the Authors (*Truth's Tormentors*) dead,
 Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust

Here the *Arabian's* Gospel open lay, 205
 (Men injure *Truth*, who *Fiction* nicely hide)
 Where they the *Monk's* audacious stealths survey,
 From the *World's* first, and greater second Guide.

The Curious much perus'd this, then, new Book, 210
 As if some secret wayes to Heav'n it taught,
 For straying from the old, men newer look,
 And prise the found, not finding those they sought.

We, in Tradition (*Heav'n's* dark Mapp) describe 215
 Heav'n wise, then ancient Mapps far *India* show,
 Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does lie,
 The Mind's sought *Ophir*, which we long to know

Or as a Planter, though good Land he spies,
 Seeks new, and when no more so good he findes,
 Doubly esteems the first, so *Truth* men prise,
Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling *Mindes*. 220

And this false Book, till truly understood
 By *Astragon*, was openly display'd,
 As counterfeit, false Princes, rather shou'd
 Be shewn abroad, then in close Prison lay'd.

Now to the old *Philosophers* they come, 225
 Who follow'd Nature with such just despaire,
 As some do Kings far off, and when at home,
 Like Courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets share

Near them are grave dull *Moralists*, who give 230
 Counsell to such, as still in publick dwell,
 At sea, in Courts, in Camps, and Citties live,
 And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd Cell

Esop with these stands high, and they below, 235
 His pleasant wisdom mocks their gravity,
 Who Vertue like a tedious Matron show,
 He dresses Nature to invite the Eye

High skill their *Ethicks* seemes, whilst he stoops down
 To make the People wise, their learned pride

Makes all obscure, that Men may prize the Gown,
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide 240

And next (as if their bus'ness iul'd Mankinde)
Historians stand, bigg as their living looks,
Who thought, swift Time they could in fetters binde,
Till his Confessions they had ta'ne in Books

But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of Night, 245
And was in Princes Closets oft conceal'd,
And hid in Battels smoke, so what they Write
Of Courts and Camps, is oft by guess reveal'd

Near these, *Physitians* stood, who but reprieve
Like life a Judge, whom greater pow'r does awe, 250
And cannot an Almighty pardon give,
So much yields Subject Art to Nature's Law

And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill,
Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd, 255
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill

Now they refresh, after this long survey,
With pleasant *Poets*, who the Soul sublime,
Fame's *Heraulds*, in whose Triumphs they make way,
And place all those whom Honor helps to climbe 260

And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd Race,
Was Heav'n's lov'd *Laureat*, that in *Jewry* writ,
Whose Haip approach'd Gods Ear, though none his Face
Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit

And his Attendants, such blest Poets are, 265
As make unblemish'd Love, Courts best delight,
And sing the prosp'rous Battels of just warre,
By these the loving, Love, and valiant, fight

O hireless Science! and of all alone
The Liberal! Meanly the rest each State 270
In pension treats, but this depends on none,
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

(1615-1642-1669)

Cooper's Hill¹

SURE there are Poets which did never dream
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did tast the stream
 Of *Helicon*, we therefore may suppose
 Those made no Poets, but the Poets those
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
 So where the Muses & their train resort,
Parnassus stands, if I can be to thee
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* are to me
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac't ways, and aery paths I fly,
 More boundless in my Fancy than my eye
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or sky,
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Pauls, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight
 Has bravely reach't and soar'd above thy height
 Now shalt thou stand though sword, or time, or fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruine by the best of Kings
 Under his proud survey the City lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth the business and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud
 And is to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems
 Where, with like hast, though several ways, they run
 Some to undo, and some to be undone,
 While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the others ruine, and increase,
 As Rivers lost in Seas some secret vein
 Thence reconveighs, there to be lost again
 Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!

¹ Published in 1642 Text of *Poems and Translations*, 1668

To be at once secure, and innocent
Windsor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells
 Beauty with strength) above the Valley swells 40
 Into my eye, and doth it self present
 With such an easie and unforc't ascent,
 That no stupendious precipice denies
 Access, no horior turns away our eyes
 But such a Rise, as doth at once invite 45
 A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight
 Thy mighty Masters Embleme, in whose face
 Sate meekness, heightned with Majestick Grace
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load, 50
 Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,
 But *Atlas* only that supports the Sphears
 When Natures hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance, 55
 Mark't out for such a use, as if 'twere meant
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly, or blindness only could refuse
 A Crown of such Majestick towrs doth Grace
 The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly race 60
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Amongst that numerous, and Celestial host,
 More *Hero's* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fames
 Immortal book record more noble names
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle 65
 Owes the first Gloiy of so brave a pile,
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
 The Brittish *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*,
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,
 Then when for *Homers* birth seven Cities strove) 70
 (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his Flame)
 But whosoere it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind
 Not to recount those several Kings, to whom 75
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tombe,
 But thee (great *Edward*) and thy greater son,
 (The lillies which his Father wore, he won)
 And thy *Bellona*, who the Consort came
 Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame, 80
 She to thy Triumph led one Captive King,
 And brought that son, which did the second bring
 Then didst thou found that Order (whither love
 Or victory thy Royal thoughts did move)
 Each was a noble cause. and nothing less, 85

Than the design, has been the great success
 Which forraign Kings, and Emperors esteem
 The second honour to their Diadem
 Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill, 90
 To know as well, as power to act her will,
 That from those Kings, who then thy captives were,
 In after-times should spring a Royal pair
 Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour, 95
 To whom their better Fate reserves what ere
 The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquisht fear,
 That blood, which thou and thy great Grandsire shed,
 And all that since these sister Nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known 100
 That all the blood he spilt, had been his own
 When he that Patron chose, in whom aie joyn'd
 Souldier and Martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the Azure Circle, he did seem
 But to foretell, and prophesie of him, 105
 Who to his Realms that Azure round hath joyn'd,
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd
 That bound, which to the Worlds extreamest ends,
 Endless it self, its liquid arms extends,
 Nor doth he need those Emblemes which we paint, 110
 But is himself the Souldier and the Saint
 Here should my wonder dwell, & here my praise,
 But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
 A Chappel crown'd, till in the Common Fate, 115
 The adjoining Abby fell (may no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruine must reform)
 Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous dire offence,
 What crime could any Christian King incense
 To such a rage? was't Luxury, or Lust? 120
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
 Were these their crimes? they were his own much more.
 But wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,
 Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,
 Condemns their Luxury to feed his own 125
 And yet this Act, to varnish o're the shame
 Of sacriledge, must bear devotions name
 No Crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name, 130
 And free from Conscience, is a slave to Fame
 Thus he the Church at once protects, & spoils
 But Princes swords are sharper than their stiles
 And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,

Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.
 Then did Religion in a lazy Cell, 135
 In empty, airy contemplations dwell,
 And like the block, unmoved lay but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours
 Is there no temperate Region can be known,
 Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone? 140
 Could we not wake from that Lethargick dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extream?
 And for that Lethargy was there no cure,
 But to be cast into a Calenture?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance 145
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than led by a false guide to erre by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous Invader sackt the land? 150
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian King,
 When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
 What does he think our Sacrilege would spare, 155
 When such th' effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, & fear,
 Those for whats past, & this for whats too near
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton vallies strays 160
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Oceans sons,
 By his old Sire to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the Sea,
 Like mortal life to meet Eternity
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold, 165
 Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold,
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 Ore which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring 170
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like Mothers which their Infants overlay
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave
 No unexpected inundations spoyl 175
 The mowers hopes, nor mock the plowmans toyl
 For God-like his unwearied Bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does
 Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind, 180
 When he to boast, or to disperse his stores

Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours, 185
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants
 Cities in deserts, woods in Cities plants
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the worlds exchange
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream 190
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
 Heaven her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame in thine, like lesser Currents lost, 195
 Thy Nobler streams shall visit *Jove's* aboads,
 To shine amongst the Stars, and bath the Gods.
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please
 Us or her self, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight 200
 To the wise Maker's, than beholders sight.
 Though these delights from several causes move
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)
 Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discords springs 205
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty through the Universe,
 While driness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists
 While the steep horrid roughness of the Wood 210
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood
 Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here, 215
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
 But his proud head the aery Mountain hides
 Among the Clouds, his shoulders, and his sides
 A shady mantle cloaths, his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows, 220
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat
 The common fate of all that's high or great
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac't 225
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest indears
 This scene had some bold Greek, or British Bard

Beheld of old, what stories had we heard, 230
Of Fannies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,
Their feasts, their revels, & their amorous flames
'Tis still the same, although their aery shape
All but a quick Poetick sight escape
There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts, 235
And thither all the horned hoast resorts,
To graze the ranker mead, that noble heard
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Natures great Master-piece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone 240
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Give leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the Chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a Nobler prey devour
Pleasure with Praise, & danger, they would buy, 245
And wish a foe that would not only fly
The stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor mans eye, nor heavens should invade 250
His soft repose, when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear doth wound
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false Alarm, but straight his view 255
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all Arts of ruine met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head, 260
With these t' avoid, with that his Fate to meet
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry,
Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler sense 265
Their disproportion'd speed does recompense
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent
Then tries his friends, among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd, 270
His safety seeks the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and pursuers scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one 275
Of the same herd, himself the same had done
Thence to the coverts, & the conscious Groves,

The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves,
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone 260
 Prince of the soyl, and all the herd his own,
 And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame,
 And taught the woods to eccho to the stream
 His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam 285
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now every leaf, and every moving breath
 Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last 290
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear
 And now too late he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in Ignoble flight. 295
 But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage, than his fear before,
 Finds that uncertain waies unsafest are, 300
 And Doubt a greater mischief than Despair
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his course,
 Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay
 An Element more merciless than they. 305
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the floud
 Quench their dire thirst, alas, they thirst for bloud
 So towards a Ship the oarefin'd Gallies ply,
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or wind to fly
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare 310
 Tempt the last fury of extream despair
 So faies the Stag among th' eniaged Hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds
 And as a Hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assaults, now those, 315
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands, but if he can descry
 Some nobler foes approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls
 So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to dy, 320
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his bloud,
 And stains the Crystal with a Purple floud
 This a more Innocent, and happy chase,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey 325

To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay
 When in that remedy all hope was plac't
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last
 Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown
 All marks of Arbitrary power lays down 330
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier stile of King and Subject bear
 Happy, when both to the same Center move,
 When Kings give liberty, and Subjects love
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood, 335
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in bloud
 The Subjects aim'd, the more their Princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave
 Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,
 And even that power, that should deny, betray 340
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles
 "Not thank't, but scorn'd, nor are they gifts, but spoils
 Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their Subjects by oppression bold
 And popular sway, by forcing Kings to give 345
 More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less
 When a calm River rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or Snows dissolv'd, oreflows th' adjoining Plains, 350
 The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure
 But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new, or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells, 355
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells
 Stronger, and fiercer by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores

Natura Naturata¹

WHAT gives us that Fantastick Fit,
 That all our Judgment and our Wit
 To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, Theft, Murther, all the rest
 Of that foul Legion we so detest,
 Are in their proper names exprest

¹ Published in *Poems and Translations*, 1668 Text of first edition

Why is it then taught sin or shame,
 Those necessary parts to name,
 From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, what ere she wants, requires,
 With Love enflaming our desires,
 Finds Engines fit to quench those fires.

10

Death she abhors, yet when men die,
 We are present, but no stander by
 Looks on when we that loss supply.

15

Forbidden Wares sell twice as dear;
 Even Sack prohibited last year,
 A most abominable rate did bear

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
 Only to raise by that device,
 Of those Commodities the price.

20

Thus Reason's shadows us betray
 By Tropes and Figures led astray,
 From Nature, both her Guide and way.

EDMUND WALLER

(1606-1645-1687)

To the King on His Navy¹

WHERE e're thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings
 The *French* and *Spaniard*, when thy Flags appear,
 Forget their Hatred, and consent to fear
 So *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hosts survey,
 And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray
 Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,
 The mighty still upon the smaller fed
 Thou on the deep imposest Nobler Laws,
 And by that Justice hath remov'd the Cause
 Of those rude Tempests, which for Rapine sent,

5

10

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1645 Text of *Poems*, &c *Written upon Several Occasions*, 5th ed., 1686

Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent
 Now shall the Ocean, as thy *Thames*, be free
 From both those fates, of Storms, and Piracy
 But we most happy, who can fear no force 15
 But winged Troops, or Pegasean Horse.
 'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
 Another Nation, as to touch our soil
 Should Natures self invade the World again,
 And o're the Center spread the liquid Main, 20
 Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command
 Thy dreadful Fleet would stile thee Lord of all,
 And ride in Triumph o'ie the drowned Ball
 Those Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might go, 25
 And visit Mountains where they once did grow
 The Worlds Restorer never could endure,
 That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,
 Whose Pride design'd that Fabrick to have stood
 Above the reach of any second Flood 30
 To thee his Chosen more indulgent, he
 Dares trust such Power with so much Piety.

The Battle of the Summer-Islands¹

Canto I

*What Fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
 Upon those late discovered Isles*

Aid me *Bellona*, while the dreadful Fight
 Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write
 Seas stained with goar, I sing, advent'rous toyl,
 And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle
Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know, 5
 That happy Island, where huge Lemons grow,
 And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
 Th' Hesperian Garden boasts of none so fair?
 Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound,
 On the rich Shore, of Amber-greece is found 10
 The lofty Cedar, which to Heaven aspires,
 The Prince of Trees, is fewel for their Fires
 The smoak by which their loaded spits do turn,
 For incense might, on Sacred Altars burn

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1645 Text of *Poems*, &c Written upon Several Occasions, 5th ed., 1686

Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born, 15
 Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn
 The sweet *Palmettas* a new *Bacchus* yield,
 With Leaves as ample as the broadest shield
 Under the shadow of whose friendly Boughs 20
 They sit carousing, where their Liquor grows
 Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
 Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* show,
 With the rare Fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage the Mistriss of so rich a soil 25
 The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
 But at some constant seasons every year,
 Their barren tops with luscious Food abound,
 And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd
 Tobacco is the worst of things, which they 30
 To *English* Land-lords as their Tribute pay
 Such is the Mould, that the Blest Tenant feeds
 On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds
 With candid Plantines, and the juy Pine,
 On choicest Melons and sweet Grapes they dine, } 35
 And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine
 Nature these Cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our courser Land
 Tastes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
 Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn 40
 For the king Spring which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year
 Ripe Fruits and blossoms on the same Trees live;
 At once they promise, what at once they give
 So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime, 45
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time
 Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
 To shew how all things were Created first
 The tardy Plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
 Reserve their Fruit for the next ages taste
 There a small grain in some few Months will be 50
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree
 The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,
 Now but a seed (preventing Natures law)
 In half the Circle of the hasty year
 Project a shade, and lovely fruit do wear. 55
 And as their Trees in our dull Region set
 But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
 So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarser Throats
 Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes
 Where the supporter of the Poets style, 60
Phæbus, on them eternally does smile
 O how I long! my careless Limbs to lay

Under the Plantanes shade, and all the day
 With am'rous Airs my fancy entertain,
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions, Love
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high,
 With the sweet sound of *Sacharissa's* name,
 I'll make the listning Savages grow tame
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight

Canto II

*Of their alarm, and how their Foes
 Discovered were, this Canto shows*

THOUGH Rocks so high about this Island rise,
 That well they may the num'ious Turk despise,
 Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear,
 Which shakes their hearts, while through the Isle they hear
 A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
 As Thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud
 Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
 From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow.
 At length Two Monsters of unequal size,
 Hard by the shoar a Fisher-man espies,
 Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost,
 And left them prisoners on the rocky Coast,
 One as a Mountain vast, and with her came
 A Cub not much inferior to his Dame
 Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
 They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls, and rag'd
 The man knew what they were, who heretofore
 Had seen the like lie murdered on the shore,
 By the wild fury of some Tempest cast
 The fate of ships and shipwrackt men to taste
 As careless Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
 To frantick dreams their Infants overlay
 So there sometimes the raging Ocean fails,
 And her own brood exposes, when the Whales
 Against sharp Rocks like reeling vessels quasht,
 Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces dasht,
 Along the shore their dreadful Limbs lie scatter'd,
 Like Hills with Earthquakes shaken, torn & shatter'd
 Hearts sure of Brass they had, who tempted first,
 Rude Seas that spare not what themselves have nurst
 The welcome news through all the Nation spread,

To sudden joy and hope converts their dread
 What lately was their publique terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
 Dispose already of th' untaken spoil, } 35
 And as the purchase of their future toil,
 These share the Bones, and they divide the Oyl, }
 So was the Huntsman by the Bear opprest,
 Whose Hide he sold before he caught the Beast
 They man their Boats, and all their young men arm 40
 With whatsoever may the Monsters harm,
 Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that wound so far,
 The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War
 Now was the time for vig'rous Lads to show 45
 What love or honor could invite them to,
 A goodly Theatre where Rocks are round
 With reverend age, and lovely Lasses crown'd
 Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair
 Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* share
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no title bears 50
 A greater sound among our British Peers,
 And worthy he the memory to renew,
 The fate and honor to that title due,
 Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
 And through the new world spread his growing fame 55
 But how they fought, & what their valour gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd

Canto III

*The bloody fight, successful toyl,
 And how the Fishes sack'd the Isle.*

THE Boat which on the first assault did go
 Struck with a harping Iron the younger fo,
 Who when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
 Loud as the Sea that nourish't him he roar'd
 As a broad Bream to please some curious tast, 5
 While yet alive in boyling water cast,
 Vex't with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
 The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out.
 So with the barbed Javeling stung, he raves,
 And scourges with his tayl the suffering waves: 10
 Like *Spencer's Talus* with his Iron flayl,
 He threatens ruin with his pondrous tayl,
 Dissolving at one stroke the battered Boat,
 And down the men fall drenched in the Moat:
 With every fierce encounter they are forc't 15

To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhorst
 The bigger Whale like some huge Cairack lay,
 Which wanteth Sea room, with her foes to play,
 Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wo'd
 Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud,
 The shallow water doth her force infringe,
 And renders vain her tails impetuous swinge.
 The shining steel her tender sides receive,
 And there like Bees they all their weapons leave
 This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
 Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes
 With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
 And men and boats his active tayl confounds
 Their forces joyn'd, the Seas with billows fill,
 And make a tempest, though the winds be still
 Now would the men with half their hoped prey
 Be well content, and wish this Cub away
 Their wish they have, he to direct his dam
 Unto the gap through which they thither came,
 Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
 A pris'ner there, but for his mothers sake
 She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
 Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd
 They shout for joy, and now on her alone
 Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown
 Their Lances spent, one bolder than the rest
 With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast.
 Her oily side devours both blade and heft,
 And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left
 Courage the rest from his example take,
 And now they change the colour of the Lake
 Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded side,
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
 And raise the flood to that propitious height,
 As might convey her from this fatal streight
 She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw
 To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know
 Their fixed Javelins in her side she wears,
 And on her back a grove of Pikes appears
 You would have thought, had you the monster seen
 Thus drest, she had another Island been
 Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
 (As well resembled the conspiring voice
 Of routed Armies, when the field is won)
 To reach the ears of her escaped son
 He (though a league removed from the fo)
 Hastes to her aid, the pious Trojan so
 Neglecting for *Creusas* life his own,

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Repeats the danger of the barren Shore
 The men amazed blush to see the Food
 Of monsters, human pity exceed
 Well proves this kindness what the Ocean brings,
 That Loves bright mother from the Ocean brings
 Their courage drops, and hopeless now they wish
 For composition with th' unconquer'd Isle.
 So she their weapons would restore again,
 Through Rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
 But how instructed in each other's mind,
 Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
 Not daring to approach their wounded Coast,
 Whom her courageous son protected so,
 They charge their Musket, and with hot discharge
 Of full revenge, renew the fight with fire.
 Standing a looff, with lead they bruise the scale,
 And tear the flesh of the incensed Whale.
 But no success their fierce endeavour found,
 Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
 Now to their Fort they are about to send
 For the loud Engines which their Isle defend
 But what those pieces fram'd to batter wall
 Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
 Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who send
 A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms,
 Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms

To Phillis¹

PHILLIS, why should we delay
 Pleasures shorter than the day?
 Could we (which we never can)
 Stretch our lives beyond their span;
 Beauty like a shadow flies,
 And our youth before us dies,
 Or would youth and beauty stay,
 Love hath wings, and will away
 Love hath swifter wings than Time,
 Change in love to Heaven does clime
 Gods that never change their state,
 Vary oft their love and hate
Phillis, to this truth we owe,

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1645. Text of *Poems*, &c. *Written upon Several Occasions*, 5th ed., 1686.

All the love betwixt us two
 Let not you and I require, 15
 What has been our past desire,
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd,
 Leave it to the Planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do, 20
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love

On a Girdle¹

THAT which her slender waste confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful Temples bind,
 No Monarch but would give his Crown,
 His Arms might do what this has done

It was my Heaven's extreamest Sphear, 5
 The Pale which held that lovely Dear,
 My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
 Did all within this Circle move

A narrow compass, and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair: 10
 Give me but what this Ribban bound,
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round

Song²

Go LOVELY Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1645 Text of *Poems*, &c *Written upon Several Occasions*, 5th ed., 1686

² Published in *Poems*, 1645 Text of *Poems*, &c *Written upon Several Occasions*, 5th ed., 1686

In Desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd. 10

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd 15

Then die, that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share.
That are so wondrous sweet and fair. 20

On St. James's Park, as Lately Improved
by His Majesty¹

Or THE first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heav'n are vanisht, & the ground,
Yet the description lasts, who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate? 5
Instead of Rivers rowling by the side
Of *Eden's* Garden, here flows in the Tyde
The Sea which always serv'd his Empire, now
Pays Tribute to our Prince's pleasure too
Of famous Cities we the Founders know, 10
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty, 'tis of more Renown
To make a River than to build a Town
For future shade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks 15
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphion's* hand
In better order could not make them stand,
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all 20
Dark shadows cast, and as his Palace tall.
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous shade,
The Gallants dancing by the Rivers side,
They bathe in Summer, and in Winter slide

¹ Published in 1661 *Text of Poems &c Written upon Several Occasions*, 5th ed., 1686

Methinks I hear the Musick in the Boats,
 And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes,
 Whilst over head a flock of new sprung Fowl
 Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul
 Darkning the Sky they hover o're, and shrowd
 The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud
 Beneath a shole of silver Fishes glides,
 And plays about the gilded Barges sides,
 The Ladies angling in the Chrystal Lake,
 Feast on the waters with the prey they take,
 At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
 They make the Fishes and the Men their prize,
 A thousand *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling Tide,
 From *Thetis* sent as Spies to make report,
 And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court,
 All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
 Or dead the Palat, here you may descry,
 The choicest things that furnisht *Noah's* Ark,
 Or *Peter's* sheet, inhabiting this Park
 All with a border of rich Fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound
 Such various ways the spacious Allies lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread
 Yonder the harvest of cold months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup,
 There Ice, like Chrystal, firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* Frost,
 Winters dark Prison, whence he cannot flie,
 Though the warm Spring his enemy draws nigh
 Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow
 High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below
 Here a well-polisht Mall gives us the joy
 To see our Prince his matchless force imploy,
 His manly posture and his graceful meen
 Vigor and Youth in all his motion seen,
 His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long
 No sooner has he toucht the flying Ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the Mall,
 And such a fury from his arm has got
 As from a smoaking Culverin 'twere shot
 Nere this my Muse, what most delights her, sees,
 A living Gallery of aged Trees,
 Bold Sons of earth that thrust their aims so high,
 As if once more they would invade the Sky,

In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
 Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd
 With such old Counsellors they did advise,
 And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise, 7
 Free from th' impediments of light and noise
 Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts employs
 Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
 Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes fates
 What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made
 Determin'd is in this oraculous shade, 81
 The World from *India* to the frozen *North*,
 Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth
 His Fancy objects from his view receives,
 The prospect thought and contemplation gives
 That seat of Empire here salutes his eye, 85
 To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
 The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*,
 Built with the fortune of *Rome's* Capitol,
 Both disproportion'd to the present State
 Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate, 90
 From hence he does that antique Pile behold,
 Where Royal heads receive the sacred gold,
 It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep,
 There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep
 Making the circle of their Reign complete, 95
 Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set
 When others fell, this standing did presage
 The Crown should triumph over popular rage,
 Hard by that House where all our Ills were shap'd,
 Th' auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd 100
 So Snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
 Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders flie,
 The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,
 What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares.
 Next, that capacious Hall he sees the room, 105
 Where the whole Nation does for Justice come
 Under whose large roof flourishes the Gown,
 And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown
 Here like the peoples Pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below, 110
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does Indulgence find,
 The pleasures of his Youth suspended are,
 And made a Sacrifice to publick care,
 Here free from Court compliances he walks, 115
 And with himself, his best adviser, talks,

How peaceful Olive may his Temples shade,
 For mending Laws, and for restoring Trade,
 Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd,
 For Nation's conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd. 120
 Of ancient Prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising Kingdoms, and of falling States
 What ruling *Arts* gave Great *Augustus* Fame,
 And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name
 His eyes upon his native Palace bent 125
 Close by, suggest a greater argument,
 His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that Star expect
 Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
 Day for his sake could with the Night agree, 130
 A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,
 Born, the divided world to reconcile
 Whatever Heaven or high extracted blood
 Could promise or foretell, he will make good,
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more, 135
 Than this fair Park from what it was before

Of the Last Verses in the Book¹

WHEN we for Age could neither read nor write,
 The Subject made us able to indite
 The Soul with Nobler Resolutions deckt,
 The Body stooping, does Herself erect 5
 No Mortal Parts are requisite to raise
 Her, that Unbody'd can her Maker praise
 The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o're,
 So calm are we, when Passions are no more
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting Things, so certain to be lost 10
 Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
 Conceal that emptiness, which Age descries
 The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Let's in new Light thrô chinks that time has made
 Stronger by weakness, wiser Men become 15
 As they draw near to their Eternal home
 Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the Threshold of the New

—*Miratur Limen Olympi*

Virgil

¹ Published in *Poems, &c Written upon Several Occasions*, 5th ed., 1686 Text of first edition

Song¹

CHLORIS farewell, I now must go.
 For if with thee I longer stay,
 Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall prove Blind, and lose my Way.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth, 5
 Among the rest, me hither brought
 Finding this Fame fall short of Truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by Word, and Oath, 10
 A Servant to another's Will,
 Yet, for thy Love, I'd forfeit both,
 Cou'd I be sure to keep it still

But what Assurance can I take?
 When thou, foreknowing this Abuse, 15
 For some more worthy Lover's sake,
 May'st leave me with so just Excuse

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy Fault
 That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
 Being by my Example taught 20
 To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
 And raise thy Story to that height,
 That Strangers shall at distance burn,
 And she distrust me Reprobate

Then shall my Love this doubt displace, 25
 And gain such trust, that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy Face,
 But make my constant Meals at home.

¹ Published in *Poems*, 8th ed 1711 Text of first edition

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-1649-1678)

To His Coy Mistress¹

HAD we but World enough, and Time,
 This coyness Lady were no crime
 We would sit down, and think which way
 To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
 Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side 5
 Should'st Rubies find I by the Tide
 Of *Humber* would complain I would
 Love you ten years before the Flood
 And you should if you please refuse 10
 Till the Conversion of the *Jews*
 My vegetable Love should grow
 Vaster than Empires, and more slow
 An hundred years should go to praise
 Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
 Two hundred to adore each Breast 15
 But thirty thousand to the rest
 An Age at least to every part,
 And the last Age should show your Heart
 For Lady you deserve this State,
 Nor would I love at lower rate 20
 But at my back I alwaies hear
 Times winged Charriot hurrying near
 And yonder all before us lye
 Desarts of vast Eternity
 Thy Beauty shall no more be found, 25
 Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
 My ecchoing Song then Worms shall try
 That long preserv'd Virginity
 And your quaint Honour turn to dust,
 And into ashes all my Lust 30
 The Grave's a fine and private place,
 But none I think do there embrace
 Now therefore, while the youthful hew
 Sits on thy skin like morning lew,
 And while thy willing Soul transpires 35
 At every pore with instant Fires,

¹ Written cir 1646-50. Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1681. Text of first edition. I have adopted Margoliouth's emendation of "glew" to "lew" (i.e., 'warmth') in l. 34.

Now let us sport us while we may,
 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
 Rather at once our Time devour,
 Than languish in his slow chapt pow'r. 40
 Let us roll all our Strength, and all
 Our sweetness, up into one Ball
 And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the Iron gates of Life
 Thus, though we cannot make our Sun 45
 Stand still, yet we will make him run

The Garden¹

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes,
 And their uncessant Labours see
 Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree, 5
 Whose short and narrow verged Shade
 Does prudently their Toyles upbraid,
 While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
 To weave the Garlands of repose

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence thy Sister dear¹ 10
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busie Companies of Men
 Your sacred Plants, if here below,
 Only among the Plants will grow 15
 Society is all but rude,
 To this delicious Solitude

No white nor red was ever seen
 So am'rous as this lovely green
 Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
 Cut in these Trees their Mistress name 20
 Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
 How far these Beauties Hers exceed¹
 Fair Trees¹ where s'eer your barkes I wound
 No Name shall but your own be found

When we have run our Passions heat, 25
 Love hither makes his best retreat
 The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,

Still in a Tree did end their race
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
 Only that She might Laurel grow 30
 And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
 Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
 Ripe Apples drop about my head,
 The Luscious Clusters of the Vine 35
 Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine,
 The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach,
 Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
 Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass 40

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness
 The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
 Does streight its own resemblance find,
 Yet it creates, transcending these, 45
 Far other Worlds, and other Seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green Thought in a green Shade.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
 Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root, 50
 Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
 My Soul into the boughs does glide.
 There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
 Then whets, and combs its silver Wings,
 And, till prepar'd for longer flight, 55
 Waves in its Plumes the various Light

Such was that happy Garden-state,
 While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
 After a Place so pure, and sweet,
 What other Help could yet be meet! 60
 But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
 To wander solitary there
 Two Paradises 'twere in one
 To live in Paradise alone

How well the skilful Gardner drew 65
 Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new,
 Where from above the milder Sun
 Does through a fragrant Zodiack run,
 And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
 Computes its time as well as we 70

How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs¹

Bermudas¹

WHERE the remote *Bermudas* ride
In th' Oceans bosome unespied,
From a small Boat, that row'd along,
The listning Winds receiv'd this Song
What should we do but sing his Praise 5
That led us through the watry Maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks,
That lift the Deep upon their Backs 10
He lands us on a grassy Stage,
Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing, 15
And sends the Fowl's to us in care,
On daily Visits through the Air
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* show's 20
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the Melons at our feet
But Apples plants of such a price,
No Tree could ever bear them twice
With Cedars, chosen by his hand, 25
From *Lebanon*, he stores the Land
And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
Proclaime the Ambergris on shoar
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast 30
And in these Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to sound his Name.
Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heavens Vault
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may 35
Eccho beyond the *Mexique Bay*
Thus sung they, in the *English* boat,
An holy and a chearful Note,

And all the way, to guide their Chime,
With falling Oars they kept the time

40

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1650-1700)

Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings¹

MUST Noble *Hastings* Immaturely die,
 (The Honour of his ancient Family?)
 Beauty and Learning thus together meet,
 To bring a *Winding* for a *Wedding-sheet*?
 Must *Vertue* prove *Death's* Harbinger? Must She, 5
 With him expiring, feel Mortality?
 Is *Death* (Sin's wages) Grace's now? shall Art
 Make us more Learned, only to depart?
 If Merit be Disease, if Vertue Death,
 To be Good, Not to be, who'd then bequeath 10
 Himself to Discipline? Who'd not esteem
 Labour a Crime, Study self-murder deem?
 Our *Noble Youth* now have pretence to be
 Dunces securely, Ign'rant healthfully
 Rare Linguist¹ whose Worth speaks it self, whose Praise, 15
 Though not his Own, all *Tongues* Besides do raise
 Then Whom Great *Alexander* may seem less,
 Who conquer'd Men, but not their Languages
 In his Mouth Nations speak, his Tongue might be
 Interpreter to *Greece, France, Italy* 20
 His native Soyl was the four parts o' th' Earth,
 All *Europe* was too narrow for his Birth
 A young Apostle, and (with rev'rence may
 I speak 'it) inspir'd with gift of Tongues, as They
 Nature gave him, a Childe, what Men in vain 25
 Oft stive, by Art though further'd, to obtain
 His body was an Oib, his sublime Soul
 Did move on Vertue's and on Learning's pole
 Whose Reg'lar Motions better to our view,
 Then *Archimedes* Sphere, the Heavens did shew 30
 Graces and Vertues, Languages and Arts,
 Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts
 Heav'ns Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear

¹ Published in *Lachrymæ Musarum*, 1650 Text of first edition See Preface

Scatter'd in Others, all, as in their Sphear,
 Were fix'd and conglobate in's Soul, and thence 35
 Shone th'row his Body with sweet Influence,
 Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall,
 The whole Frame render'd was Celestial
 Come, learned *Ptolomy*, and tryal make,
 If thou this Hero's Altitude canst take, 40
 But that transcends thy skill, thrice happie all,
 Could we but prove thus Astronomical
 Liv'd *Tycho* now, struck with this Ray, (which shone
 More bright i' th' Morn then others Beam at Noon)
 He'd take his *Astrolabe*, and seek out here 45
 What new Star 't was did gild our Hemisphere
 Replenish'd then with such rare Gifts as these,
 Where was room left for such a Foul Disease?
 The Nations sin hath drawn that Veil which shrouds 50
 Our Day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds
 Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge, but thus
 Recall'd it, rapt its *Ganymede* from us
 Was there no milder way but the Small Pox,
 The very filth'ness of *Pandora's* Box?
 So many Spots, like *næves*, our *Venus* soil?
 One Jewel set off with so many a Foil? 55
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which th'row 's flesh did sprout
 Like Rose-buds, stuck i' th' Lilly-skin about
 Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit 60
 Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at strife,
 Thus made an Insurrection 'gainst his Life
 Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin,
 The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?
 No Comet need foretel his Change drew on, 65
 Whose Corps might seem a *Constellation*.
 O had he di'd of old, how great a strife
 Had been, who from his Death should draw their Life?
 Who should by one rich draught become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were 70
 Learn'd, Vertuous, Pious, Great, and have by this
 An Universal *Metempsychosis*
 Must all these ag'd Sires in one Funeral
 Expire? All die in one so young, so small?
 Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame 75
 Had swoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Romane* name?
 But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath brought
 The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought
 Thus fades the Oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade the Corn;
 Thus, without Young, this *Phænix* dies, new born 80
 Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards, with their Gout,

Catarrhs, Rheums, Aches, live three Ages out?²
 Times Offal, onely fit for th' Hospital,
 Or t' hang an Antiquaries room withal,
 Must Drunkards, Lechers, spent with Sinning, live 85
 With such helps as Broths, Possits, Physick give?
 None live but such as should die? Shall we meet
 With none but Ghostly Fathers in the Street?
 Grief makes me rail, Sorrow will force its way,
 And Show'rs of Tears, Tempestuous Sighs best lay. 90
 The Tongue may fail, but over-flowing Eyes
 Will weep out lasting streams of *Elegies*.

But thou, O *Virgin-widow*, left alone,
 Now thy Beloved, Heaven-ravisht *Spouse* is gone,
 (Whose skilful Sire in vain strove to apply 95
 Med'cines, when thy Balm was no remedy)
 With greater then *Platonick* love, O wed
 His Soul, tho' not his Body, to thy Bed
 Let that make thee a Mother, bring thou forth
 Th' *Ideas* of his Vertue, Knowledge, Worth, 100
 Transcribe th' Original in new Copies, give
Hastings o' th' better part so shall he live
 In's Nobler Half, and the great Grandsire be
 Of an Heroick Divine Progenie
 An Issue which t' Eternity shall last, 105
 Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast
 Erect no *Mausolæums* for his best
 Monument is his Spouses Marble brest.

Heroick Stanzas,
 Consecrated to the Memory of His Highness,
 OLIVER, Late Lord Protector of this
 Commonwealth, &c.¹

AND now 'tis time, for their officious haste,
 Who would before have born him to the Sky,
 Like eager *Romans* e'er all Rites were past,
 Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly

Though our best Notes are Treason to his Fame, 5
 Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice,

¹ Published in *Three Poems upon the Death of his late Highnesse Oliver Lord Protector of England* 1659 Text of *A Poem upon the Death of Oliver* 1659 On the probability that this edition was really printed in 1692, see Dobell, *John Dryden, Bibliographical Memoranda* (London, 1922), pp 1-4

Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too Authentick by its Choice

Though in his Praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown, 16
Add not to his Immortal Memory;
But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

Yet 'tis our Duty and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raise;
Lest all the World prevent what we shou'd do, 18
And claim a Title in him by their Praise

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular?
For in a Round, what Order can be shew'd,
Where all the Parts so equal perfect are? 20

His Grandeur he derived from Heav'n alone,
For he was great, e'er Fortune made him so;
And Wars, like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn, 25
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring,
Nor was his Vertue poison'd, soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

Fortune (that easie Mistress of the Young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard) 30
Him, at that Age, her Favourites ranked among,
When she her best-lov'd *Pompey* did discard

He, private, marked the Faults of others Sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun,
Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray 35
By Acts their Age too late wou'd wish undone

And yet Dominion was not his Design,
We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heav'n,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join,
Rewards that less to him, than us, were giv'n 40

Our former Chiefs, like Sticklers of the War,
First sought t' inflame the Parties, then to poise:
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade, 45
 We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain,
 He fought to end our Fighting, and assay'd
 To stench the Blood by breathing of the Vein

Swift and resistless through the Land he pass'd,
 Like that bold *Greek*, who did the East subdue, 50
 And made to Battels such Heroick Haste,
 As if on Wings of Victory he flew

He fought, secure of Fortune, as of fame,
 Till by new Maps, the Island might be shown,
 Of Conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er he came, 55
 Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars are sown

His palms, tho' under Weights they did not stand,
 Still thiv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade
 Heaven in his Portraict shew'd a Work-man's Hand
 And drew it perfect, yet without a Shade 60

Peace was the Prize of all his Toil and Care,
 Which War had banish'd and did now restore
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the Air,
 To seat themselves more surely than before

Her Safety, rescued *Ireland*, to him owes, 65
 And treacherous Scotland, to no Int'rest true,
 Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose,
 Her Land to civilize, as to subdue

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
 When to pale Mariners they Storms portend 70
 He had his calmer Influence, and his Mien
 Did Love and Majesty together blend

'Tis true, his Count'nance did imprint an Awe,
 And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
 As Wands of Divination downward draw, 75
 And point to beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow

When, past all Off'rings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
 He *Mars* depos'd and Arms to Gowns made yield,
 Successful Counsels did him soon approve
 As fit for close Intrigues as open Field 80

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
 Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,

Now tamely glad her unjust Claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain

Fame of th' asserted Sea, through *Europe* blown, 85
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that Side must conquer, he wou'd own,
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove

No sooner was the *French-Man's* Cause embrac'd, 90
That the light *Monsieur* the grave *Don* out-weigh'd
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where-e'er 'twas cast,
Tho' *Indian* mines were in the other laid

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right,
For tho' some meaner Artist's Skill were shown, 95
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light,
Yet still the fair Designment was his own

For from all Tempers he cou'd Service draw
The worth of each, with its Alloy, he knew,
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw 100
How she Complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single Vertues did survey,
By Intuition, in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest

When such Heroick Vertue Heaven sets out, 105
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey,
Because it drains them, when it comes about;
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay

From this high Spring, our Foreign Conquests flow, 110
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend,
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,
To nobler Preys the *English* Lion sent, 115
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with Dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard,
And trembling, wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand, 120
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard

By his Command we boldly cross'd the Line
 And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise,
 We trac'd the far-fetched Gold unto the Mine,
 And that which brib'd our Fathers, made our Prize

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above 125
 The highest Acts it could produce to show
 Thus poor Mechanick Arts in Publick move,
 Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

Nor dy'd he when his Ebbing Fame went less,
 But when fresh Laurels courted him to live 130
 He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
 As if above what Triumphs Earth could give

His latest Victories still thickest came,
 As near the Centre, Motion does increase,
 Till he, press'd down by his own weighty Name, 135
 Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils deace

But first, the Ocean, as a tribute, sent
 That Giant-Prince of all her Watry Herd,
 And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
 Upon his Obseques loud Sighs conferr'd 140

No Civil Broils have since his Death arose,
 But Faction now, by Habit, does obey,
 And Wars have that Respect for his Repose,
 As winds for *Halcyons* when they breed at Sea

His Ashes in a Peaceful Urn shall rest, 145
 His Name a great Example stands to show,
 How strangely high Endeavours may be bless'd,
 Where Piety and Valour jointly go

Astræa Redux

A Poem On the Happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty Charles the Second¹

Now with a general Peace the World was blest,
 While Ours, a World divided from the rest,
 A dreadful Quiet felt, and worser far

¹ Published in 1660 Text of *Annus Mirabilis*

Than Aimes, a sullen Interval of Wai
 Thus when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring Skies, 5
 Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,
 An horrid Stillness first invades the ear,
 And in that silence We the Tempest fear
 Th' Ambitious *Swede* like restless Billows tost, 10
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
 Though in his life he Blood and Ruine breath'd,
 To his now guideless Kingdom Peace bequeath'd
 And Heaven that seem'd regardless of our Fate,
 For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create, 15
 Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace
 As Nature bred and Int'rest did encrease
 We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
 Must grow a Lillie to the Lilies side,
 While Our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed 20
 Whom Our first Flames and Virgin Love did wed
 For his long absence Church and State did groan,
 Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the Throne
 Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost
 To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal crost. 25
 Youth that with Joys had unacquainted been
 Envy'd Gray hairs that once good Days had seen
 We thought our Sires, not with their own content,
 Had ere we came to age our Portion spent
 Nor could our Nobles hope their bold Attempt 30
 Who ruin'd Crowns would Coronets exempt
 For when by their designing Leaders taught
 To strike at Pow'r which for themselves they sought,
 The Vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
 Their blood to action by the Prize was warm'd 35
 The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown,
 Like sanguine Dye, to Elephants was shewn
 Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* scal'd the Sky,
 And forc'd Great *Jove* from his own Heaven to fly,
 (What King, what Crown from Treasons reach is free,
 If *Jove* and *Heaven* can violated be?) 40
 The lesser Gods that shar'd his prosp'rous State
 All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'ers Fate
 The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,
 As Winds at Sea, that use it to destroy
 Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he, 45
 They own'd a lawless savage Libertie,
 Like that our painted Ancestors so priz'd
 Ere Empires Arts their Breasts had Civiliz'd
 How Great were then Our *Charles* his Woes, who thus
 Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us! 50
 He toss'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,

Heir to his Fathes Sorrows, with his Crown,
 Could taste no sweets of Youths desired Age,
 But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage
 Unconquer'd yet in that foiloin Estate 55
 His Manly Courage overcame his Fate
 His Wounds he took like *Romans* on his Breast,
 Which by his Virtue were with Laurels drest,
 As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,
 So did he live above his Banishment 60
 That Sun, which we beheld with couz'ned eyes,
 Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies
 How easie 'tis when Destiny proves kind,
 With full spread Sails, to run before the Wind
 But those that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go, 65
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too
 He would not like soft *Otho* hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent
 These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger sought;
 And *Piso* to Adopted Empire brought 70
 How shall I then my doubtful Thoughts express,
 That must his Suff'rings both regret and bless¹
 For when his early Valour Heav'n had crost,
 And all at *Worc'ster* but the honour lost,
 Forc'd into Exile from his rightful Thione, 75
 He made all Countries where he came his own
 And viewing Monarchs secret Arts of sway
 A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay
 Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,
 When to be Gods Anointed was his Crime, 80
 And when restor'd made his proud Neighbours rue
 Those choise Remarks he from his Travels drew
 Nor is he only by Afflictions shewn
 To conquer otheis Realms, but rule his own
 Recov'ring hardly what he lost before, 85
 His Right indears it much, his Purchase more
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to raign,
 No rash pcedure will his Actions stain
 To bus'ness ripened by digestive thought,
 His future rule is into Method brought 90
 As they who first Proportion understand,
 With easie Practice reach a Master's hand
 Well might the Ancient Poets then confer
 On Night, the honour'd name of *Counseller*,
 Since struck with rayes of prosp'rous Fortune blind, 95
 We Light alone in dark Afflictions find
 In such adversities to Scepters train'd,
 The name of *Great* his famous Grandsire gain'd
 Who yet a King alone in Name and Right

With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight, 100
 Shock'd by a Covenanting Leagues vast Pow'rs,
 As holy and as Catholick as ours
 Till Fortunes fruitless spight had made it known,
 Her blows not shook but riveted his Throne. 105
 Some lazy Ages, lost in Sleep and Ease,
 No action leave to busie Chronicles,
 Such whose supine felicity but makes
 In story *Casmes*, in *Epoche's* mistakes,
 O're whom *Time* gently shakes his wings of Down, 110
 Till with his silent Sickle they are mown
 Such is not *Charles* his too too active age,
 Which govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
 Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,
 Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise 115
 Tremble, ye Nations, who secure before,
 Laught at those Arms that 'gainst our selves we bore,
 Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn Tail,
 Our Lion now will foreign Foes assail
 With *Alga* who the sacred Altar strows? 120
 To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offering owes
 A Bull to thee, *Portunus*, shall be slain,
 A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main
 For those loud Storms that did against him rore,
 Have cast his shipwrack'd Vessel on the Shore 125
 Yet as wise Artists mix their Colours so,
 That by degrees they from each other go,
 Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white
 Without offending the well couz'ned sight
 So on us stole our blessed change, while we 130
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
 To Flow'rs, that in its womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,
 But raging Floods persue their hasty Thaw 135
 Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthned day
 Heav'n would no bargain for its Blessings drive,
 But what we could not pay for, freely give
 The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer 140
 A Gift unhop'd without the price of wai
 Yet as he knew his Blessings worth, took care
 That we should know it by repeated Pray'r,
 Which storm'd the Skies and ravish'd *Charles* from thence,
 As Heav'n it self is took by violence 145
Booth's forward Valour only serv'd to shew,
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe
 Th' Attempt was fair, but Heav'n's prefixed hour

Not come, so like the watchful Travellor,
 That by the Moons mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary Eyes 150
 'Twas *MONK* whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false Freedom did impose
 The blessed Saints that watch'd this turning Scene,
 Did from their Stars with joyful wonder lean,
 To see small Clues draw vastest weights along, 155
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong
 Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore,
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before
 With ease such fond *Chymæia's* we persue, 160
 As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue,
 But when our selves to action we betake,
 It shuns the Mint like Gold that Chymists make
 How hard was then his Task, at once to be,
 What in the Body natural we see, 165
 Mans Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the Brain,
 Through viewless Conduits Spirits to dispense
 The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day, 170
 But the well ripened Fruit of wise delay
 He like a patient Angler, er'e he stroak,
 Would let them play a while upon the hook
 Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it strait doth crush
 Wise Leeches will not vain Receipts obtrude, 175
 While growing Pains pronounce the Humors crude,
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,
 Till some safe *Crisis* authorize their Skill
 Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear,
 To scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught to fear, 180
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess
 Once Sacred house, which when they entr'd in,
 They thought the place could sanctifie a sin,
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink, 185
 While to excess on Martyrs Tombs they drink
 And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls,
 So these when their black Crimes they went about,
 First timely charm'd their useless Conscience out 190
 Religions Name against it self was made,
 The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade
 Like Zealous Missions, they did Care pretend
 Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end
 Th' incensed Pow'rs beheld with scorn from high 195

An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,
 Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the Ground
 And Martial Brass, bely the Thunders Sound
 'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit 200
 To speed their Ruin by their impious wit
 Thus *Sforza*, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
 Lost by his Wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.
 Henceforth their Fogue must spend at lesser rate,
 Than in its Flames to wrap a Nations Fate 205
 Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set,
 A virtuous Shame within us to beget
 For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mixt with frailty bore.
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss, 210
 We by our suff'rings learn to prize our bliss
 Like early Lovers whose unpractis'd hearts
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their Jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their Fires again 215
 'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurried o'er
 Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring shore,
 To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade
 Oh had you seen from *Schevelines* barren Shore, 220
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
 Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring
 True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King,
 While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
 And willing Winds to their lowr'd Sails denied 225
 The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standart out,
 The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout,
 And last the Cannons voice that shook the Skies,
 And, as it fares in sudden Extasies, }
 At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes } 230
 The *Naseby*, now no longer *Englands* shame,
 But better to be lost in *Charles* his name,
 (Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)
 Receives her Lord The joyful *London* meets
 The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight,
 The *Swift-sure* groans beneath Great *Glouc'sters* weight. 235
 Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,
 He that was born to drown might cross the Seas
 Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
 The Wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake
 The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage bless'd, 240
 Which in his right had Miracles confess'd
 The Winds that never Moderation knew,

Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew,
 Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
 Their straightned Lungs, or conscious of their Charge 245
 The British *Amphitryte* smooth and clear,
 In richer Azure never did appear,
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
 With the submitted Fasces of the Main
 And welcom now (*Great Monarch*,) to your own, 250
 Behold th' approaching Clifles of *Albion*
 It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
 As you meet it, the Land approacheth you
 The Land returns, and in the white it wears
 The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears 255
 But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth shew,
 Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too,
 By that same Mildness, which your Fathers Crown
 Before did ravish, shall secue your own
 Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find 260
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind
 Thus when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give
 A sight of all he could behold and live,
 A Voice before his Entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, Goodness, Mercy in his Name 265
 Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your Cause,
 Your Goodness only is above the Laws,
 Whose rigid Letter while pronounc'd by you
 Is softer made So winds that tempests brew
 When through Arabian Groves they take their flight, 270
 Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their spight
 And as those Lees, that trouble it, refine
 The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,
 So tears of Joy for your returning spilt,
 Work out and expiate our former Guilt 275
 Methinks I see those Crowds on *Dove's* Strand,
 Who in their haste to welcom you to Land
 Choak'd up the Beach with their still growing store,
 And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore
 While spurr'd with eager thoughts of past Delight, 280
 Those who had seen you court a second sight,
 Preventing still your Steps, and making hast
 To meet you often wheresoe're you past
 How shall I speak of that triumphant Day
 When you renew'd the expiring Pomp of *May'* 285
 (A Month that owns an Interest in your Name
 You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim)
 That Star that at your Birth shone out so bright,

It stain'd the duller Suns Meridian light,
 Did once again its potent Fires renew, 290
 Guiding our Eyes to find and worship you
 And now times whiter Series is begun,
 Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run,
 Those Clouds that overcast your Morn shall fly,
 Dispell'd to farthest corners of the Sky 295
 Our Nation, with united Int'rest blest,
 Not now content to poize, shall sway, the rest
 Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,
 But like the Sea in boundless Circles flow
 Your much lov'd Fleet shall with a wide Command 300
 Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land
 And as Old Time his Off-spring swallow'd down,
 Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown
 Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine free,
 Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be 305
 Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear
 Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.
Spain to your Gift alone her *Indies* owes,
 For what the Pow'rful takes not he bestows
 And *France* that did an Exiles Presence fear 310
 May justly apprehend you still too near
 At home the hateful names of Parties cease
 And factious Souls are weary'd into peace
 The discontented now are only they 315
 Whose Crimes before did your Just Cause betray
 Of those your Edicts some reclaim from sins,
 But most your Life and Blest Example wins
 Oh happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way
 By paying Vows, to have more Vows to pay!
 Oh Happy Age! Oh times like those alone, 320
 By Fate reserv'd for Great *Augustus* Throne!
 When the joint growth of Arms and Arts foreshew
 The World a Monarch, and that Monarch *You*

To My Honour'd Friend Dr Charleton on His
 Learned and Useful Works, and More Par-
 ticularly This of Stone-heng, by Him
 Restored to the True Founders¹

THE longest Tyranny that ever sway'd
 Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd

¹ Published in Walter Charleton's *Chorea Gigantum*, 1663 Text of first edition

Their free-born *Reason* to the *Stagnite*,
 And made his Torch their universal Light.
 So *Truth*, while onely one suppli'd the State, 5
 Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate
 Until 'twas bought, like Emp'rique Wares, or Charms,
 Hard words seal'd up with *Aristotle's* Armes
Columbus was the first that shook his Throne,
 And found a *Temp'rate* in a *Torrid* Zone 10
 The fevrish aire fann'd by a cooling breez,
 The fruitful Vales set round with shady Trees,
 And guiltless *Men*, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their *Groves* and *Happy* as their *Clime*
 Had we still paid that homage to a *Name*, 15
 Which onely *God* and *Nature* justly claim,
 The *Western* Seas had been our utmost bound,
 Where *Poets* still might dream the *Sun* was down'd
 And all the *Starrs*, that shine in *Southern* Skies,
 Had been admir'd by none but *Salvage* Eyes 20

Among th' *Assertors* of free Reason's claim,
 Th' *English* are not the least in Worth, or Fame
 The World to *Bacon* does not onely owe
 Its *present* Knowledge, but its *future* too 25
Gilbert shall live, till *Lode-stones* cease to draw,
 Or *British* Fleets the boundless Ocean awe
 And noble *Boyle*, not less in *Nature* seen,
 Than his great *Brother* read in *States* and *Men*
 The *Cuculing* streams, once thought but pools, of blood
 (Whether Life's fewel or the Bodie's food) 30
 From dark Oblivion *Harvey's* name shall save,
 While *Ent* keeps all the honour that he gave
 Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the least renown'd,
 Whose Fame, not circumscrib'd with *English* ground,
 Flies like the nimble jouneys of the Light, 35
 And is, like that, unspent too in its flight
 Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,
 Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,
 Thin in their *Authors*, (like rich veins of Ore)
 Your Works unite, and still discover more 40
 Such is the healing virtue of Your Pen,
 To perfect Cures on *Books*, as well as *Men*
 Nor is This Work the least You well may give
 To *Men* new vigour, who makes *Stones* to live
 Through You, the *DANES* (their short Dominion lost) 45
 A longer Conquest than the *Saxons* boast
 STONE-HENG, once thought a *Temple*, You have found
 A *Throne*, where Kings, our Earthly Gods, were Crown'd

Where by their wondring Subjects They were seen,
 Joy'd with their Stature and their Princely meen 50
 Our *Sovereign* here above the rest might stand,
 And here he chose again to rule the Land

These Ruines sheltered once *His* Sacred Head,
 Then when from *Wor'sters* fatal Field *He* fled, 55
 Watch'd by the Genius of this Royal place,
 And mighty Visions of the Danish Race
 His *Refuge* then was for a *Temple* shown
 But, *He* Restor'd, 'tis now become a *Throne*.

Song¹

You charm'd me not with that fair face
 Though it was all Divine
 To be another's is the Grace,
 That makes me wish you mine 5
 The God's and Fortune take their part
 Who like young Monarchs fight,
 And boldly dare invade that Heart
 Which is another's right
 First mad with hope we undertake 10
 To pull up every Bar,
 But once possess'd, we faintly make
 A dull defensive War
 Now every friend is turn'd a foe
 In hope to get our store 15
 And passion makes us Cowards grow,
 Which made us brave before.

Song²

CALM was the Even, and clear was the Sky,
 And the new budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone went *Amyntas* and I
 To hear the sweet Nightingal sing, 5
 I sate, and he laid him down by me,
 But scarcely his breath he could draw,
 For when with a fear, he began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

¹ Published in *An Evening's Love or, The Mock-Astrologer*, 1668, Act II, Scene 1
 Text of Plays, 1701

² Published in *An Evening's Love or The Mock-Astrologer* 1668 Act IV, Scene 1
 Text of Plays, 1701

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
 And his modesty curb'd his desire, 10
 But straight I convinc'd all his fear with a smile,
 Which added new Flames to his Fire
 O *Sylvia*, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe,
 Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast, 15
 But was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha¹

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his Case
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no Body near,
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face 20
 But as he grew bolder and bolde,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw,
 And just as our bliss we began with a Kiss,
 He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha¹

The Zambra Dance¹

BENEATH a Myrtle Shade,
 Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
 I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phyllis, the Object of my waking Thought
 Undress'd she came my Flames to meet, 5
 While Love strow'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
 Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet

From the bright Vision's Head
 A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread
 From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair, 10
 Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too Brown nor Fair
 Her Hands her Lips did Love inspire,
 Her every Grace my Heart did fire
 But most her Eyes, which languish'd with desire

Ah, Charming Fair, said I, 15
 How long can you my Bliss and yours deny?
 By Nature and by Love this lovely Shade
 Was for Revenge of suffering Lovers made
 Silence and Shades with Love agree
 Both Shelter you, and Favour me, 20
 You cannot Blush, because I cannot see

¹ Published in *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I, 1672, Act III, Scene 1 Text of Plays, 1701

No, let me Die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid
 Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a Smile
 Then Die, said I, she still deny'd
 And, is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd,
 You use a harmless Maid¹ and so she Dy'd

25

I wak'd, and straight I knew
 I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true
 Fancy, the kinder Mistriss of the two,
 Fancy had done what *Phyllis* wou'd not do
 Ah, Cruel Nymph! cease your Disdain,
 While I can Dream, you scorn in vain
 Asleep or waking, you must ease my pain

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Epilogue¹

THEY, who have best succeeded on the Stage,
 Have still conform'd their Genius to their Age
 Thus *Johnson* did Mechanique humour show,
 When Men were dull, and Conversation low
 Then, Comedy was Faultless, but 'twas course.
Cobb's Tankard was a Jest, and *Otter's* Horse
 And as their Comedy, their Love was mean,
 Except, by chance, in some one Labour'd Scene,
 Which must attone for an ill-written Play
 They rose, but at their height could seldom stay
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped,
 And they have kept it since, by being dead
 But were they now to write, when Critiques weigh
 Each Line, and ev'ry Word, throughout a Play,
 None of 'em, no not *Johnson* in his height,
 Could pass, without allowing grains for weight
 Think it not Envy that these Truths are told,
 Our Poet's not Malicious, though he's Bold
 'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are shown,
 But, by their Errors, to excuse his own
 If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
 'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd
 Wit's new arriv'd to a more high degree,
 Our Native Language more refin'd and free
 Our Ladies and our Men now speak more wit
 In Conversation, than those Poets writ

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¹ Published in *The Conquest of Granada*, Part II, 1672 Text of *Plays*, 1701

Then, one of these is, consequently, true,
 That what this Poet writes comes short of you,
 And imitates you ill, (which most he fears)
 Or else his Writing is not worse than theirs
 Yet, though you judge, (as sure the Criticks will)
 That some before him writ with greater skill
 In this one Praise he has their Fame surpast,
 To please an Age more Gallant than the last.

30

Song¹

WHY should a foolish Marriage Vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now
 When Passion is decay'd?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
 Till our Love was lov'd out in us both
 But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure is fled
 'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath

5

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
 And farther Love in store,
 What Wrong has he whose Joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more?
 'Tis a Madness that he should be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another
 For all we can gain, is to give our selves Pain,
 When neither can hinder the other

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Prologue²

OUR Author by experience finds it true,
 'Tis much more hard to please himself, than you
 And out of no feign'd Modesty, this day,
 Damns his Laborious Trifle of a Play
 Not that its worse than what before he writ,
 But he has now another taste of Wit,
 And to confess a Truth, (though out of time)
 Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistriss, Rhyme
 Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
 And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground

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¹ Published in *Marriage A la Mode*, 1673, Act I, Scene 1 Text of *Plays*, 1701

² Published in *Aureng-Zebe* or, *The great Mogul*, 1676 Text of *Plays*, 1701

What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
 Which he presumes the most correct of his
 But spite of all his Pride, a secret Shame
 Invades his Breast at *Shakespear's* sacred Name
 Aw'd when he hears his God-like *Romans* Rage, 15
 He, in a just despair, would quit the Stage
 And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
 Does, with disdain, the foremost Honours yield,
 As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
 He would not match his Verse with those who live. 20
 Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,
 The first of this, and hindmost of the Last
 A losing Gamester, let him sneak away,
 He bears no ready Money from the Play
 The Fate which governs Poets thought it fit, 25
 He should not raise his Fortunes by his Wit
 The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar,
 Dull Heroes fatten with the spoils of War,
 All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd are here;
 But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear. 30
 When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,
 'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth
 And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
 Except, like *Orange-Trees* 'tis Hous'd from Snow
 There needs no care to put a Play-House down, 35
 'Tis the most desert Place of all the Town
 Wit and our Neighbours, to speak proudly, are
 Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War
 While, like wise *English*, unconcern'd, you sit,
 And see us play the Tragedy of Wit 40

A Song from the Italian¹

By a dismal Cypress lying,
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain
 The Mossy Fountains 5
 Murmure my trouble,
 And hollow Mountains
 My groans redouble
 Every Nymph mourns me,
 Thus while I languish, 10

¹ Published in *Limberham* or, *The Kind Keeper*, 1678, Act III. Scene 1. Text of *Plays*, 1701

She only scoins me,
 Who caus'd my anguish
 No Love retuining me, but all hope denying,
 By a dismal Cypress lying,
 Like a Swan, so sung he dying. 15
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain

Prologue¹

SEE my lov'd *Britons*, see your *Shakespear* rise,
 An awful Ghost confess'd to human Eyes!
 Unman'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been,
 From other Shades, by this eternal Green, 5
 About whose Wreaths the vulgar Poets strive,
 And with a touch their wither'd Bays revive
 Untaught, unpractis'd in a barbarous Age,
 I found not but created first the Stage
 And, if I drain'd no *Greek* or *Latin* store, 10
 'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
 On Foreign Trade I needed not rely,
 Like fruitful *Britan*, rich without supply
 In this my rough-drawn Play, you shall behold
 Some Master-strokes, so manly and so bold, 15
 That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such,
 He shook, and thought it Sacrilege to touch
 Now, where are the Successors to my Name?
 What bring they, to fill out a Poet's Fame?
 Weak, short-liv'd Issues of a feeble Age, 20
 Scarce living to be Christen'd on the Stage!
 For Humour, Farce, for Love, they Rhyme dispence
 That tolls the Knell for their departed sense
 Dulness might thrive in any Trade but this
 'Twou'd recommend to some fat Benefice 25
 Dulness, that in a Play-house meets disgrace
 Might meet with Reverence in its proper place
 The fulsome clench that nauseates the Town }
 Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
 Such virtue is there in a Robe and Gown!
 And that insipid stuff which here you hate, }
 Might somewhere else be call'd a grave debate }
 Dulness is decent in the Church and State }
 But I forget that still 'tis understood,
 Bad Plays are best decry'd by showing good

¹ Published in *Troilus and Cressida*, 1679 Text of *Plays*, 1701

Sit silent then, that my pleas'd Soul may see
 A judging Audience once, and worthy me
 My faithful Scene from true Records shall tell
 How *Trojan* Valour did the *Greek* excell,
 Your great Forefathers shall their Fame regain,
 And *Homer's* angry Ghost repine in vain

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Song¹

CAN Life be a blessing,
 Or worth the possessing,
 Can life be a blessing if love were away?
 Ah no! though our love all Night keep us waking,
 And though he torment us with Cares all the Day,
 Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking
 There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay

5

In every possessing,
 The ravishing blessing,
 In every possessing the fruit of our pain,
 Poor Lovers forget long Ages of anguish,
 Whate'er they have suffer'd and done to obtain,
 'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy again

10

Prologue²

It is not there be a few that take delight
 In that which reasonable Men should write,
 To them Alone we Dedicate this Night
 The Rest may satisfie their curious Itch
 With City Gazets, or some Factious Speech,
 Or what-ere Libel for the Publick Good,
 Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and Blood!
 Remove your Benches, you apostate Pit,
 And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit,
 Go back to your dear Dancing on the Rope,
 Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope!
 The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,
 Metaphors emblem the distracted Age,
 Nonsense, Madness, all unreasonable Things,

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¹ Published in *Trident and Crest*, 1679. Act III, Scene II. Text of Plays, 1701.
² Published in *Nathan's Tastes The Loyall General*, 1680. Text of first edition.

That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings¹ 15
 The stile of Forty One our Poets write,
 And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight
 Such Censures our mistaking Audience make,
 That 'tis almost grown Scandalous to Take¹
 They talk of Feavours that infect the Brains, 20
 But Non-sence is the new Disease that reigns
 Weak Stomachs, with a long Disease opprest,
 Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest,
 Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye choose, 25
 Decoctions of a Barly-water Muse
 A Meal of Tragedy wou'd make ye Sick,
 Unless it were a very tender Chick
 Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time,
 Those wou'd go down, some Love that's poach'd in Rime, 30
 If these shou'd fail—
 We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
 Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost,
 Whilst you turn Players on the Worlds great Stage,
 And Act your selves the Farce of your own Age

Absalom and Achitophel. A Poem¹

IN PIOUS times, e'r Priest-craft did begin,
 Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin,
 When Man on many multipl'd his kind,
 E'r one to one was cursedly confin'd,
 When Nature prompted and no Law deni'd 5
 Promiscuous Use of Concubine and Bride,
 Then *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
 His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart
 To Wives and Slaves And, wide as his Command,
 Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land 10
Michal,² of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear,
 A soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care
 Not so the rest, for several Mothers bore
 To God-like *David*³ several sons before
 But since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend, 15
 No True Succession could their Seed attend
 Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
 So Beautiful so Brave as *Absalon* ⁴
 Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,

¹ Published in November, 1681 Text of second edition, December, 1681 See Preface.

² Queen Katharine

³ Charles II

⁴ The Duke of Monmouth

His father got him with a greater Gust, 20
 Or that his Conscious Destiny made way
 By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway
 Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown
 With Kings and States allied to *Israel's* Crown; 25
 In Peace the thoughts of War he could remove
 And seem'd as he were onely born for Love
 What e'r he did was done with so much ease,
 In him alone, 'twas Natural to please,
 His motions all accompanied with grace, 30
 And *Paradise* was open'd in his face
 With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
 His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd,
 To all his wishes Nothing he deni'd
 And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride 35
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His father could not or he woud not see
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'r
 And *Amnon's* Murther, by a specious Name, 40
 Was call'd a Just Revenge for injur'd Fame
 Thus Prais'd and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
 While *David*, undisturb'd, in *Sion* reign'd
 But Life can never be sincerely blest
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best 45
 The *Jews*, a Headstrong, Moody, Murm'ring race
 As ever tri'd th' extent and stretch of grace,
 God's pamper'd People, whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No King could govern nor no God could please,
 (Gods they had tri'd of every shape and size 50
 That God-smiths could produce or Priests devise)
 'These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty,
 And when no rule, no president was found
 Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound, 55
 They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves,
 And thought that all but Savages were Slaves
 They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow
 Made foolish *Ishbosheth*⁵ the Crown forgo,
 Who banisht *David* did from *Hebion* bring, 60
 And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King.
 Those very *Jews* who at their very best
 Their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,
 Now wondred why so long they had obey'd
 An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made,
 Thought they might ruine him they could create 65

⁵ Richard Cromwell "*Saul*" is of course Oliver Cromwell

Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State
 But these were random Bolts No form'd Design
 Nor Interest made the Factious Croud to join
 The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign, 70
 And, looking backward with a wise afright,
 Saw Seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight
 In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 They curst the memory of Civil Wars
 The moderate sort of Men, thus qualifi'd, 75
 Inclin'd the Ballance to the better side,
 And *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to Rebel
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means; 80
 And providently Pimps for ill desires
 The Good Old Cause, reviv'd, a Plot requires,
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths and ruin Kings
 Th' inhabitants of old *Jerusalem*, 85
 Were *Jebusites*,⁶ the Town so call'd from them,
 And their's the Native right——
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong,
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore, 90
 They still were thought God's enemies the more
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government
 Impoverish't and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land, 95
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame,
 For Priests of all Religions are the same
 Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be, 100
 Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
 In his defence his Servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
 The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise 105
 For 'twas their duty, all the Learned think,
 T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink
 From hence began that Plot,⁷ the Nations Curse,
 Bad in itself, but represented worse,
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decr'd, 110
 With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deni'd,

⁶ The Catholics⁷ The Popish Plot

Not weigh'd or winnow'd by the Multitude,
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchewed and crude.
 Some Truth there was, but dashed and brew'd with Lies; 115
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise
 Succeeding Times did equal Folly call
 Believing nothing or believing all.
 The *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd,
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste. 120
 Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food
 By force they could not Introduce these Gods,
 For Ten to One in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,) 125
 Fools are more hard to Conquer than Persuade.
 Then busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*
 And rak'd for Converts even the Court and Stews:
 Which *Hebrew* Priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock. 130
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 By Guns, invented since full many a day:
 Our Author swears it not, but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
 This Plot, which fail'd for want of common Sense, 135
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence,
 For as, when raging Fevers boil the Blood
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Floud;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels bubbles o're. 140
 So, several Factions from this first Ferment
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Oppos'd the Pow'r to which they could not rise
 Some had in Courts been Great and, thrown from thence, 145
 Like Fiends were hardened in Impenitence.
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,
 From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne
 Were raised in Pow'r and Publick Office high,
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men could tie 150
 Of these the false *Achitophel*⁸ was first,
 A Name to all succeeding Ages cuist
 For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit,
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place,
 In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace, 155
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay
 And o'r informed the Tenement of Clay }

⁸ The first Earl of Shaftesbury

A daring Pilot in extiemity,
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high 160
 He sought the Storms, but, for a Calm unfit,
 Would Steer too nigh the Sands to boast his Wit
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near all'd
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide,
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest, 165
 Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?
 Punish a Body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
 And all to leave what with his Toil he won
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a Son: 170
 Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions trie;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate,
 Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State
 To Compass this the Triple Bond he broke, } 175
 The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook,
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke,
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name
 So easie still it proves in Factious Times 180
 With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes
 How safe is Treason and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the Peoples Will,
 Where Crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in anothers guilt they find their own 185
 Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge,
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge
 In *Israels* courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*⁹
 With more discerning Eyes or Hands more clean,
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress, 190
 Swift of Dispatch and easie of Access
 Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown
 With Vertues onely proper to the Gown,
 Or had the rankness of the Soil been freed
 From Cockle that opprest the Noble Seed, 195
David for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess 200
 A lawful Fame, and lazie Happiness,
 Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free
 And lent the Crowd his Arm to shake the Tree.
 Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince 205

⁹ Lord Chancellor

Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause
Against the Crown, and sculk'd behind the Laws.
The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes,

Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes

By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears

216

Of listening Clouds, with Jealousies and Fears

Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,

And proves the King himself a *Jebusite*

Weak Arguments¹ which yet he knew full well,

217

Were strong with People easie to Rebel.

For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*

Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews

And once in twenty Years, their Scribes record,

By natural Instinct they change their Lord.

220

Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none

Was found so fit as Warlike *Absalon*

Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,

(For Politicians neither love nor hate)

But, for he knew his Title not allow'd,

225

Would keep him still depending on the Croud,

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be

Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracie

Him he attempts with studied Arts to please

And sheds his Venome in such words as these.

230

Auspicious Prince¹ at whose Nativity

Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky,

Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire,

Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire,

Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand

235

Divides the Seas and shows the promis'd Land,

Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,

Has exercised the Sacred Prophets rage,

The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviners Theam,

The Young mens Vision and the Old mens Dream¹

240

Thee, *Saviour*, Thee the Nations Vows confess,

And, never satisfi'd with seeing, bless

Swift, unbespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,

And stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name

How long wilt thou the general Joy detain,

245

Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?

Content ingloriously to pass thy days,

Like one of Vertues Fools that Feeds on Praise,

Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,

Grow Stale and Tarnish with our dayly sight

250

Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be

Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,

Some lucky Revolution of their Fate

Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will,) 255
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent
 And, from the first impression, takes the Bent,
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize 260
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you spring,
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain,
 And Heavens Anointing Oil had been in vain 265
 Let his successful Youth your hopes engage,
 But shun th' example of Declining Age
 Behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 The Shadows lengthening as the Vapours rise
 He is not now, as when, on *Jordan's* Sand, 270
 The Joyful People throng'd to see him Land,
 Cov'ring the *Beach* and blackning all the *Strand* }
 But like the Prince of Angels, from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn, 275
 (Our onely blessing since his curst Return,)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of Wind
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes? 280
 If *Pharaoh's*¹⁰ doubtful succour he should use,
 A Foreign Aid would more incense the *Jews*
 Proud *Egypt* woud dissembled Friendship bring,
 Foment the War, but not support the King
 Nor woud the Royal Party e'r unite 285
 With *Pharaoh's* aims t' assist the *Jebusite*,
 Or if they shoud, their Interest soon would break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak
 All sorts of men, by my successful Arts
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their altered Hearts 290
 From *David's* Rule And 'tis the general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty
 If you, as Champion of the Publique Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood,
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause 295
 Might such a General gain by such a Cause?
 Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
 Fair onely to the sight, but solid Pow'r
 And Nobler is a limited Command,

¹⁰ Louis XIV

Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
 Than a Successive Title, Long, and Dark,
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* ark
 What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
 When Flattery Soothes and when Ambition Blinds!
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vicious Weed,
 Yet, sprung from High is of Cœlestial Seed,
 In God 'tis Glory And when Men Aspire,
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
 'Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame,
 Unwarily was led from Vertues ways,
 Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise
 Half loath and half consenting to the Ill,
 (For Loyal Blood within him struggled still.)
 He thus repl'd—And what Pretence have I
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
 My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right,
 The Faiths Defender and Mankinds Delight,
 Good, Gracious, Just, observant of the Laws,
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
 Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peaceful Reign?
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in Vain?
 What Millions has he pardoned of his Foes
 Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good,
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood
 If Mildness Ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute
 What could he gain, his People to Betray
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
 Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign
 His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Scivile Team
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
 The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease
 Why then should I, Encouraging the Bad,
 Turn Rebel and run Popularly Mad?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews* and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
 Well might I Mourn, but Nature's holy Bands
 Would Curb my Spirits, and Restrain my Hands,
 The People might assert their Liberty,
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
 His Favour leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my Wishes and out-runs Desire
 What more can I expect while *David* lives?
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives
 And that But there he paus'd, then Sighing, said,

Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier head
 For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest 350
 His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend,
 On the *Collat'ial* Line, where that shall end
 His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,
 Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,
 Of every Royal Vertue stands possess, 355
 Still Dear to all the Bravest and the Best
 His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
 His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame
 His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find,
 For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind 360
 Why shoud I then Repine at Heavens Decree
 Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
 Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Incln'd,
 Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
 To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent, 365
 And then betrai'd it to a mean Descent
 I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
 And *David's* part disdains my Mothers Mold.
 Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth?
 My soul Disclaims the Kindred of her Earth 370
 And, made for Empire, Whispers me within,
 Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin
 Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,
 While fainting Vertue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
 He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies 375
 Th' eternal God, Supreamly Good and Wise,
 Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain,
 What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign?
 Against your will your Arguments have shown,
 Such Vertue's only giv'n to guide a Throne 380
 Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn,
 But manly Force becomes the Diadem
 'Tis true he grants the People all they crave,
 And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have
 For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame 385
 And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim
 But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
 If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor 390
 And every Sheckle which he can receive
 Shall cost a Limb of his Pierogative
 To ply him with new Plots shall be my care,
 Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War,
 Which, when his Treasure can no more supply, 395

He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy
 His faithful Friends our Jealousies and Fears
 Call *Jebusites*, and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners,
 Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn, 400
 He shall be naked left to publick Scorn
 The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My Arts have made obnoxious to the State,
 Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthiow,
 And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe 405
 His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
 Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold,
 Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
 To pass your doubtful Title into Law
 If not, the People have a Right Supreme 410
 To make their Kings, for Kings are made for them
 All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust,
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
 Succession, for the general Good design'd,
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind 415
 If altering that, the People can relieve,
 Better one suffer, than a Nation grieve
 The *Jews* well know their pow'r e'r *Saul*¹¹ they chose
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name, 420
 A Father's Right and Fear of future Fame,
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all
 Nor let his Love enchant your generous Mind,
 'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind 425
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be tried
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside
 God said he loved your Father, could he bring 430
 A better Proof than to anoint him King?
 It surely shew'd, He lov'd the Shepherd well
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*
 Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear 435
 'Tis after Gods own heart to Cheat his Heir
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command,
 To you a Legacie of Barren Land
 Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise 440
 Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,

¹¹ Oliver Cromwell

Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes,
 Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
 And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
 Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains, 415
 He meditates Revenge who least Complains
 And like a Lion, Slumb'ring in the way,
 Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws,
 Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws 450
 Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
 He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground
 The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'r and Spares,
 But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears,
 Your Case no tame Expedients will afford, 455
 Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
 Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw,
 And Self-defence is Natures Eldest Law
 Leave the waim People no Considering time,
 For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime 460
 Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But trie your Title while your Father lives,
 And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence,
 Whose Sacred Life each minute woud Expose, 465
 To Plots, from seeming Friends and secret Foes
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone 470
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd,
 Like Womens Leachery to seem Constrain'd
 Doubt not, but, when he most affects the Frown,
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown
 Secure his Person to secure your Cause, 475
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws
 He said, And this Advice above the rest
 With *Absalon's* Mild Nature suited best,
 Unblamed of Life (Ambition set aside,)
 Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffed with pride 480
 How happy had he been, if Destiny
 Had higher placed his Birth, or not so high!
 His Kingly Vertues might have claim'd a Throne
 And blest all other Countries but his own
 But charming Greatness, since so few refuse, 485
 'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse
 Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
 With Blandishments to gain the publick Love,
 To Head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,

And Popularly Prosecute the Plot 480
 To farther this, *Achitophel* Unites
 The Malecontents of all the *Israelites*
 Whose differing Parties he could wisely Join
 For several Ends, to serve the same Design 485
 The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much
 Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts,
 Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts
 By these the Springs of Property were bent, 500
 And wound so high, they Crack'd the Government.
 The next for Interest sought t' embroil the State,
 To sell their Duty at a dearer rate,
 And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne,
 Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own 505
 Others thought Kings an useless heavy Load,
 Who Cost too much, and did too little Good
 These were for laying Honest *David* by
 On Principles of pure good Husbandry
 With them join'd all th' Harangueis of the Throng 510
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not onely hating *David*, but the King,
 The *Solymæan* Rout,¹² well Vers'd of old
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold, 515
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
 But Lofty to a Lawful Prince Restored,
 Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun
 And Scorned by *Jebusites* to be Out-done
 Hot *Levites* Headed these, who pul'd before 520
 From th' *Aik*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Crie
 Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracie
 Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration 525
 For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
 If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
 These led the Pack, though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed,
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed 530
 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r imploy;
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much
 These, out of meer instinct, they knew not why 535

¹² London rebels

Adored their Fathers' God, and Property:
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight,
 Because they could not help believing right. 540
 Such were the Tools, but a whole Hydia more
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land;
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri*¹³ stand
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be 545
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome
 Stuff in Opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-man, and Buffoon, 550
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking
 Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual Theams, 555
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreame
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil
 In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert 560
 Begger'd by fools, whom still he found too late
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate
 He laugh'd himself from Court, then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne'r be Chief
 For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell 565
 On *Absolon* and wise *Achitophel*
 Thus wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He left not Faction, but of that was left
 Titles and Names 'twere tedious to Reherse
 Of Lords, below the Dignity of Veise 570
 Wits, Warriors, Commonwealths-men were the best
 Kind Husbands and meer Nobles all the rest
 And, therefore in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung *Balaam*¹⁴ and cold *Caleb*¹⁵ free,
 And Canting *Nadab*¹⁶ let Oblivion damn, 575
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure,
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scoin secure.
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,

¹³ The Duke of Buckingham

¹⁴ The Earl of Huntingdon

¹⁵ Lord Grey

¹⁶ Lord Howard of Escrick.

Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace. 580
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who coud Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The Wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to Curse 585
Shimei,¹⁷ whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King,
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse, unless against the Government 590
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray,
 The City, to reward his 'pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold, 595
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime
 The Sons of *Behai* had a Glorious Time
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of self,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself 600
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them
 And, if they Curs'd the King when he was by,
 Woud rather Curse, than break good Company 605
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He pact a jury of dissenting *Jews*
 Whose fellow-feeling, in the godly Cause,
 Would free the suff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
 For Laws are onely made to Punish those 610
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
 (Because 'tis Sin to misimploy an hour,)
 His bus'ness was by Writing to persuade
 That kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade 615
 And that his noble Stile he might refine,
 No *Rechabite* more shund the fumes of Wine
 Chaste were his Cellars, and his Shrieval Board
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd
 His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot, 620
 Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
 Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews*
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
 As dare not tempt Gods Providence by Fire 625

¹⁷ Slingsley Bethel, one of the sheriffs of London

With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
 But free from Flesh that made the *Jews* rebel.
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of Fasting in the Mount
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot, 630
 Would tire a well-breath'd Witness of the Plot
 Yet, *Corah*,¹⁸ thou shalt from Oblivion pass,
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade 635
 What though his Birth were base, yet Comets issue
 From Earthy Vapours, e'r they shine in Skies
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's issue as by Prince's son
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good 640
 By that one Deed enobles all his Bloud
 Who'e'er ask'd the Witnesses high race
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God-almighties Gentlemen 645
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit, his Saint-like Grace
 A Church Vermilion, and a *Moses's* Face
 His Memory, miraculously great, 650
 Could Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat,
 Which, therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For humane Wit could never such devise
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book,
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke 655
 Some things like Visionary flights appear,
 The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where
 And gave him his *Rabbinical* degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University
 His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel, 660
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well
 And suited to the temper of the Times,
 Then groaning under *Jebusitick* Crimes
 Let *Israel's* foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal, 665
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made
 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade
 Were I myself in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot, 670
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot

¹⁸ Titus Oates

His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his Person with indignities
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* murder¹⁹ call,
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd 'to *Saul*.
 What others in his Evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or coin,)
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all

675

680

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
 Deluded *Absolom* forsakes the Court
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown
 The admiring Croud are dazled with surprize
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
 On each side bowing popularly low
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names
 Thus, form'd by Nature, furnished out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'r he spoke,
 Few words he said, but easie those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet

685

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715

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate,
 Though far unable to prevent your Fate
 Behold a Banish'd man, for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to Arbitrary Laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
 Now all your Liberties a spoil are made,
*Egypt*²⁰ and *Tyrus*²¹ intercept your Trade,
 And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade
 My Father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into Ease, is' careless of his Fame
 And, brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's*²² Embraces old
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys,
 And all his pow'r against himself employs
 He gives, and let him give my right away,
 But why should he his own and yours betray?
 He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,

¹⁹ The murder of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, October, 1678

²⁰ France

²¹ Holland

²² The Duchess of Portsmouth

And he alone from my revenge is freed
 Take then my tears (with that he wiped his Eyes)
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies
 No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse,
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use, 720
 And, 'tis my wish, the next Successor's reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain

Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action seldom fail
 But Common Interest always will prevail. 725
 And pity never Ceases to be shown

To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless
 Who now begins his Progress to ordain
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous train, 730

From East to West his Glories he displays
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys
 Fame runs before him as the Morning-Star,
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God, 735
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode

But hospitable Treats did most commend
 Wise *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend
 This moving Court that caught the Peoples Eyes,
 And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise 740
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent

To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
 The Peoples hearts distinguish Friends from Foes,
 And trie their strength before they came to Blows
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence 745
 Of specious love, and duty to their Prince
 Religion, and Redress of Grievances,

Two names, that always cheat and always please,
 Are often urg'd, and good King *David's* life
 Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife 750

Thus, in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made,
 And Peace it self is War in Masquerade
 Oh foolish *Israel*! never warn'd by Ill
 Still the same Bait, and circumvented still!
 Did ever men forsake their present ease, 755

In midst of health imagine a Disease,
 Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make Heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think! Can People give away
 Both for themselves and Sons their Native sway? 760
 Then they are left Defenceless, to the Sword
 Of each unbounded, Arbitrary Lord
 And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,

If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy
 Yet if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Just, 765
 And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
 Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
 When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
 If those who gave the Scepter, could not tie
 By their own Deed their own Posterity, 770
 How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
 How could his Forfeit on Mankind take place?
 Or how could heavenly Justice damn us all
 Who ne'r consented to our Fathers Fall?
 Then Kings are Slaves to those whom they command, 775
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand
 Add that the Pow'r, for Property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud,
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might? 780
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true
 The Most may err as grosly as the Few
 And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny
 What Standard is there in a fickle rout, 785
 Which, flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
 Nor onely crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this publick Lunacy
 And Share the madness of Rebelious Times,
 To Murder Monarchs for Imagin'd crimes 790
 If they may Give and Take when e'i they please,
 Not Kings alone, (the Godheads Images,)
 But Government it self at length must fall
 To Natures state, where all have Right to all
 Yet, grant our Lords the People, Kings can make, 795
 What prudent men a settled Throne woud shake?
 For whatsoe'r their Sufferings were before,
 That Change they Covet makes them suffer more
 All other Errors but disturb a State,
 But Innovation is the Blow of Fate 800
 If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
 To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall,
 Thus far 'tis Duty, but here fix the Mark
 For all beyond it is to touch our Ark
 To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew, 805
 Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue
 At once Divine and Humane Laws controul,
 And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole
 The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,
 To Physick their Disease into a Worse 810
 Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?

How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
 Friends he has few, so high the madness glows,
 Who dare be such, must be the People's Foes
 Yet some there were ev'n in the worst of days, 815
 Some let me name, and Naming is to praise
 In this short File *Barzillai*²³ first appears,
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years.
 Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
 In Regions Waste, beyond the *Jordans* Flood. 820
 Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State,
 But sinking underneath his Master's Fate
 In Exile with his God-like Prince he Mourn'd,
 For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd
 The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art 825
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart
 Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse
 His Bed could once a Fruitful Issue boast
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost 830
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhoods prime
 B' unequal Fates and Providences come
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won, 835
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son,
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run
 Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
 Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
 By Sea, by Land, thy Matchless Worth was known, 840
 Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own
 Thy force, Infus'd, the fainting *Tyrans* prop'd,
 And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquered Hand,
 Whom Foes unpunish'd never could withstand! 845
 But *Israel* was unworthy of thy Name
 Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame
 It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind
 Now, free from Earth, thy disencumber'd Soul 850
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Stairry Pole
 From thence thy kindred Legions maist thou bring,
 To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King
 Here stop my Muse, here cease thy painful flight,
 No pinions can pursue Immortal height 855
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy Soul she should have fled before,
 Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse

⁻³ The Duke of Ormond.

To hang on her departed Patron's Heise?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see 860
 If thou canst find on Earth another *He*,
 Another he would be too hard to find,
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind
*Zadock*²⁴ the priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace 865
 With him the *Sagan of Jerusalem*,²⁵
 Of hospitable Soul and noble Stem,
 Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence
 The Prophets Sons, by such Example led, 870
 To Learning and to Loyalty were bred
 For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
 And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend
 To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws,
 Who best coud plead, and best can judge a Cause. 875
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend
 Sharp judging *Adriel*,²⁶ the Muses Friend,
 Himself a Muse —In Sanhedrins debate
 True to his Prince, but not a Slave of State
 Whom *David's* love with Honours did adorn, 880
 That from his disobedient Son were torn
*Jotham*²⁷ of piercing Wit and pregnant Thought,
 Endew'd by nature and by learning taught
 To move Assemblies, who but onely tri'd
 The worse a while, then chose the better side, 885
 Nor chose alone, but turned the Balance too,
 So much the weight of one brave man can do
*Hushai*²⁸ the friend of *David* in distress,
 In publick storms of manly stedfastness,
 By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth, 890
 And join'd Experience to his Native Truth
 His frugal care suppli'd the wanting Throne,
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own
 'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow,
 But hard the task to manage well the low 895
 For Sovereign Power is too deprest or high,
 When Kings are forced to sell, or Crouds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For *Amiel*,²⁹ who can *Amiel's* praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
 In his own worth, and without Title great:

²⁴ Archbishop Sancroft

²⁵ The Bishop of London

²⁶ The Earl of Mulgrave

²⁷ The Marquis of Halifax

²⁸ Laurence Hyde Earl of Rochester

²⁹ Edward Seymour

The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
 Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a Loyal Nations Sense,
 That, as their Band was *Israels* Tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all
 Now rasher Charioteers the Seat ascend,
 Whose loose Carriers his steady Skill commend:
 They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
 Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way,
 While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils

905

910

These were the chief, a small but faithful Band }
 Of Worthies in the Breach who dar'd to stand }
 And tempt th' united Fury of the Land }
 With grief they view'd such powerful Engines bent
 To batter down the lawful Government
 A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
 In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights
 The true Successor from the Court removed
 The plot, by hiring Witnesses improv'd
 These Ills they saw, and, as their Duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound
 That no Concessions from the Throne woud please,
 But Lenitives fomented the Disease,
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the Lure to draw the People down
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State,
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse

915

920

925

930

With all these loads of Injuries opprest,
 And long revolving in his careful Brest
 Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
 Thus from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 The God-like *David* spoke, with awful fear
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear

935

Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd,
 My Wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd,
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age,
 So much the Father did the King asswage
 But now so far my Clemency they slight,
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right
 That one was made for many, they contend,
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear,
 Though Manly tempers can the longest bear
 Yet since they will divert my Native course,

940

945

'Tis time to show I am not Good by Force 950
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
 Are burdens for a Camel, not a King.
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight. 955
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:
 But oh that yet he woud repent and live!
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won 960
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
 Poor pitied youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the Height his Frame coud bear
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire born,
 He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn 965
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool,
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws 970
 Should more be *Absalon's* than *David's* Cause?
 His old Instructor, e'r he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace
 Good heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
 My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint 975
 Woud *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own
 A king's at least a part of Government,
 And mine as requisite as their Consent
 Without my leave a future King to choose, 980
 Infers a Right the present to Depose
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice
 But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to Secure, they take my Pow'r away
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years, 985
 But save me most from my Petitioners
 Unsatiated as the barren Womb or Grave,
 God cannot Grant so much as they can Crave.
 What then is left but with a Jealous Eye 990
 To guard the Small remains of Royalty?
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey
 Votes shall no more Established Pow'r controul,
 Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove 995
 Nor Crouds have pow'r to Punish e'r they Prove,
 For Gods and God-like kings their Care express,

Sull to defend their Servants in distress
 Oh that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind, } 1000
 To make Examples of another Kind?
 Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw?
 Oh curst Effects of necessary Law!
 How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
 Beware the Fury of a Patient Man. 1005
 Law they require, let Law then shew her Face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring Eye
 To tempt the terror of her Front, and die.
 By their own Arts 'tis Righteously decreed, 1010
 Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed
 Against themselves their Witnesses will Swear,
 Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear,
 And suck for Nutriment that bloody gore
 Which was their Principle of Life before 1015
 Their *Belial* with their *Belzebub* will fight,
 Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me Right
 Nor doubt th' event, for Factionous crouds engage
 In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage,
 Then let 'em take an unresisted Course, 1020
 Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force
 But when they stand all Breathless, urge the fight,
 And rise upon 'em with redoubled might
 For Lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found,
 When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground 1025
 He said Th' Almighty, nodding, gave consent
 And peals of Thunder shook the Firmament
 Henceforth a Series of new time began,
 The mighty Years in long Procession ran
 Once more the God-like *David* was Restor'd, 1030
 And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord

The Medal. A Satire against Sedition¹

OF ALL our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
 Which *English* Ideots run in crowds to see,
 The *Polish Medall* bears the prize alone
 A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town }
 Than either Fayrs or Theatres have shown } 3

¹ Published in March, 1682 Text of first edition The occasion was the striking of a medal in the City to commemorate Shaftesbury's acquittal on a charge of high treason

Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive
 So like the Man, so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light
 One side is fill'd with Title and with Face, 10
 And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
 On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys,
 O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.
 The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice, 15
Lætatur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce*.
 The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd:
 And a new Canting Holiday design'd
 Five daies he sate, for every cast and look,
 Four more than God to finish *Adam* took 20
 But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
 Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
 Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
 And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,
 Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will, 25
 The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
 A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
 Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to war.
 A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'r a Man.
 (So young his hatred to his Prince began)
 Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!) 30
 A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear
 Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold
 He cast himself into the Saint-like mould,
 Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain, 35
 The lowest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
 His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise
 There split the Saint for Hypocritique Zeal
 Allows no Sins but those it can conceal 40
 Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope
 Saints must not trade, but they may interlope
 Th' ungodly Principle was all the same,
 But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack.
 His nimble Wit outran the heavy Pack 45
 Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay,
 Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way,
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice,
 Villain and Wit exact a double price
 Pow'r was his aym but, thrown from that pretence, } 50
 The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince
 Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd,

Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd
 Behold him now exalted into trust, 55
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a Knave
 The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
 Made him uneasy in his lawfull gears 60
 At best as little honest as he cou'd
 And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
 To his first byass, longingly he leans,
 And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold, 65
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold)
 From hence those tears¹ that *Ilium* of our woe¹
 Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe
 What wonder if the Waves prevail so fai
 When He cut down the Banks that made the bai² 70
 Seas follow but their Nature to invade,
 But He by Art our native Strength betray'd
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest,
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late, 75
 Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate,
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway,
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle, }
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lai gale, } 80
 And shews the Fiend confess'd, without a vaile }
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government,
 That Claimes successive bear no binding force, 85
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course,
 Maintains the Multitude can never err,
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair
 The reason's obvious, *Int'rest never lyes*, }
 The most have still their Int'rest in their eyes, } 90
 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise }
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute,
 Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute¹
 Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leapst o'r all eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique* way¹
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, 95
 When *Phocion* and when *Sociates* were try'd
 As righteously they did those dooms repent,
 Still they were wise, what ever way they went
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run,
 To kill the Father, and recall the Son 100
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then

But now the World's o'r stock'd with prudent men.
 The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
 The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best,
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*,
 And our own Worship onely true at home.

103

And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns;
 So all are God-a'mighties in their turns

110

A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new
 What Fools our Fathes were, if this be true!
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,

Inherent right in Monarchs did declare
 And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never cease,
 Secu'd Succession, to secure our Peace

115

Thus, Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
 In equal Balances were justly cast
 But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot mouth'd horse;

120

Instructs the Beast to know his native force,
 To take the Bit between his teeth and fly
 To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy

Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
 Woud we possess the freedom we pursue!

125

The lavish Government can give no more
 Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor
 God try'd us once, our Rebel-fathers fought,
 He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they sought.

Till, mastered by their own usurping Brave,
 The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave

130

We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails,
 Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails!

How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill,
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will!

That Kings can doe no wrong we must believe
 None can they doe, and must they all receive?

135

Help Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
 Already they have lost their best defence,

The benefit of Laws, which they dispence
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd,
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd

140

And Medalls grav'd, their Conquest to record,
 The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord

145

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
 Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
 The prickles of unpalatable Law
 The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on bloud,

Sucking for them were med'cinally good, 150
 But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
 Then, Justice and Religion they forswore, }
 Their Mayden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore }
 Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd,
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side 155
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause,
 And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
 It has been us'd as ill in every Age
 And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take, 160
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
 Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize,
 They make it speak whatever Sense they please!
 'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire,
 But, since our Sects in prophecy grow higher, }
 The Text inspires not them, but they the Text inspire } 165
London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
 O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!
 Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part! 170
 I call'd thee *Nile*, the parallel will stand
 Thy tydes of Wealth o'rflow the fattend Land,
 Yet Monsters from thy laige increase we find,
 Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee, 175
 Thy nobler Parts are from infection free
 Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous band,
 But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land
 Thy military Chiefs are brave and true,
 Nor are thy disenchanted Burghers few 180
 The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands,
 But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
 And are content to thrive and to obey
 But Wisdom is to Sloath too great a Slave, 185
 None are so busy as the Fool and Knave
 Those let me curse, what vengeance will they urge,
 Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can puige,
 Nor sharp Experience can to duty bring,
 Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King! 190
 In Gospel phrase their Chapmen they betray
 Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey
 The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoyl,
 They boast, ev'n when each other they beguile
 Customes to steal is such a trivial thing, 195
 That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King
 All hands unite of every jarring Sect,

They cheat the Country first, and then infect
 They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone; 200
 And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own
 Whether the plotting Jesuite lay'd the plan
 Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puitan,
 Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo,
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too
 What means their Trait'rous Combination less, 205
 To plain t' evade, too shamefull to confess
 But Treason is not own'd when tis descry'd,
 Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd
 The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find, 210
 Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd
 Joyn'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence,
 At first without, at last against their Prince
 If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,
 The same bold Maxime holds in God and Man
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun 215
 He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son
 Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
 The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own
 In vain to Sophistry they have recourse
 By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse, } 220
 Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force
 Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
 'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be,
 For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise 225
 Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal;
 Chop up a Minister, at every meal
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
 But clip his regal Rights within the Ring
 From thence, t' assume the pow'r of Peace and War, 230
 And ease him by degrees of publique Care
 Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
 He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name,
 And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game }
 For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink, 235
 To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
 These are the cooler methods of their Crime,
 But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time,
 On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand,
 And grinn and whet like a *Croatian* Band, } 240
 That waits impatient for the last Command
 Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain
 They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain
 And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue,
 The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few 245

Such impious AXIOMES foolishly they show,
 For, in some Soyles Republicques will not grow
 Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign
 But slides between them both into the best, 250
 Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest
 And though the Clymate, vex't with various Winds,
 Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
 The wholesome Tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the Calmness that succeeds 255
 But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
 (O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
 Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
 And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord,
 What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall' } 260
 Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call,
 For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all }
 Religion thou hast none thy *Mercury*
 Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee
 But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains, 265
 And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains
 What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
 Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,
 That preach up Thee for God, dispence thy Laws,
 And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause? 270
 Fresh Fumes of Madness raise, and toile and sweat
 To make the formidable Cripple great
 Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
 Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
 Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be, 275
 Thy God and Theirs will never long agree
 For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
 That lets the World and Humane-kind alone
 A jolly God, that passes hours too well
 To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell 280
 That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit,
 And Wink at Crimes he did himself commit
 A Tyrant theirs, the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
 A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints,
 A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad, 285
 Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion, mad
 Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
 What all but Fools, by common Sense may know
 If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
 And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail, 290
 Not Thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage }
 Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage, }
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age }

The swelling Poyson of the sev'ral Sects, 295
 Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
 Shall burst its Bag, and fighting out their way
 The various Venoms on each other prey
 The *Presbyter*, puffed up with spiritual Pride,
 Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride 300
 His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy,
 And parcel out Republique Prelacy
 But short shall be his Reign his rigid Yoke
 And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke,
 And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
 Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Giant 305
 The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall join,
 In sharing their ill-gotten Spoiles of War
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend, }
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend } 310
 About their impious Merit shall contend
 The surly Commons shall respect deny,
 And jumble Peerage out with Property
 Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway,
 Or they suspecting his ambitious Aym, } 315
 In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame,
 And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name }
 Thus inborn Broyles the Factions wou'd engage,
 Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage, }
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age 320
 And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest, }
 Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast

Mac Flecknoe. Or a Satyr upon the True-Blew
 Protestant Poet, T. S.¹

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey.
 This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long
 In Prose and Verse was own'd, without dispute 5
 Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the Succession of the State, 10

¹ Published in October, 1682 Text of second edition, 1684

And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd, for Nature pleads that He
 Should onely rule, who most resembles me
Sh——² alone my perfect image bears, 15
 Mature in dullness from his tender years,
Sh—— alone of all my Sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But *Sh*—— never deviates into sense 20
 Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid intervall,
 But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no day,
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day
 Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye 25
 And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty
 Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology 30
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way
 And coarsely clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
 To teach the Nations in thy greater name
 My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung, 35
 When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
 With well tim'd oars before the Royal Barge,
 Swelled with the Pride of thy Celestial charge, 40
 And, big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* blankets tost
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
 The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail
 At thy well sharpned thumb from Shore to Shore 45
 The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar
 Echoes from Pissing-Ally, *Sh*—— call,
 And *Sh*—— they resound from *A[ston] Hall*
 About thy boat the little Fishes throng,
 As at the Morning Toast that Floats along 50
 Sometimes, as Prince of thy Harmonious band,
 Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand
 St *André*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche*'s rhyme
 Though they in number as in sense excell, 55
 So just, so like tautology they fell

² Thomas Shadwell

That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
 The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villenus* more
 Here stopt the good old Syre, and wept for joy,
 In silent raptures of the hopefull boy
 All Arguments, but most his Plays, perswade
 That for anointed dulness he was made

60

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
 (The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)
 An ancient fabrick raised t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight.
 A watch Tower once, but now, so Fate ordains,
 Of all the Pile an empty name remains
 From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
 And, undisturbed by Watch, in silence sleep
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,
 Where Queens are formed, and future Hero's bred,
 Where unfledged Actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant Punks their tender voices try,
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.

65

70

75

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater Johnson dares in Socks appear
 But gentle *Simkin* just reception finds

80

Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds,
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords,
 And *Panton* waging harmless war with words
 Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne

85

For ancient *Decker* prophes'd long since,
 That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,
 Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense,
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow,
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
 Whole *Raymond* Families and Tribes of *Bruce*

90

Now Empress Fame had publisht the renown
 Of Sh——'s Coronation through the Town
 Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
 From near *Bun-Hill* and distant *Watling-street*.
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th' imperial way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay,
 From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
 Martyrs of Pies and Reliques of the Bum
 Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby* there lay,
 But loads of Sh—— almost choakt the way
 Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd

95

100

And *H[erringman]* was Captain of the Guard 105
 The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
 High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd
 At his right hand our young *Ascanus* sat
Rome's other hope and Pillar of the State
 His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110
 And lambent dullness plaid around his face.
 As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
 Swore by his Syre a mortal Foe to *Rome*,
 So *Sh*—— swore, nor should his Vow bee vain,
 That he till Death true dullness would maintain, 115
 And, in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
 Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense
 The King himself the sacred Uction made,
 As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade
 In his sinister hand, instead of Ball, 120
 He placed a mighty Mug of potent Ale,
 Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway,
 Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young
 And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung 125
 His temples, last, with Poppies were o'erspread,
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head
 Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
 On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly
 So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's Brook*, 130
 Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make
 And Omens of his future Empire take
 The Syre then shook the honours of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed 135
 Full on the filial dullness long he stood,
 Repelling from his Breast the raging God,
 At length burst out in this prophetick mood }
 Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
 To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main, 140
 Of his Dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his Father's be his Throne
 Beyond loves Kingdom let him stretch his Pen,
 He paused, and all the people cry'd *Amen*
 Then thus continued he, my son, advance 145
 Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry
 Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be Writ,
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of Wit 150
 Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the stage,
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage,

Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
 And in their folly show the Writers wit 155
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence
 And justify their Author's want of sense
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness and desire no foreign aid,
 That they to future ages may be known, 160
 Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own
 Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and differing but in name;
 But let no alien *S-dl-y* interpose
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose
 And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st cull, 165
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull,
 But write thy best, and top, and in each line
 Sir *Formal*'s oratory will be thine
 Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy quill, 170
 And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name
 Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise
 And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise. 175
 Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part
 What share have we in Nature or in Art?
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand
 And rail at Arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
 Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain? 180
 Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stitch, kiss my Arse,
 Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?
 When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
 As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine? 185
 But so transfused as Oyls on waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
 New Humours to invent for each new Play
 This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,
 By which one way, to dullness, 'tis inclined, 190
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will
 Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
 Of likeness, thine's a tympany of sense.
 A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ, 195
 But sure thou 'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
 Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou settst thy self to write,
 Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite 200

In thy fellonious heart though Venom lies,
 It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.
 Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagiam:
 Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command 205
 Some peacefull Province in Acrostick Land
 There thou maist wings display, and Altars raise,
 And torture one poor word Ten thousand ways,
 Or, if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
 Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute 210
 He said, but his last words were scarcely heard, }
 For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd, }
 And down they sent the yet declaiming Baid }
 Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind 215
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part
 With double portion of his Father's Art.

From The Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel ¹

Next these, a Troop of buisy Spirits press, 310
 Of little Fortunes and of Conscience Less,
 With them the Tribe, whose Luxury had drain'd
 Their Banks, in former Sequestrations gain'd
 Who Rich and Great by past Rebellions grew,
 And long to fish the troubled Waves anew 315
 Some future Hopes, some present Payment draws,
 To Sell their Conscience and espouse the Cause,
 Such Stipends those vile Hirelings best befit,
 Priests without Grace, and Poets without wit,
 Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our Curse, 320
*Judas*² that keeps the Rebells Pension-Purse,
Judas that pays the Treason-writers Fee,
Judas that well deserves his Namesake's Tree,
 Who at *Jerusalem's* own Gates Erects
 His College for a Nursery of Sects. 325
 Young Prophets with an early Care secures,
 And with the Dung of his own Arts manures
 What have the Men of *Hebron*³ here to doe?

¹ Published in November, 1682. Text of the first edition. The "Second Part" is mainly by Nahum Tate. Dryden is known to have contributed lines 310-509, which form part of a description of Achitophel's followers. See Preface.

² Robert Ferguson

³ Scotland

What part in *Isaels* promis'd Land have you?
 Here *Phaleg*⁴ the Lay *Hebronite* is come, 330
 Cause like the rest he could not live at Home,
 Who from his own Possessions cou'd not drain
 An *Omer* even of *Hebronitish* Grain,
 Here Struts it like a Patriot, and talks high 335
 Of Injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property
 An Emblem of that buzzing Insect Just,
 That mounts the Wheell, and thinks she raises Dust
 Can dry Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce
 The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice? 340
 Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
 Return'd the gratefull product to the Bed
 A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles chose,
 He, his own Laws wou'd Sawcily impose,
 Till Bastinado'd back again he went, 345
 To Learn those Manners he to Teach was sent.
 Chastiz'd, he ought to have retreated Home,
 But He reads politicks to *Absalom*
 For never *Hebronite*, though Kickt and Scorn'd,
 To his own Country willingly return'd 350
 —But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed
 And to talk Treason for his daily Bread,
 Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man
 So made for Mischief as *Ben Jochanan*,⁵
 A *Jew* of humble Parentage was He, 355
 By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
 His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,
 But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd
 To Reade and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,
 And pick up single Sheckles from the Grave 360
 Married at last, and finding Charge come faster,
 He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master
 Inspir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
 They Got a Villain, and we lost a Fool
 Still Violent, whatever Cause he took, 365
 But most against the Party he forsook,
 For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in Conscience to be double Knaves
 So this Prose-Prophet took most monstrous Pains
 To let his Masters see he earn'd his Gains
 But as the Dev'l owes all his Imps a Shame, 370
 He chose th' *Apostate* for his proper Theme,
 With little Pains he made the Picture true,
 And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.

⁴ James Forbes⁵ Samuel Johnson

A wondrous Work, to prove the *Jewish* nation
 In every Age a Murmuring Generation, 375
 To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
 And shew 'em Factious from their First Beginning,
 To prove they cou'd Rebell, and Rail, and Mock,
 Much to the Credit of the Chosen Flock,
 A strong Authority which must Convince, 380
 That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
 As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a Whole,
 To prove her Mother had turn'd up before
 But tell me, did the Drunken Patriarch Bless
 The Son that shew'd his Father's Nakedness? 385
 Such Thanks the present Church thy Pen will give,
 Which proves Rebellion was so Primitive
 Must Ancient Failings be Examples made,
 Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade
 As thou the Heathen and the Saint hast drawn, 390
 Methinks th' Apostate was the better man
 And thy hot *Father* (waving my respect)
 Not of a mother church but of a Sect
 And Such he needs must be of thy Inditing,
 This Comes of drinking Asses milk and writing 395
 If *Balack*⁶ should be cal'd to leave his place,
 (As Profit is the loudest call of Grace,)
 His Temple, dispossessed of one, would be
 Replenish'd with seven Devils more by thee
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down, 400
 And shew Rebellion bare, without a Gown,
 Poor Slaves in metre, dull and adle-pated,
 Who Rhime below ev'n *David's* Psalms translated.
 Some in my Speedy pace I must outrun,
 As lame *Mephibosheth*⁷ the Wisard's Son, 405
 To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten *Uzza* as I woud the Pox,
 And hasten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearse,
 Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble sense on Verse,
 Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times 410
 Shall live in spight of their own Dogrell Rhimes
Doeg,⁸ though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody,
 Spurd boldly on, and Dash'd through Thick and Thin,
 Through Sense and Non-sense, never out nor in, 415
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, Heroically mad

⁶ Gilbert Burnet⁷ Samuel Pordage⁸ Elkanah Settle

He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
 But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
 And, if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well } 420
 Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
 For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-Nature.
 He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink
 If he call Rogue and Rascal from a Garrat, 425
 He means you no more Mischief than a Parat
 The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
 To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade
 For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother
 And call young *Absalom* King *David's* Brother 430
 Let him be Gallows-Free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant
 Hanging Supposes humane Soul and reason,
 This Animal's below committing Treason
 Shall he be hang'd who never cou'd Rebell? 435
 That's a preferment for *Achtophel*
 The Woman that Committed Buggary,
 Was rightly Sentenc'd by the Law to die,
 But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led
 The Dog that never heard the Statute read 440
 Railing in other Men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him,
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
 For to write Verse with him is to *Transpirose*
 'Twere pity treason at his Door to lay 445
 Who *makes Heaven's gate a Lock to its own Key*
 Let him rayl on, let his invective muse
 Have four and Twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he Jumbles to one line of Sense,
 Indict him of a Capital Offence 450
 In Fire-works give him leave to vent his spight,
 Those are the only Serpents he can write,
 The height of his ambition is we know
 But to be Master of a Puppet-show,
 On that one Stage his works may yet appear, 455
 And a months Harvest keeps him all the Year
 Now stop your noses, Readers, all and some,
 For here's a run of Midnight work to come,
 Og⁹ from a Treason Tavern rowling home }
 Round as a Globe, and Liquored ev'ry chink,
 Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link, 460
 With all this Bulk there's nothing lost in Og,

⁹ Thomas Shadwell

For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue
 A Monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the Devils had spew'd to make the batter 465
 When wine has given him courage to Blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before Curst him,
 And if man cou'd have reason, none has more,
 That made his Paunch so rich and him so poor
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew 470
 What 'twas of Old to pamper up a *Jew*,
 To what would he on Quail and Pheasant swell,
 That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebell?
 But though Heaven made him poor, (with rev'ence speaking,) 475
 He never was a Poet of God's making,
 The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick Skull,
 With this Prophetick blessing—*Be thou Dull*,
 Drink, Swear, and Roar, forbear no lew'd delight
 Fit for thy Bulk, doe anything but write
 Thou art of lasting Make, like thoughtless men, 480
 A strong Nativity—but for the Pen,
 Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy Drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding Pen and Ink
 I see, I see, 'tis Counsell given in vain,
 For Treason botcht in Rhime will be thy bane, 485
 Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck
 Why should thy Metie good King *David* blast?
 A Psalm of his will Surely be thy last
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes, 490
 Thou whom the Penny Pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for Mankinds mirth has made,
 O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very Trade,
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so Course,
 A Poet is, though he's the Poets Horse 495
 A Double Noose thou on thy Neck dost pull
 For writing Treason and for Writing dull,
 To die for Faction is a common Evil,
 But to be hang'd for Non-sense is the Devil
 Hadst thou the Glories of thy King exprest, 500
 Thy praises had been Satyr at the best,
 But thou in Clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
 Hast Shamefully defi'd the Lord's Anointed
 I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
 For who would reade thy Life that reads thy rhimes? 505
 But of King *David*'s Foes be this the Doom,
 May all be like the Young-man *Absalom*,
 And for my Foes may this their Blessing be,
 To talk like *Doeg* and to Write like Thee

Religio Laici; or, A Layman's Faith. A Poem¹

DIM, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
 To *lonely, weary, wandring* Travellers,
 Is *Reason* to the Soul And as on high,
 Those rowling Fires *discover* but the Sky
 Not light us *here*, so *Reason's* glimmering Ray } 6
 Was lent, not to *assure* our *doubtfull* way,
 But *guide* us upward to a *better* Day }
 And as those nightly Tapers disappear
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere, 10
 So pale grows *Reason* at *Religious* sight,
 So *dyes*, and so *dissolves* in *Supernatural* Light
 Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From Cause to Cause, to *Natures* secret head,
 And found that *one first principle* must be 15
 But *what*, or *who*, that *UNIVERSAL* *ILL*,
 Whether some Soul encompassing this Ball
Unmade, unmov'd, yet *making, moving* *All*,
 Or various *Atom's*, interfering Dance
 Leapt into *Form*, (the Noble work of *Chance*,) 20
 Or this great *All* was from *Eternity*,
 Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himself could see, }
 And *Epicurus* *Guess'd* as well as He }
 As *blindly* *grop'd* they for a *future* *State*,
 As *rashly* *Judg'd* of *Providence* and *Fate*
 But least of all could their Endeavours find 25
 What most concern'd the good of Humane kind
 For *Happiness* was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from 'em, like Enchanted ground
 One thought *Content* the Good to be enjoy'd
 This, every little *Accident* destroy'd 30
 The *wiser* *Madmen* did for *Virtue* toyl
 A Thorny, or at best a barren Soil
 In *Pleasure* some their glutton Souls would steep, }
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep, }
 And leaky Vessels which no *Bliss* cou'd keep } 35
 Thus, *anxious* *Thoughts* in *endless* *Circles* roul,
 Without a *Centre* where to fix the Soul
 In this wilde Maze their vain Endeavours end
 How can the *less* the *Greater* comprehend?
 Or *finite* *Reason* reach *Infinity*? 40
 For what cou'd *Fathom* *GOD* were *more* than *He*
 The *Deist* thinks he stands on firmer ground,
 Cries *ευπεκο* the mighty Secret's found

¹ Published in November, 1682 Text of first edition

God is that *Spring of Good*, *Supreme*, and *Best*,
We, made to *serve*, and in that *Service blest*, 45
 If so, some *Rules* of *Worship* must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by *Heaven*
 Else *God* were *partial*, and to *some* deny'd
 The *Means* his *Justice* shou'd for *all* provide
 This *general Worship* is to *PRAYSE*, and *PRAY* 50
 One part to *borrow* *Blessings*, one to *pay*
 And when frail *Nature* slides into *Offence*,
 The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.
 Yet, since th' *Effects* of *Providence*, we find
 Are variously dispens'd to *Humane* kind, 55
 That *Vice Triumphs*, and *Virtue suffers* here,
 (A *Brand* that *Sovereign Justice* cannot bear,)
 Our *Reason* prompts us to a *future State*
 The *last Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*
 Where *God's* all-righteous ways will be declar'd, 60
 The *Bad* meet *Punishment*, the *Good*, *Reward*
 Thus *Man* by his own strength to *Heaven* wou'd soar
 And wou'd not be *Oblig'd* to *God* for more
 Vain, wretched *Creature*, how art thou misled
 To think thy *Wit* these *God-like Notions* bred! 65
 These *Truths* are not the product of thy *Mind*,
 But dropt from *Heaven*, and of a *Nobler kind*
Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy *Sight*,
 And *Reason* saw not, till *Faith* sprung the *Light*
 Hence all thy *Natural Worship* takes the *Source* 70
 'Tis *Revelation* what thou thinkst *Discourse*
 Else how com'st *Thou* to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to *Heathens* did appear?
 Not *Plato* these, nor *Aristotle* found
 Nor He whose *Wisdom Oracles* renown'd 75
 Hast thou a *Wit* so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
 Canst *Thou*, by *Reason*, more of *God-head* know
 Than *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, or *Cicero*?
 Those *Gyant Wits*, in happier *Ages* born, 80
 (When *Arms*, and *Arts* did *Greece* and *Rome* adorn)
 Knew no such *Systeme* no such *Piles* cou'd raise
 Of *Natural Worship*, built on *Pray'r* and *Praise*,
 To *One sole GOD*
 Nor did *Remorse*, to *Expiate Sin*, prescribe 85
 But slew their fellow *Creatures* for a *Bribe*
 The guiltless *Victim* groan'd for their *Offence*,
 And *Cruelty*, and *Blood* was *Penitence*
 If *Sheep* and *Oxen* cou'd *Attone* for *Men*
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the *Rich* might *Sin*! 90
 And great *Oppressours* might *Heavens Wrath* beguile

By offering his own Creatures for a Spoil!
 Dar'st thou, poor Worm, offend *Infinity*?
 And must the Terms of Peace be given by *Thee*?
 Then *Thou* art *Justice* in the *last Appeal*,
Thy easie God instructs *Thee* to *rebell*.

95

And, like a King remote, and weak, must take
 What Satisfaction *Thou* art pleas'd to make

But if there be a *Pow'r* too *Just*, and *strong*
 To wink at *Crimes*, and bear unpunish'd *Wrong*,
 Look humbly upward, see his Will disclose
 The *Forfeit* first, and then the *Fine* impose
 A *Mulct* thy Poverty cou'd never pay
 Had not *Eternal Wisdom* found the way
 And with *Cœlestial Wealth* supply'd thy Store
His Justice makes the *Fine*, *his Mercy* quits the *Score*
 See God descending in thy Humane Frame,
 Th' *offended*, suff'ring in th' *Offenders* Name
 All thy Misdeeds to him imputed see,
 And all his Righteousness devolv'd on thee

100

105

110

For granting we have Sin'd, and that th' offence
 Of *Man*, is made against *Omnipotence*,
 Some Price, that bears *proportion*, must be paid,
 And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd
 See then the *Deist* lost · *Remorse* for *Vice*,
 Not paid, or paid, *inadequate* in price
 What farther means can *Reason* now direct,
 Or what Relief from *humane Wit* expect?

115

That shews us *sick*, and sadly are we sure
 Still to be *Sick*, till *Heav'n* reveal the *Cure*
 If then *Heaven's Will* must needs be understood,
 (Which must, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven*, be *Good*)
 Let all Records of *Will reveal'd* be shown,
 With *Scripture*, all in equal ballance thrown,
 And our one *Sacred Book* will be *That one*

120

125

Proof needs not here, for whether we compare
 That Impious, Idle, Superstitious Ware
 Of *Rites*, *Lustrations*, *Offerings*, (which before,
 In various Ages, various Countries bore)
 With *Christian Faith* and *Vertues*, we shall find
 None answ'ring the great ends of humane kind
 But *This one Rule of Life* That shews us best
 How *God* may be *appeas'd*, and *Mortals* blest
 Whether from length of *Time* its worth we draw,
 The *World* is scarce more *Ancient* than the *Law*
 Heav'n's early Care prescrib'd for every Age,
 First, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the *Writers*, or the *written Book*,

130

135

Whence, but from *Heav'n*, cou'd men unskill'd in Arts, 140
 In several Ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such *agreeing Truths*? or *how*, or *why*
 Shou'd *all* conspire to cheat us with a *Lye*?
Unask'd their *Pains*, *ungratefull* their *Advice*,
Starving their *Gain*, and *Martyrdom* their *Price* 145

If on the Book it self we cast our view,
 Concurrent *Heathens* prove the *Story True*
 The *Doctrine*, *Miracles*, which must convince,
 For *Heav'n* in *Them* appeals to *humane Sense*
 And though they *prove* not, they *Confirm* the Cause, 150
 When what is *Taught* agrees with *Natures Laws*

Then for the *Style*, *Majestick* and *Divine*,
 It speaks no less than God in every Line
Commanding words, whose *Force* is still the same
 As the first *Fiat* that produc'd our Frame 155
 All Faiths *beside*, or did by *Arms* ascend,
 Or *Sense* indulg'd has made *Mankind* their *Friend*.
 This *only* Doctrine does our *Lusts* oppose
 Unfed by *Natures Soil*, in which it grows,
 Cross to our *Interests*, curbing *Sense*, and *Sin*, 160
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
 It thrives through pain, its own *Tormentours* tues,
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires
 To what can *Reason* such Effects assign
 Transcending *Nature*, but to *Laws Divine*? 165
 Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd,
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd

But stay the *Deist* here will urge anew,
 No *Supernatural Worship* can be *True*
 Because a *general Law* is that alone 170
 Which must to *all*, and every *where* be known
 A *Style* so large as not *this* Book can claim
 Nor ought that bears *reveal'd* Religions *Name*
 'Tis said the sound of a *Messiah's Birth*
 Is gone through all the habitable Earth 175
 But still that Text must be confin'd alone
 To what was *Then* inhabited, and known
 And what Provision cou'd from *thence* accrue
 To *Indian Souls*, and Worlds discover'd *New*?
 In other parts it helps, that Ages past,
 The Scriptures there were *known*, and were *embrac'd*,
 Till Sin spread once again the Shades of Night
 What's that to these who never *saw* the Light? 180

Of all Objections this indeed is chief
 To startle Reason, stagger frail Belief 185
 We grant, 'tis true, that *Heav'n* from humane Sense
 Has hid the secret paths of *Providence*

But *boundless Wisdom, boundless Mercy*, may
 Find ev'n for those *be-wildred Souls*, a way 190
 If from his *Nature Foes* may Pity claim,
 Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard his *Name*
 And though *no Name* be for *Salvation* known,
 But that of his *Eternal Sons* alone,
 Who knows how far transcending Goodness can
 Extend the *Merits* of *that Son* to *Man*? 195
 Who knows what *Reasons* may his *Mercy* lead,
 Or *Ignorance invincible* may plead?
 Not onely *Charity* bids hope the *best*,
 But *more* the great *Apostle* has exprest
That, if the Gentiles, (whom no *Law* inspir'd,) 200
By Nature did what was by *Law* requir'd,
They, who the written Rule had never known,
Were to themselves both Rule and Law alone
To Natures plain indictment they shall plead,
 And, by their *Conscience*, be condemn'd or freed 205
 Most righteous *Doom*¹ because a *Rule* reveal'd
 Is *none* to *Those*, from whom it was conceal'd
 Then those who follow'd *Reasons* Dictates right,
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural Light*,
 With *Socrates* may see their *Maker's Face*, 210
 While *Thousand Rubrick-Martyrs* want a place
 Nor does it baulk my *Charity*, to find
 Th' *Egyptian Bishop* of another mind
 For, though his *Creed* *Eternal Truth* contains,
 'Tis hard for *Man* to doom to *endless pains* 215
 All who believ'd not all, his *Zeal* requir'd,
 Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd
 Then let us either think he meant to say
This Faith, where *publish'd*, was the onely way,
 Or else conclude that, *Arms* to confute, 220
 The good old *Man*, too eager in dispute,
 Flew high; and as his *Christian Fury* rose
 Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durst oppose

Thus far my *Charity* this path has try'd,
 (A much unskilfull, but well meaning guide) 225
 Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
 By reading that, which better thou hast read
 Thy Matchless *Author's* work which thou, my *Friend*²
 By well translating better dost commend
 Those youthfull hours which, of thy *Equals* most 230
 In *Toys* have squander'd, or in *Vice* have lost,
 Those hours hast thou to Nobler use employ'd,

² Richard Simon's *Critical History of the Old Testament* recently translated from the French by Henry Dickinson, to whom Dryden addressed his poem

And the severe Delights of Truth enjoy'd
 Witness this weighty Book, in which appears
 The crabb'd Toil of many thoughtfull years, 235
 Spent by thy Authour, in the Sifting Care
 Of *Rabbins* old Sophisticated Ware
 From Gold Divine, which he who well can sort
 May afterwards make *Algebra* a Sport
 A Treasure, which if *Country-Curates* buy, 240
 They *Junius*, and *Tremellius* may defy
 Save pains in various readings, and Translations,
 And without *Hebrew* make most learn'd quotations
 A Work so full with various Learning fraught,
 So nicely pondred, yet so strongly wrought, 245
 As Natures height and Arts last hand requir'd
 As much as Man cou'd compass, uninspir'd
 Where we may see what *Errours* have been made
 Both in the *Copiers* and *Translators Trade*
 How *Jewish*, *Popish*, Interests have prevail'd, 250
 And where *Infallibility* has fail'd

For some, who have his secret meaning ghes'd,
 Have found our Authour not too *much* a *Priest*
 For *Fashion-sake* he seems to have recourse
 To *Pope*, and *Councils*, and *Traditions* force 255
 But he that *old* Traditions cou'd subdue,
 Cou'd not but find the weakness of the *New*
 If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from *heav'nly birth*,
 Has been but carelesly preserv'd on *Earth*,
 If *God's own People*, who of *God* before 260
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
 In fuller Terms, of Heaven's assisting Care,
 And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* spare
 To keep this Book *untainted*, *unperplex't*,
 Let in gross *Errours* to corrupt the *Text* 265
 Omitted *paragraphs*, embroyl'd the *Sense*,
 With vain *Traditions* stopt the gaping Fence,
 Which every common hand pull'd up with ease
 What Safety from such *brushwood-helps* as these?
 If *written words* from time are not secur'd, 270
 How can we think have *oral Sounds* endur'd?
 Which *thus* transmitted, if *one* Mouth has fail'd,
Immortal Lyes on *Ages* are intail'd
 And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
 If we consider *Interest*, *Church*, and *Gain* 275

Oh but says one, *Tradition* set aside,
 Where can we hope for an *unerring Guid*?
 For since th' *original* Scripture has been lost,
 All Copies *disagreeing*, maim'd the *most*,

Or *Christian Faith* can have no *certain* ground. 280
 Or *Truth* in *Church Tradition* must be found
 Such an *Omniscient Church* we wish indeed.
 'Twere worth *Both Testaments*, and cast in the *Creed*.
 But if *this Mother* be a *Guid* so sure, 285
 As can all *doubts* resolve, all *truth* secure,
 Then her *Infallibility*, as well
 Where *Copies* are *corrupt*, or *lame*, can tell,
 Restore *lost Canon* with as little pains,
 As *truly explicate* what still remains 290
 Which yet no *Council* dare *pretend* to do. }
 Unless like *Esdras*, they cou'd *write* it new }
 Strange Confidence, still to *interpret* true, }
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,
 Is in the blest *Original* contain'd.
 More Safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say 295
God wou'd not leave *Mankind* without a way.
 And that the *Scriptures*, though not *every where*
 Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear,
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
 In all things which our needfull *Faith* require 300
 If *others* in the same *Glass* better see
 'Tis for *Themselves* they look, but not for *me*
 For *MY* Salvation must its Doom receive
 Not from what *OTHERS*, but what *I* believe
 Must all *Tradition* then be set aside? 305
 This to affirm were Ignorance, or Pride
 Are there not many points, some needfull sure
 To saving Faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
 Which every Sect will wrest a several way
 (For what *one* Sect *Interprets*, all *Sects may*) 310
 We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain, }
 That *Christ* is *GOD*, the bold *Socinian* }
 From the same Scripture urges he's but *MAN* }
 Now what Appeal can end th' important Suit,
 Both parts *talk* loudly, but the *Rule* is *mute*? 315
 Shall I speak plain, and in a Nation free
 Assume an honest *Layman's Liberty*?
 I think (according to my little Skill,
 To my own Mother-Church submitting still)
 That many have been sav'd, and many may, 320
 Who never heard this Question brought in play.
 Th' *unletter'd* Christian, who believes in *gross*,
 Plods on to *Heaven*, and ne'er is at a loss
 For the *Streight-gate* wou'd be made *streighter* yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of *Wit* 325
 The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,

Must Study well the Sacred Page, and see
 Which Doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
 With the whole Tenour of the Work Divine 331
 And plainlyest points to Heaven's reveal'd Design
Which Exposition flows from genuine Sense,
 And which is forc'd by Wit and Eloquence
 Not that Traditions parts are useless here
 When general, old, disinterest'd and clear 335
 That Ancient Fathers thus expound the Page,
 Gives Truth the reverend Majesty of Age
 Confirms its force, by bidding every Test,
 For best Authority's next Rules are best
 And still the nearer to the Spring we go 340
 More limpid, more unsoyl'd the Waters flow
 Thus, first Traditions were a proof alone,
 Cou'd we be certain such they were, so known
 But since some Flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not Truth but Probability 345
 Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the Centuries preceding spoke
 Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale
 But Truth by its own Sinews will prevail
 Tradition written therefore more commends 350
 Authority, than what from Voice descends
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rouls down to us the Sacred History
 Which, from the Universal Church receiv'd,
 Is try'd, and after, for its self believ'd 355

The partial Papists wou'd infer from hence
 Their Church, in last resort, shou'd Judge the Sense
 But first they wou'd assume, with wondrous Art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part 360
 Of that vast Frame, the Church, yet grant they were
 The handers down, can they from thence infer
 A right t' interpret? or wou'd they alone
 Who brought the Present, claim it for their own?
 The Book's a Common Largess to Mankind,
 Not more for them, than every Man design'd 365
 The welcome News is in the Letter found,
 The Carrier's not Commission'd to expound
 It speaks it Self, and what it does contain,
 In all things needfull to be known, is plain 370

In times o'ergrown with Rust and Ignorance,
 A gainfull Trade their Clergy did advance
 When want of Learning kept the Laymen low,
 And none but Priests were Authoriz'd to know.
 When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell,
 And he a God who cou'd but Reade or Spell, 375

Then *Mother Church* did mightily prevail.
 She parcel'd out the Bible by *retail*.
 But still *expounded* what She *sold* or *gave*;
 To keep it in *her Power* to *Damn* and *Save*. 880
Scripture was *scarce*, and as the *Market* went,
 Poor *Laymen* took *Salvation* on *Content*,
 As needy men take *Money*, good or bad.
God's Word they had not, but the *Priests* they had
 Yet, whate'er *false Conveyances* they made, 385
 The *Lawyer* still was *certain* to be paid
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
 That by long use they grew *Infalible*
 At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire
 If *they* the *Book*, or *That* did *them* inspire 390
 And, making narrower search they found, thô late,
 That what they thought the *Priest's* was *Their Estate*.
 Taught by the *Will produc'd*, (the written Word)
 How long they had been *cheated* on *Record*
 Then, every man who saw the Title fair,
 Claim'd a Child's part, and put in for a Share 395
 Consulted Soberly his private good,
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd
 'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be Flattery hence)
 This good had full as bad a Consequence.
 The Book thus put in every vulgar hand, 400
 Which each presum'd he best cou'd understand,
 The *Common Rule* was made the *common Prey*,
 And at the mercy of the *Rabble* lay
 The tender Page with horney Fists was gaul'd,
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd 405
 The *Spirit* gave the *Doctoral Degree*
 And every member of a *Company*
 Was of *his Trade*, and of the *Bible free* }
 Plain *Truths* enough for needfull *use* they found;
 But men wou'd still be itching to *expound* 410
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
 No measure ta'n from *Knowledge*, all from *GRACE*
Study and *Pains* were now no more their Care,
Texts were explain'd by *Fasting*, and by *Prayer*
 This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought, 415
 Occasion'd by *great Zeal*, and *little Thought*
 While Clouds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion warm,
 About the Sacred Viands buz and swarm
 The *Fly-blown Text* creates a *crawling Brood*;
 And turns to *Maggots* what was meant for *Food* 420
A Thousand daily Sects rise up, and dye,
A Thousand more the perish'd Race supply.
 So all we make of Heavens discover'd Will

Is, not to have it, or to use it ill
 The Danger's much the same, on several Shelves 425
 If *others* wreck *us*, or *we* wreck our *selves*
 What then remains, but, waving each Extreme,
 The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to stem?
 Neither so rich a Treasure to forgo,
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know 430
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain,
 The things we *must* believe, are *few*, and *plain*
 But since men *will* believe more than they *need*,
 And every man will make *himself* a Creed
 In doubtfull questions 'tis the safest way 435
 To learn what unsuspected Ancients say
 For 'tis not likely *we* shou'd higher Soar
 In search of Heav'n, than *all the Church before*.
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The *Scripture*, and the *Fathers disagree* 440
 If after all, they stand suspected still,
 (For no man's Faith depends upon his Will,)
 'Tis some Relief, that points not clearly known,
 Without much hazard may be let alone
 And, after hearing what our Church can say, 445
 If still our Reason runs another way,
 That private Reason 'tis more Just to curb,
 Than by Disputes the publick Peace disturb
 For points obscure are of small use to learn
 But *Common quiet* is *Mankind's concern* 450
 Thus have I made my own Opinions clear
 Yet neither Praise expect, nor Censure fear
 And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse, I chose,
 As fittest for Discourse, and nearest Prose
 For, while from *Sacred Truth* I do not swerve, 455
Tom Sternhold's, or *Tom Sha—ll's Rhymes* will serve

Epilogue Spoken at Oxford by Mrs. Marshall¹

OFT has our Poet wisht, this happy Seat
 Might prove his fading Muses last retreat
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind,
 Which noiseful Towns, and Courts can never know, 4
 And only in the shades like Laurels grow
 Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies rest,

¹ Published in *Miscellanies*, 1684 Text of Tonson's edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701

And Age returning thence concludes it best
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess, 10
 Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we show,)
 Your Peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
 For Patronage from him whose care presides 15
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd 20
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too
 We find (*Athemans*) are deriv'd to you,
 Such ancient hospitality there rests,
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts, }
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests } 25
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
 As had there been no Laws we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our Protector here }
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Virtue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own 30
 Till our return we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham¹

FAREWEL, too little and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think and call my own,
 For sure our Souls were near ally'd, and thine
 Cast in the same Poetick mould as mine
 One common Note on either Lyre did strike, 5
 And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike
 To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,
 The last set out the soonest did arrive
 Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place,
 Whilst his young Friend perform'd and won the Race 10
 O early ripe! to thy abundant store
 What could advancing Age have added more?
 It might (what Nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue
 But Satyr needs not those, and Wit will shine 15
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line

¹ Published in *The Remains of Mr John Oldham*, 1684 Text of first edition

A noble Error, and but seldom made,	
When Poets are by too much force betray'd	
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,	} 20
Still shew'd a quickness, and maturing time	
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of Rime	
Once more, hail, and farewell, farewell, thou young,	
But ah too short, <i>Marcellus</i> of our Tongue,	
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound,	
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around	25

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3. Paraphras'd in *Pindarique*
Verse¹

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,	
That long the <i>Tuscan</i> Scepter sway'd,	
Make haste to meet the generous wine,	
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd	
The rosie wreath is ready made,	5
And artful hands prepare	
The fragrant <i>Syrian</i> Oyl, that shall perfume thy hair	

When the Wine sparkles from a far,	
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away,	
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care,	10
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay	

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat,	
And, to be Great indeed, forget	
The nauseous pleasures of the Great	
Make haste and come	15
Come, and forsake thy cloying store,	
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,	
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of <i>Rome</i> ,	
And all the busie pageantry	
That wise men scorn, and fools adore	20
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor	

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try	
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty	
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,	
Where all is plain, where all is neat,	25
Without the stately spacious Room,	
The <i>Persian</i> Carpet, or the <i>Tynian</i> Loom,	
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great	

¹ Published in *Sylvae*, 1685 Text of first edition

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
 The *Syrian* Star
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry breath infects the Sky,
 The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry
 The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,
 Beneath the covert of a Rock,
 And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh
 The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,
 Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,
 And what the City Faction dare,
 And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,
 And what the Quiver bearing Foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know
 But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight
 The dark decrees of future fate,
 And sown their seeds in depth of night,
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of State,
 When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
 And put it out of Fortunes pow'r
 The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
 And alwayes in extream
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle Bed,
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it, with impetuous force
 And trunks of Trees come rowling down,
 Sheep and their Folds together drown
 Both House and Homested into Seas are borne,
 And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,
 And woods made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He, who can call to day his own
 He, who, secure within, can say,
 Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd today
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The joys I have possest, in spite of fate, are mine
 Not Heav'n it self upon the past has pow'r,
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
 Does Man her slave oppress,
 Proud of her Office to destroy, 75
 Is seldome pleas'd to bless
 Still various, and unconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a Lottery of life 80
 I can enjoy her while she's kind,
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd. 85
 Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm,
 And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm

What is't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black, 90
 If the Mast split and threaten wick?
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear
 For his ill gotten gain,
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear 95
 His Wealth into the Main
 For me, secure from Fortunes blows,
 (Secure of what I cannot lose,)
 In my small Pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar, 100
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly Stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding Creek,
 And see the storm a shore

To the Pious Memory of the Accomplisht
 Young Lady Mrs. Ann Killigrew
 Excellent in the Two Sister-Arts of Poesie,
 and Painting An Ode¹

THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
 Made in the last Promotion of the *Blest*,
 Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,

¹ Published in *Poems of Mrs Anne Killigrew*, 1686 Text of Tonson's edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701

In spreading *Branches* more sublimely rise,
 Rich with Immortal Green above the rest
 Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,
 'Thou rol'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,
 Or, in Procession fixt and regular,
 Mov'd with the Heav'ns Majestick Pace,
 Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*,
 Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast *Abyss*.
 What ever happy Region is thy place,
 Cease thy Celestial Song a little space,
 (Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,
 Since Heav'ns Eternal Year is thine)
 Here then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble Verse
 But such as thy own Voice did practise here,
 When thy first Fruits of Poesie were giv'n,
 To make thy self a welcome Inmate there.
 While yet a young Probationer,
 And Candidate of Heav'n

10

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If by Traduction came thy Mind,
 Our Wonder is the less to find
 A Soul so charming from a Stock so good,
 Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood*
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 (An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein)
 But if thy Præexisting Soul
 Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,
 It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,
 Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore
 And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before
 If so, then cease thy flight, *O Heaven-born Mind!*
 Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy Rich Ore
 Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,
 Than was the Beauteous Frame she left behind
 Return, to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial kind

May we presume to say, that at thy *Birth*,
 New joy was sprung in *Heav'n*, as well as here on *Earth*
 For sure the Milder Planets did combine
 On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to shine,
 And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine
 Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*
 Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
 That all the People of the Skie
 Might know a Poetess was born on Earth
 And then if ever, Mortal Ears
 Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!

40

45

And if no clust'ring Swarm of *Bees* 50
 On thy sweet Mouth distill'd then golden Dew,
 'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles,
 Heav'n had not Leasure to renew
 For all the *Blest* Fraternity of Love
 Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy Holy day above 55

O gracious God! How far have we
 Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose Harmony was first ordain'd *Above* 60
 For Tongues of *Angels*, and for *Hymns* of *Love*?
 O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate Age,
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage? 65
 What can we say t' excuse our *Second Fall*?
 Let this thy *Vestal*, Heaven, atone for all?
 Her *Aiethusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmixt with Forreign Filth, and undefil'd,
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child! 70

Art she had none, yet wanted none
 For Nature did that Want supply,
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,
 She might our boasted *Stoies* defy 75
 Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born
 Her *Morals* too were in her *Bosom* bled,
 By great Examples daily fed,
 What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life, she read 80
 And to be read her self she need not fear,
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there
 Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest)
 Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her *Breast* 85
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
 So cold her self, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*,
 One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been content 90
 To manage well that Mighty Government,
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine?
 To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway }
 For *Painture* near adjoyning lay }
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey }

A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd, 45
 (As Conquerors will never want Pity,
 When arm'd, to justify th' Offence)
 And the whole Iself, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
 The Country open lay without Defence
 For Poets frequent In-roads there had made, 100
 And perfectly cou'd represent
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament,
 And all the large Demains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd,
 All bow'd beneath her Government,
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went 105
 Her Pencil drew, what e'er her Soul design'd,
 And of the happy Draught surpass'd the *Image* in her Mind
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,
 Of shallow *Brooks* that flow'd so clear, 110
 The bottom did the top appear,
 Of deeper too and ampler Floods,
 Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;
 Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades,
 And Perspectives of pleasant Glades, 115
 Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear.
 The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece* 120
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,
 And tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,
 What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction* e'er durst frame,
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name
 So strange a Concourse ne'er was seen before, 125
 But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
 Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook
 For not content t' express his Outward Part,
 Her Hand call'd out the Image of his Heart, 130
 His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,
 His High-designing *Thoughts*, were figur'd there,
 As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear
 Our Phenix Queen was portrai'd too so bright,
Beauty alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right 135
 Her Dress, her Shape, her Matchless Grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as Heavenly Face
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,
 As in that Day she took the Crown from Sacred Hands
 Before a Train of Heroins was seen, 140

In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen¹

Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,
But like a *Ball* of Fire the further thrown,

Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side 145
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face, 150
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes,
In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies¹

Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent,
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
To finish all the Murder at a blow, 155
To sweep at once her *Life*, and *Beauty* too,
But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride
To work more Mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd

O double Sacrilege on things Divine, 160
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine¹
But thus *Orinda* dy'd

Heaven, by the same Disease, did both translate,
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate

Mean time her *Warlike Brother* on the Seas 165
His waving Streams to the Winds displays,
And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays,
Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
The Winds too soon will waft thee here¹

Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come, 170
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home¹
No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far, 175
Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindl'd Star,
If any Sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light

When in mid-Air, the Golden Trump shall sound,
To raise the Nations under Ground,
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*, 180
The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate,
And there the last *Assizes* keep,
For those who Wake, and those who Sleep,
When ratling *Bones* together fly,
From the four Corners of the Skie. 185

When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,
 Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead,
 The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
 And formost from the Tomb shall bound }
 For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground. } 130
 And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing
 Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing
 There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
 As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to show,
 The Way which thou so well hast learnt below 135

The Hind and the Panther¹

Part I

A MILK white *Hind*,² immortal and unchang'd,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd,
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin
 Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
 Aim'd at Her heart, was often forc'd to fly,
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy
 Not so her young, for their unequal line
 Was Heroe's make, half humane, half divine 10
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
 Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,
 Their native walk, whose vocal bloud arose, 15
 And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes,
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguin seed
 Endu'd with souls, encreas'd the sacred breed
 So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in chains,
 A numerous Exile, and enjoy'd her pains 20
 With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd
 Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd,
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd
 Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone, 25
 And wander'd in the kingdoms, once Her own
 The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
 By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd

¹ Published in April, 1687 Text of the second edition, 1687

² The Roman Catholic Church

Giv'd as They pass'd, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity 30
 'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light
 They had not time to take a steady sight
 For truth has such a face and such a meen
 As to be lov'd needs only to be seen

The bloody *Bear*³ an *Independent* beast, 35
 Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd
 Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*⁴
 Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear
 Next her the *Buffoon Ape*,⁵ as Atheists use,
 Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse 40
 Still when the *Lyon*⁶ look'd, his knees he bent,
 And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*,⁷ impure as He,
 (But whitn'd with the foam of sanctity)
 With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place, } 45
 And mountains levell'd in his furious race,
 So first rebellion founded was in grace
 But since the mighty ravage which he made
 In *German* Forests, had his guilt betrayd,
 With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name 50
 He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame,
 So lurk'd in Sects unseen With greater guile
 False *Reynard*⁸ fed on consecrated spoil
 The graceless beast by *Athanasius* first
 Was chas'd from *Nice*, then by *Socinus* nurs'd 55
 His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
 And natures King through natures opticks view'd
 Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
 Nor in an Infant could a God descry
 New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend, 60
 Hence they began, and here they all will end

What weight of antient witness can prevail
 If private reason hold the publick scale?
 But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide 65
 For erring judgments an unerring Guide?
 Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight,
 O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than thy self reveal'd,
 But her alone for my Directour take 70

³ The Independents

⁴ The Quakers

⁵ The Freethinkers

⁶ The King of England

⁷ The Anabaptists

⁸ The Arians

Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Follow'd false lights, and when their glimps was gone, 75
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am,
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame
 Good life be now my task my doubts are done,
 (What more could fright my faith, than Three in One?) 80
 Can I believe eternal God could lye
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
 That the great maker of the world could dye?
 And after that, trust my imperfect sense
 Which calls in question his omnipotence? 85
 Can I my reason to my faith compell,
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebell?
 Superiour faculties are set aside,
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers shew the sun his way, 90
 For what my senses can themselves perceive
 I need no revelation to believe
 Can they who say the Host should be descry'd
 By sense, define a body glorify'd?
 Impassible, and penetrating parts? 95
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through th' opposing might
 Of bolts and barrs impervious to the light,
 And stood before his train confess'd in open sight }
 For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain 100
 One single place two bodies did contain,
 And sure the same Omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell
 Let reason then at Her own quarry fly,
 But how can finite grasp Infinity? 105
 'Tis urg'd again that faith did first commence
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
 And thence concluded that our sense must be
 The motive still of credibility
 For latter ages must on former wait, 110
 And what began belief, must propagate
 But winnow well this thought, and you shall find,
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind
 Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine
 As means or ends of some more deep design? 115
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
 To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son
 God thus asserted man is to believe

Beyond what sense and reason can conceive.
 And for mysterious things of faith rely 120
 On the Proponent, heav'n's authority
 If then our faith we for our guide admit,
 Vain is the farther search of human wit,
 As when the building gains a surer stay,
 We take th' unuseful scaffolding away 125
 Reason by sense no more can understand,
 The game is play'd into another hand
 Why chuse we then like *Bilanders* to creep
 Along the coast, and land in view to keep, }
 When safely we may launch into the deep? } 130
 In the same vessel which our Saviour bore
 Himself the Pilot, let us leave the shoar, }
 And with a better guide a better world explore }
 Could He his god-head veil with flesh and blood
 And not veil these again to be our food? 135
 His grace in both is equal in extent,
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment
 And if he can, why all this frantick pain
 To construe what his clearest words contain,
 And make a riddle what He made so plain? 140
 To take up half on trust, and half to try,
 Name it not faith, but bungling biggottry
 Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call
 To pay great sums, and to compound the small
 For who wou'd break with heav'n, and wou'd not break for all? }
 Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed, 145
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed
 Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss,
 The Bank above must fail before the venture miss
 But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee 150
 Thou first Apostate to Divinity
 Unkennel'd range in thy *Poloman* Plains,
 A fiercer foe th' insatiate *Wolf*^o remains
 Too boastful *Britain* please thy self no more,
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shoar 155
 The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salvage name,
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissfull bow'r,
 And muzl'd though they seem, the mutes devour }
 More haughty than the rest the *wolfish* race, } 160
 Appear with belly Gaunt, and famish'd face
 Never was so deform'd a beast of Grace
 His ragged tail betwixt his leggs he wears }
 Close clap'd for shame, but his rough crest he rears, }
 And pricks up his predestinating ears 165

\ ^o The Presbyterians

His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprize.
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile
 As Captain or Companion of the spoil
 Full many a year his hatefull head had been 170
 For tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen
 The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,
 And from *Geneva* first infested *France*
 Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace, 175
 But others write him of an upstart Race
 Because of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he brings
 But his innate Antipathy to Kings
 These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind
 Who near the *Leman lake* his Consort lin'd
 That fir'y *Zuynghius* first th' Affection bied, 180
 And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed
 In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppres'd the Prince,
 Or, since he will be *Jew*, derive him high r
 When *Coiah* with his Brethren did conspire, 185
 From *Moyse's* Hand the Sov'reign sway to wrest,
 And *Aaron* of his Ephod to divest
 Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,
 And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *class*
 The *Fox* and he came shuff'd in the Dark, 190
 If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's Ark*
 Perhaps not made, for all their barking train
 The Dog (a common species) will contain
 And some wild currs, who from their masters ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man, 195
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began
 O happy pair, how well have you increas'd,
 What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!
 With Teeth untry'd, and rudiments of Claws
 Your first essay was on your native Laws 200
 Those having torn with Ease, and traml'd down,
 Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd Crown,
 And freed from God and Monarchy your Town
 What though your native kennel still be small
 Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall, 205
 Yet your Victorious Colonies are sent
 Where the North Ocean girds the Continent
 Quickned with fire below your Monsters Breed,
 In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*
 And like the first the last effects to be 210
 Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.
 As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are seen,

A rank sow'r herbage rises on the Green,
 So, springing where these mid-night Elves advance,
 Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance 215
 Such are their Doctrines, such contempt they show
 To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,
 As none but Traytors and Blasphemeis know
 God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
 And Kings, like slaves, beneath the Croud debas'd 220
 So fulsome is their food, that Flocks refuse
 To bite, and only Dogs for Physick use
 As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
 No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,
 Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds, 225
 But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds
 Such Warrs, such Waste, such fiery tracks of Death
 Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth
 But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd, 230
 As only *Indian* Shades of fight deprive,
 And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive,
 So Presby'try and Pestilential Zeal
 Can only flourish in a Common-weal
 From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew, 235
 But ah! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due,
 Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy
 Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy
 Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind
 The worst is that which Persecutes the mind 240
 Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike
 In punishing of this, we overthrow
 The Laws of Nations and of Nature too
 Beasts are the Subjects of Tyranick sway, 245
 Where still the stronger on the weaker Prey
 Man only of a softer mold is made,
 Not for his Fellows ruine, but their Aid
 Created kind, beneficent and free,
 The noble Image of the Deity 250
 One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n
 To Brutes, th' Inferiour Family of Heav'n
 The Smith Divine, as with a careless Beat,
 Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat
 But when arriv'd at last to humane Race, 255
 The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space
 And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,
 Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast
 And Mercy mixt with reason did impart,
 One to his Head, the other to his Heart 260

Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive
 The first is Law, the last Pterogative.
 And like his Mind his outward form appear'd.
 When issuing Naked, to the wondring Herd,
 He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd
 Not arm'd with hoins of arbitray might,
 Or Claws to seize their furry spoils in Fight,
 Or with increase of Feet, t'o'ertake 'em in their flight.
 Of easie shape, and pliant ev'iy way,
 Confessing still the softness of his Clay,
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-Day
 With open Hands, and with extended space
 Of Arms to satisfy a large embrace.
 Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made Man
 His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began
 Till Knowledge mis-apply'd, mis-understood,
 And pride of Empire sour'd his Balmy Blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins,
 The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins,
 And Blood began its first and loudest Cry
 For diff'ring worship of the Deity
 Thus persecution rose, and farther Space
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his Race
 Not so the blessed *Pan* his flock encreas'd,
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast
 Mild were his laws, the Sheep and harmless Hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind
 Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the *British* Lyon flows,
 That both provide protection for their foes
 Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
 Which never did those monsters entertain
 The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe
 Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital air
 Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd,
 Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws disarm'd
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the fold
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey
 Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar,
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more
 These are the chief, to number o'er the rest,

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And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beast,
 Were weary work, nor will the Muse describe 310
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten Tribe
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found
 These gross, half animated lumps I leave,
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive 315
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay, }
 So drossy, so divisible are They, } 320
 As wou'd but serve pure bodies for allay
 Such souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle things,
 As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings,
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance
 They know not beings, and but hate a name, 325
 To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same
 The *Panther*¹⁰ sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind,
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
 She were too good to be a beast of Prey! 330
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
 Her faults and vertues lye so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
 Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me speak, 335
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The *Wolfe* begins to share her wandring heart
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits, who sins but in Her will 340
 If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell,
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high, 345
 It seems a soft dismissal from the skie
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
 Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence
 A second century not half-way run
 Since the new honours of her blood begun 350
 A *Lyon* old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade
 Then, by a left-hand marr'age weds the Dame,
 Cov'ring adult'ry with a specious name

¹⁰ The Church 'of England

O! *Isgrim's*¹¹ counsel, her new chosen mate,
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew,
 No mother more indulgent but the true.
 Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate aucturity;
 For how can she constrain them to obey
 Who has her self cast off the law ful way?
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common theft, will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiours first to fight,
 If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
 For her own Rebels to reform again
 As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own Interpreter.
 Our airy faith will no foundation find
 The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind
 The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolfe*, by turns prevail,
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale
 The wretched *Panther* crys aloud for aid
 To church and councils, whom she first betray'd;
 No help from Fathers or traditions train.
 Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain
 And by that scripture which she once abus'd
 To Reformation, stands her self accus'd
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns her self may err?
 And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
 If doubts arise she slips herself aside,
 And leaves the private conscience for the guide
 If then that conscience set th' offender free,
 It bars her claim to church aucturity
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?
 Ev'n those whom for rebellion she transmits
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits,
 Because no disobedience can ensue,
 Where no submission to a Judge is due
 Each judging for himself, by her consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment
 Suppose the Magistrate revenge her cause,
 'Tis only for transgressing humane laws
 How answ'ring to its end a church is made,
 Whose pow'r is but to counsel and perswade?
 O solid rock, on which secure she stands!

¹¹ The Wolfe

Eternal house, not built with mortal hands'
 O sure defence against th' infernal gate, 495
 A patent during pleasure of the state'

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd,
 Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might controll,
 Her self a part submitted to the whole 500

Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The rays she borrow'd from a better Star
 Big with the beams which from her mother flow 505

And reigning o'er the rising tides below
 Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
 Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r 510

One evening while the cooler shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
 With ruful visage for her vanish'd train
 None of her sylvan subjects made their court, 515

Leveés and coucheés pass'd without resort
 So hardly can Usurpers manage well
 Those, whom they first instructed to rebel
 More liberty begets desire of more,
 The hunger still encreases with the store 520

Without respect they brush'd along the wood
 Each in his clan, and filled with loathsome food,
 Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood,
 The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,
 Since they wou'd goe, before 'em wisely went 525

Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst
 Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful face
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,
 Nor durst approach, till with an awful roar 530

The sovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught, the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd 535

Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless *Hind*,
 Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had design'd
 They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence

With them, to question certitude of sense,
 Their guide in faith, but nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew! }
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd, }
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd }
 Whether for love or int'rest, ev'ry sect
 Of all the salvage nation shew'd respect
 The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the herd,
 The more the company the less they fear'd }
 The surly *Wolfe* with secret envy burst,
 Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen him first }
 But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst }
 For when the herd suffis'd, did late repair
 To ferney heath, and to their forest laire,
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way.
 That since the Skie was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat awhile on their adventures pass'd
 Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the plot
 Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd, }
 Consid'ring Her a well-bred civil beast, }
 And more a Gentlewoman than the rest }
 After some common talk what rumours ran,
 The Lady of the spotted-muff began

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A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687¹

FROM Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
 This Universal Frame began
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring Atoms lay,
 And cou'd not heave her Head,
 The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
 Arise ye more than dead

5

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And MUSICK's Power obey 10
 From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
 This Universal Frame began
 From Harmony to Harmony
 Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
 The Diapason closing full in Man 15

2

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!
 When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
 His list'ning Brethren stood around
 And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
 To worship that Celestial Sound 20
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that Shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well
 What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!

3

The TRUMPETS loud Clangor, 25
 Excites us to Arms
 With shrill Notes of Anger
 And mortal Alarms,
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundring DRUM 30
 Cries, heark the Foes come,
 Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat

4

The soft complaining FLUTE
 In dying Notes discovers
 The Woes of hopeless Lovers, 35
 Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the waibling LUTE

5

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
 Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
 Fury, frantick Indignation,
 Depth of Pains, and height of Passion, 40
 For the fair, disdainful Dame

6

But oh! what Art can teach
 What human Voice can reach
 The sacred ORGANS praise?¹
 Notes inspiring holy Love,
 Notes that wing their Heavenly ways
 To mend the Choires above

45

7

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race,
 And Trees unrooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the Lyre
 But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the wonder high'r,
 When to her ORGAN, vocal Breath was giv'n
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking Earth for Heav'n

50

Grand CHORUS

As from the pow'r of Sacred Lays
 The Spheres began to Move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above,
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky

55

60

Lines Printed under the Engraved Portrait of
 Milton, in Tonson's Folio of the
 "Paradise Lost," 1688¹

THREE Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn
 The First in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
 The Next in Majesty, in both the Last
 The force of Nature could no farther goe,
 To make a Third she joynd the former two

¹Published in Tonson's folio edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1688 Text of first edition

Mercury's Song to Phædra¹

FAIR *Iris* I love, and hourly I die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing Eye
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she
 We neither believe what either can say, 5
 And, neither believing, we neither betray

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course,
 We mean not the taking for better for worse
 When present, we love, when absent, agree
 I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me 10
 The Legend of Love no Couple can find
 So easie to part, or so equally join'd

Song²

Enter *Comus* with three Peasants, who sing the following SONG
 in Parts

Com YOUR Hay it is Mow'd and your Corn is Reap'd,
 Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd
 Come, my Boys, Come,
 Come, my Boys, Come,
 And merrily Roar out Harvest Home, 5
 Harvest Home,
 Harvest Home,
 And merrily Roar out Harvest Home

Chorus Come, my Boys, come, &c
1 Man We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen, 10
 For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
 One in Ten,
 One in Ten,
 For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

Chorus One in Ten, 15
 One in Ten,
 For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
 2 For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,
 Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot,
 Burn to Pot, 20
 Burn to Pot,

¹ Published in *Amphitryon*, 1691, Act IV, Scene 1 Text of *Plays*, 1701

² Published in *King Arthur or, The British Worth*, 1691, Act V, Scene 1 Text of *Plays*, 1701

Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.

Chorus Burn to Pot, &c

3 We'll toss off our Ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*
Old *England*,
Old *England*,

25

And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*

Chorus Old *England*, &c.

The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance

Enter *Venus*

Venus Fairest Isle, all Isles Excelling,
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves,
Venus, here, will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her *Cyprian* Groves

30

Cupid from his Fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will Remove,
Jealousie, that poysons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love

35

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love,
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove

40

Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph shall prove,
And as these Excel in Beauty,
Those shall be Renown'd for Love

45

Song¹

No, no, poor suff'ring Heart no Change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her,
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her.

One tender Sigh of hers to see me Languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me

5

Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it,

10

¹ Published in *Cleomenes*, 1692, Act II, Scene II Text of *Plays*, 1701

Then no day void of Bliss, or Pleasure leaving,
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving
Cupid shall guard the Door the more to please us,
 And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us
 Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying, 15
 Love has found out a way to Live by Dying

Veni Creator Spiritus, Translated in Paraphrase¹

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The World's Foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry pious Mind,
 Come pour thy Joys on Humane Kind
 From Sin, and Sorrow set us free, 5
 And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O, Source of uncreated Light,
 The Father's promis'd *Paraclete*!
 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
 Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inspire, 10
 Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring
 To Sanctifie us, while we sing!

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy!
 Thou strength of his Almighty Hand, 15
 Whose Pow'r does Heaven and Earth Command
 Proceeding, Spirit our Defence,
 Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence, }
 And crown'st thy Gift, with Eloquence! }

Refine and purge our Earthy Parts, 20
 But, oh, inflame and fire our Hearts!
 Our Frailties help, our Vice controul,
 Submit the Senses to the Soul,
 And when Rebellious they are grown,
 Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down 25

Chace from our Minds the infernal Foe,
 And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow
 And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,
 Protect, and guide us in the way

Make us Eternal Truths receive, 30
 And practise, all that we believe
 Give us thy self, that we may see

¹ Published in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693 Text of Tonson's edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701

The Father and the Son, by thee
 Immortal Honour, endless Fame
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name
 The Saviour Son, be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd.
 And equal Adoration be
 Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee

35

To My Dear Friend Mr. Congreve,
 On His Comedy, Call'd, The Double-Dealer¹

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
 The present Age of Wit obscures the past
 Strong were our Syres, and as they Fought they Writ,
 Conqu'ring with force of Arms, and dint of Wit,
 Theirs was the Gyant Race, before the Flood,
 And thus, when *Charles* Return'd, our Empire stood.
 Like *Janus* he the stubborn Soil manur'd,
 With Rules of Husbandry the rankness cur'd
 Tam'd us to manners, when the Stage was rude,
 And boistrous *English* Wit, with Art indu'd
 Our Age was cultivated thus at length,
 But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength
 Our Builders were, with want of Genius, curst,
 The second Temple was not like the first
 Till you, the best *Vitruvius*, come at length,
 Our Beauties equal, but excel our strength
 Firm *Dorique* Pillars found Your solid Base
 'The Fair *Corinthian* Crowns the higher Space,
 Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace
 In easie Dialogue is *Fletcher's* Praise
 He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise
 Great *Johnson* did by strength of Judgment please
 Yet doubling *Fletcher's* Force, he wants his Ease
 In differing Tallents both adorn'd their Age,
 One for the Study, t' other for the Stage
 But both to *Congreve* justly shall submit,
 One match'd in Judgment, both o'er-match'd in Wit
 In him all Beauties of this Age we see,
Etherege his Courtship, *Southern's* Purity,
 The Satire, Wit, and Strength of Manly *Witcherly*
 All this in blooming Youth you have Atchiev'd,
 Now are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd,

5

10

15

20

25

30

¹ Published in Congreve's *The Double-Dealer*, 1694 Text of Tonson's edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701

So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you because we Love
Fabius might joy in *Scipio*, when he saw 35
 A Beardless Consul made against the Law,
 And joyn his Suffrage to the Votes of *Rome*,
 Though He with *Hannibal* was overcome
 Thus old *Romano* bow'd to *Raphael's* Fame,
 And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became 40
 Oh that your Brows my Lawrel had sustain'd,
 Well had I been Depos'd, if you had reign'd!
 The Father had descended for the Son,
 For only You are lineal to the Throne
 Thus when the State one *Edward* did depose, 45
 A Greater *Edward* in his room arose
 But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd,
 For *Tom* the second reigns like *Tom* the first
 But let 'em not mistake my Patron's part,
 Nor call his Charity their own desert 50
 Yet this I Prophecy, Thou shalt be seen,
 (Tho' with some short Parenthesis between)
 High on the Throne of Wit, and seated there,
 Not mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear
 Thy first attempt an early promise made, 55
 That early promise this has more than paid
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That Your least Praise, is to be Regular
 Time, Place, and Action, may with pains be wrought,
 But Genius must be born, and never can be taught 60
 This is your Portion, this Your Native Store,
 Heav'n that but once was Prodigal before,
 To *Shakespeare* gave as much, she cou'd not give him more }
 Maintain your Post That's all the Fame You need, 65
 For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed
 Already I am worn with Cares and Age,
 And just abandoning th' Ungrateful Stage
 Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expence,
 I live a Rent-charge on his Providence
 But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn, 70
 Whom I foiesee to better Fortune boin,
 Be kind to my Remains, and oh defend,
 Against Your Judgment Your departed Friend!
 Let not the Insulting Foe my Fame pursue,
 But shade those Lawrels which descend to You 75
 And take for Tribute what these Lines express
 You merit more, nor cou'd my Love do less

Alexander's Feast,
or, The Power of Musique. An Ode,
in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day¹

I

TWAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
 By *Philip's* Warlike Son
 Aloft in awful State
 The God-like Heroe sate
 On his Imperial Throne 5
 His valiant Peers were plac'd around,
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound
 (So shou'd Desert in Arms be Crown'd)
 The Lovely *Thais* by his side, 10
 Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
 In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride
 Happy, happy, happy Pair!
 None but the Brave
 None but the Brave
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair 15

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II

Timotheus plac'd on high 20
 Amid the tuneful Quire,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And Heav'nly Joys inspire
 The Song began from *Jove*, 25
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love)
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God
 Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,
 When He to fair *Olympia* press'd 30
 And while He sought her snowy Breast
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World

¹ Published in 1697 Text of Tonson's edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
 A present Deity, they shout around
 A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

CHORUS

*With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod, 45
 And seems to shake the Spheres.*

III

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung,
 Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young
 The jolly God in Triumph comes,
 Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums, 50
 Flush'd with a purple Grace
 He shews his honest Face,
 Now gives the Hautboys breath, He comes, He comes
Bacchus ever Fair and Young,
 Drinking Joys did first ordain 55
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
 Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure,
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure,
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain 60

CHORUS

*Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure,
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure,
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain 65*

IV

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,
 Fought all his Battails o'er again,
 And thrice He routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the slain
 The Master saw the Madness rise,

His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes,
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

70

He chose a Mournful Muse

Soft Pity to infuse

He sung *Darius* Great and Good,

75

By too severe a Fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high Estate

And weltring in his Blood.

80

Deserted at his utmost Need,

By those his former Bounty fed

On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,

With not a Friend to close his Eyes

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sate

85

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below,

And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,

And Tears began to flow

CHORUS

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below,

90

And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,

And Tears began to flow

V

The Mighty Master smil'd to see

That Love was in the next Degree.

'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move;

95

For Pity melts the Mind to Love

Softly sweet in *Lydian* Measures,

Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,

Honour but an empty Bubble

100

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying,

If the World be worth thy Winning,

Think, O think, it worth Enjoying

Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,

105

Take the Good the Gods provide thee

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause,

So Love was Crown'd, but Musique won the Cause

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

110

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again
 At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast

115

CHORUS

*The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
 Gaz'd on the Fan
 Who caus'd his Care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again
 At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

120

VI

Now strike the Golden Lyre again,
 A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain
 Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder
 Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
 Has rais'd up his Head,
 As awak'd from the Dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around
 Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
 See the Furies arise!
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!
 Behold a ghastly Band,
 Each a Torch in his Hand!
 Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battail were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the Plain
 Give the Vengeance due
 To the Valiant Crew
 Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods!
 The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy,
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy,
 Thus led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Trov*

125

130

135

140

145

150

CHORUS

*And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII

Thus, long ago	155
'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,	
While Organs yet were mute,	
<i>Timotheus</i> , to his breathing Flute,	
And sounding Lyre,	
Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire	160
At last Divine <i>Cecilia</i> came,	
Inventress of the Vocal Frame,	
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,	
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,	
And added Length to solemn Sounds,	165
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before,	
Let old <i>Timotheus</i> yield the Prize,	
Or both divide the Crown,	
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;	
She drew an Angel down	170

GRAND CHORUS

<i>At last, Divine Cecilia came,</i>	
<i>Inventress of the Vocal Frame;</i>	
<i>The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,</i>	
<i>Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,</i>	
<i>And added Length to solemn Sounds,</i>	175
<i>With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before</i>	
<i>Let old 'Timotheus yield the Prize,</i>	
<i>Or both divide the Crown,</i>	
<i>He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,</i>	
<i>She drew an Angel down</i>	180

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1613-1663-1680)

Hudibras, Part I¹*The Argument of the First Canto*

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth
His Arms and Equipage are shown,
His Horse's Vertues, and his own
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle,
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle*

Canto I

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
When hard *Words, Jealousies, and Fears,*
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For *Dame Religion* as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore
When *Gospel-Trumpeter* surrounded,
With long-ear'd rout to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick
Then did *Sir Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling

A Wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood,*
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on Shoulder-blade
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*
(So some Rats of amphibious nature,

¹ Published in 1663 Text of edition of 1678

Are either for the Land or Water)
 But here our Author, make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise, or stout. 25
 Some hold the one, and some the other
 But howsoe'er they make a patcher,
 The difference was so small, his Brain
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain 25
 Which made some take him for a Fool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool
 And offer to lay wagers that
 As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat,
 Complains she thought him but an Ass, 40
 Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*
 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight
 To all his Challenges did write)
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such 45
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 It was very shie of using it
 As being loath to wear it out
 And therefore bore it not about
 Unless on Holy-days, or so 50
 As Men their best Apparel do
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
 As naturally as Pigs squeek
 That *Latine* was no more difficile,
 Than to a Black-bird 'tis to whistle. 55
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd
 His Bounty unto such as wanted
 But much of either would afford,
 To many that had not one word.
 For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found 60
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd
 And truly so perhaps, he was
 'Tis many a Pious Christians case 65
 He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytick
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* side.
 On either which he would dispute
 Confute, change hands, and still confute 70
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of Argument, a Man's no Horse
 He'd prove a Buzard is no Fowl,
 And that a *Lord* may be an Owl,
 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*, 75

And Rooks *Committee-men*, and *Trustees*,
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination
 All this by Syllogism, true
 In mood and Figure, he would do 80
 For *Rhetorick* he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a Trope
 And when he hapned to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to shew why, 85
 And tell what Rules he did it by
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk,
 For all a Rhetoricians Rules,
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools 90
 His ordinary Rate of Speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A *Babylomish* dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect.
 It was a parti-colour'd dress 95
 Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages
 'Twas English cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one 100
 Which made some think when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three Labo'reis of *Babel*,
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once
 This he as volubly would vent 105
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent
 And truly to support that charge
 He had supplies as vast and large
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words with little or no wit 110
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The Ignorant for currant took 'em
 That had the Orator who once, 115
 Did fill his Mouth with Pibble Stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways
 In *Mathematicks* he was greater 120
 Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Eira Pater*
 For he, by *Geometrick* scale,
 Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*,
 Resolve by Signs and 'Tangents streight,

If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight,
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
 'The Clock doth strike, by *Algebra*
 Beside he was a shiewd *Philosopher*,
 And had read every Text and gloss over.
 What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath 130
 He understood b' implicit Faith,
 What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for,
 For every *why* he had a *wherefore*;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go 135
 All which he understood by Rote,
 And as occasion serv'd, would quote,
 No matter whether right or wrong
 They might be either said or sung
 His Notions fitted things so well, 140
 'That which was which he could not tell,
 But oftentimes mistook th' one
 For th' other, as great Clerks have done
 He could reduce all things to Acts,
 And knew their Natures by Abstracts, 145
 Where Entity and Quiddity
 The Ghosts of defunct Bodies flie,
 Where Truth in Person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in Northern Air
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high 150
 As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly,
 In *School Divinity* as able
 As he that hight *Irrefragable*,
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And real ways beyond them all, 155
 And with as delicate a Hand,
 Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand
 And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
 That's empty when the Moon is full,
 Such as take Lodgings in a Head 160
 That's to be lett unfurnished
 He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd,
 Or, like a Mountebank, did wound 165
 And stab her self with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cur'd again,
 Although by woful proof we find,
 They always leave a Scar behind 170
 He knew the Seat of Paradise,

Could tell in what degree it lies
 And as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
 Below the Moon, or else above it
 What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride 175
 Came from her Closet in his side
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *High Dutch* Interpreter
 If either of them had a Navel,
 Who first made Musick malleable 180
 Whether the Serpent at the fall
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all
 All this without a Gloss or Comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment
 In proper terms, such as men smatter 185
 When they throw out and miss the matter
 For his *Religion* it was fit
 To match his Learning and his Wit
 'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
 For he was of that stubborn Crew 190
 Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church *Militant*
 Such as do build their Faith upon
 The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*,
 Decide all Controversies by 195
 Infallible *Artillery*,
 And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
 By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks*,
 Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
 A *godly-thorough-Reformation*, 200
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended
 A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies 205
 In odd perverse Antipathies,
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
 That Dog distract, or Monky sick 210
 That with more care keep Holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way
 Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to,
 Still so perverse and opposite, 215
 As if they worshipp'd God for spight,
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for
 Free-will they one way disavow,

Another, nothing else allow 220
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin
 Rather than fail, they will defie
 That which they love most tenderly, 225
 Quarrel with *minc'd Pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-porridge*,
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
 And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*
 Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion, 230
 Like *Mahomet's*, were Ass and Widgeon,
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
 As if Hipocrisie and Non-sence
 Had got th' Advouson of his Conscience. 235
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss,
 Then listen Sirs, it followeth thus
 His tawny *Beard* was th' equal grace 240
 Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
 In Cut and Dy so like a Tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile
 The upper part thereof was Whey,
 The nether Orange mixt with Grey. 245
 This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The fall of Scepters and of Crowns,
 With grizly type did represent
 Declining Age of Government,
 And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade, 250
 Its own grave and the State's were made.
 Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a Nation rue,
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the publick downfall 255
 It was Canonick, and did grow
 In Holy Orders by strict vow,
 Of Rule as sullen and severe,
 As that of rigid *Cordeliere*
 'Twas bound to suffer Persecution 260
 And Martyrdome with resolution,
 T' oppose it self against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed State
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn, 265
 With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,

As long as Monarchy should last
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel, 270
 And fall, as it was consecrate
 A Sacrifice to fall of State,
 Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never, 275
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow
 So learned *Tahacotus* from
 The brawny part of Porter's Bum, 280
 Cut supplemental Noses, which
 Would last as long as Paient bieech
 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
 Off diopt the Sympathetick Snout
 His *Back*, or rather Burthen show'd 285
 As if it stoop'd with its own load
 For as *Æneas* bore his Sire,
 Upon his Shoulders through the Fire
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back 290
 Which now had almost got the Upper-
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper
 To poize this equally, he bore
 A *Paunch* of the same bulk before
 Which still he had a special care 295
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare,
 As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
 Such as a Countrey house affords,
 With other Victual, which anon,
 We further shall dilate upon, 300
 When of his Hose we come to treat,
 The Cub-bord where he kept his meat
 His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
 And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use, 305
 That fear'd no blows but such as bruise
 His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
 And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*,
 To old King *Harry* so well known,
 Some Winters held they were his own 310
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece,
 Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,
 And fat Black-puddings, proper food
 For Warriors that delight in Blood,
 For, as we said, he always chose 315

To carry Vittle in his Hose
 That often tempted Rats, and Mice,
 The Ammunition to surprize
 And when he put a Hand but in 329
 The one or th' other Magazine,
 They stoutly in defence on't stood
 And from the wounded Foe drew bloud,
 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'r left the fortifi'd Redoubt,
 And though Knights Errant, as some think, 325
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough Desarts vast
 And Regions Desolate they past,
 Where Belly-timber above ground 333
 Or under was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
 Of their Provision, on Record
 Which made some confidently write
 They had no stomachs but to fight,
 'Tis false for *Arthur* wore in Hall 335
 Round Table like a Farthingal,
 On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before his good Knights din'd
 Though 'twas no Table, some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round Trunk-hose, 340
 In which he carry'd as much meat
 As he and all his Knights could eat,
 When laying by their Swords and Truncheons
 They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons,
 But let that pass at present, lest 345
 We should forget where we digrest,
 As learned Authors use. to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come,
 His Puissant Sword unto his side
 Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd, 350
 With Basket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,
 And serve for Fight, and Dinner both
 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
 To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a Grutch, 355
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such
 The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And eat into it self, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack 360
 The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
 The Rancor of its Edge had felt.
 For of the lower end two handf.

It had devoured 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lulk in case, 365
 As if it durst not shew its face
 In many desperate Attempts
 Of Wais, Exigents, Contempts,
 It had appear'd with Courage bolder
 Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading shoulder 370
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And Piss'neis too, or made them run
 This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page
 But was but little for his age
 And therefore waited on him so, 375
 As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do
 It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging,
 When it had stab'd or broke a head,
 It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread, 380
 Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were
 To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care
 'Twould make clean shooes, and in the Earth
 Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth
 It had been Prentice to a Brewer, 385
 Where this and more it did endure
 But left the Trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score
 In th' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,
 Two aged Pistols he did stow, 390
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his Hose he could not get
 They were upon hard Duty still,
 And every night stood Sentinel,
 To guard the Magazine i' th' Hose 395
 From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes
 Thus clad and fortifi'd, Sir Knight
 From peaceful home set forth to fight
 But first with nimble active force
 He got on th' outside of his *Horse* 400
 For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T' his Saddle, on the further side,
 It was so short, h' had much adoe
 To reach it with his desperate Toe
 But after many strains and heaves 405
 He got up to the Saddle eaves
 From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
 With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover, 410
 By laying hold of Tail and Mane,

Which oft he us'd instead of Reyn
 But now we talk of mounting Steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something, 415
 Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*
 The Beast was sturdy, large and tall,
 With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall
 I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none 420
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a grave majestick state
 At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
 Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt 425
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground
 That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
 Was not by half so tender-hoof, 430
 Nor trode upon the ground so soft
 And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
 (Some write) to take his Rider up
 So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known,)
 Would often do, to set him down 435
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of Leather was upon his back
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad
 His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd 440
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd
 For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a Channel
 His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
 Which on his Rider he would flirt 445
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an Arse 450
 A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
 That in th' adventure went his half
 Though Writers (for more stateher tone)
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one 455
 And when we can with Meeter safe,
 We'll call him so, if not plain *Ralph*,
 For Rhime the Rudder is of Verses,
 With which like Ships they stear their courses
 An equal stock of Wit and Valour

He had laid in, by birth a Taylor
 The mighty *Tynian* Queen that gain'd 460
 With subtle shreds a Tract of Land,
 Did leave it with a Castle fair
 To his great Ancestor, her Heir
 From him descended cross-leg'd Knights, 465
 Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights
 Against the bloody Caniball,
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small
 This sturdy Squire had as well
 As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen hell, 470
 Not with a counterfeited Pass
 Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knights, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't, 475
 Some call it *Gift*, and some *New light*,
 A liberal Art, that costs no pains
 Of Study, Industry, or Brains
 His Wits were sent him for a Token,
 But in the Carriage crackt and broken 480
 Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
 With to and from my Love, it lookt,
 He ne'r consider'd it, as loath
 To look a Gift-horse in the Mouth,
 And very wisely would lay forth 485
 No more upon it than 'twas worth
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too
 For Saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free 490
 By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
 Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
 He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a Needle,
 For as of Vagabonds we say, 495
 That they are ne'r beside their way
 What e'r men speak by this *New Light*,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right
 'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it 500
 A Light that falls down from on high,
 For Spiritual Trades to couzen by
 An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
 To make them *dip* themselves, and sound 505
 For Christendom and dirty Pond,
 To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,

And fish to catch Regeneration
 This Light inspires, and plays upon
 The nose of Saint like Bag-pipe drone, 510
 And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal Ear
 But spiritual Eve-droppers can hear.
 So *Phæbus* or some friendly Muse 515
 Into small Poets song infuse,
 Which they at second-hand rehearse
 Through Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse
 Thus *Ralph* became infallible, 520
 As three or four-leg'd Oracle,
 The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware
 For mystick Learning, wondrous able
 In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*, 525
 Whose Primitive Tradition reaches
 As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches:
 Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
 Idea's, Atomes, Influences,
 And much of *Terra Incognita*, 530
 Th' intelligible World could say,
 A deep occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,
 Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
 And solid Lying much renown'd 535
 He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood,
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm
 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned, 540
 As he that *Veré adeptus* earned
 He understood the speech of Birds
 As well as they themselves do words
 Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean, 545
 What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk Knave, walk*
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like water,
 Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wise,
 For dropt in blere, thick-sighted Eyes, 550
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light
 By help of these (as he profest)
 He had *First Matter* seen undrest
 He took her naked all alone, 555

Before one Rag of *Form* was on
 The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd
 Not that of Past-board which men shew
 For Goats at Fair of *Barthol'mew*,
 But its great Gransire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and *Reformation* came
 Both Cousin-Germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble
 But *Reformation* was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to *Puppet-Play*
 He could foretell whats'ever was
 By consequence to come to pass
 As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
 Diseases, Battels, Inundations
 All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
 Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
 By inward Light, a way as good,
 And easie to be understood
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the Stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
 Upon themselves what others forge
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischief in the World men do
 Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
 To Rogueries, and then betray 'em
 They'l search a Planet's house, to know,
 Who broke and robb'd a house below
 Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
 Who stole a Thimble and a Spoon
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods
 They'l question *Mars*, and by his look
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke
 Make *Mercury* confess and peach
 Those Thieves which he himself did teach
 They'l find i' th' Physiognomies
 O' th' Planets all mens destinies
 Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill
 Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
 And from Positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the Moment
 Of Natives birth, tell what will come on 't
 They'l feel the Pulses of the Stars,

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To make men scribble without skill,
 Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,
 And teach all People to translate,
 Though out of Languages in which
 They understand no Part of Speech
 Assist me but this once, I'mploie,
 And I shall trouble thee no more

In Western Clime there is a Town
 To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be sed here
 We unto them refer our Reader
 For brevity is very good,
 When w'are, or are not understood
 To this Town People did repair
 On days of Market or of Fair,
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor
 In merriment did diudge and labor
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village rabble
 'Twas an old way of Recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient *Heroe's* in high prize,
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From *Istmian* or *Nemean* game,
 Others derive it from the *Bear*
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 A circle like a Bear at stake,
 That at the Chain's end wheels about,
 And over-turns the Rabble-rout
 For after solemn Proclamation
 In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of Bear,
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T'expose themselves to vain Jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off and lame
 No honour's got by such a maim
 Although the Bear gain'd much b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But let them know at their own cost
 That he intends to keep his post
 This to prevent, and other harms,

Which always wait on seats of Arms, 700
 (For in the hurry of a Fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the Knight his course did stear,
 To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
 As he believ'd h' was bound to doe, 705
 In Conscience and Commission too
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire,
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Then Constables, in Curule wit, 710
 When on Tribunal bench we sit,
 Like Speculators, should foresee
 From *Pharos* of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther then
 Low Proletarian Tithing-men 715
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute;
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be 720
 The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' expence of Christian blood,
 And try if we by Mediation
 Of Treaty and accommodation 725
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody Duel without blows
 Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
 The Laws, Religion, and our Wives
 Enough at once to lie at stake,
 For *Cov'nant* and the *Causes* sake, 730
 But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*
 As well as we must venture theirs?
 This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
 By *evil Counsel* is fomented,
 There is a *Machiavilian* Plot, 735
 (Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
 A deep design in 't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting Brother against Brother,
 To claw and curry one another 740
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our selves without a cause?
 That some occult design doth lie 745
 In bloody *Cynarctomachy*
 Is plain enough to him that knows

How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose
 I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it. 750
 Unless by providential wit
 Or force we averruncate it
 For what design, what interest
 Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
 They fight for no espoused *Cause*, 755
 Frail *Privilege*, *Fundamental Laws*,
 Nor for a *through Reformation*,
 Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation*,
 Nor *Liberty of Consciences*,
 Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*, 760
 Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church Lands*,
 To get them in their own no Hands,
 Nor *evil Counsellors* to bring
 To Justice that seduce the King,
 Nor for the worship of us men, 765
 Though we have done as much for them
 Th' *Egyptians* worshipp'd *Dogs*, and for
 Their faith made fierce and zealous Warr
 Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
 For that Church suffer'd Martyrdome 770
 The *Indians* fought for the truth
 Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* Tooth
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *moiricus* to death
 But no Beast ever was so slight, 775
 For Man, as for his God, to fight
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so
 But we, we onely do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Boute-feus* 780
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th' infection of our ills
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observed, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs 785
 Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs
 Just so by our example Cattle
 Learn to give one another Battel
 We read in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*, 790
 They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their Ears
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd Antichristian Game
 To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily, 795

The Point seems very plain to be
 It is an Antichristian Game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name,
 First for the *Name*, The word *Bear-baiting*, 800
 Is Carnal, and of man's creating
 For certainly there's no such word
 In all the *Scripture* on Record
 Therefore unlawful and a sin,
 And so is (secondly) the *thing*. 805
 A vile *Assembly* 'us, that can
 No more be prov'd by *Scripture* than
Provincial, Classick, National,
 Mere humane Creature-Cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, it is Idolatrous 810
 For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their Inventions whatsoe'r
 The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
 It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*
 No less than worshipping of *Dagon* 815
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*,
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate
 For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st
 (For that *Bear-baiting* should appear 820
Jure Divino lawfuller
 Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this
 For if by sly *Homæosis*, 825
 Thou would'st Sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny
 And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
 But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
 In Gospel-times, as lawful as is 830
Provincial or *Parochial Classis*
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all as well as sin,
 That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
 Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless 835
 You measure by their wickedness
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither
 Quoth *Hudibras*, thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch 840
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leak a Cabbage
 Thou canst at best but overstrain

A Paradox, and th' own hot brain
 For what can *Synods* have at all 845
 With *Bears* that's Analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
 A just comparison still is,
 Of things *ejusdem generis* 850
 And then what *Genus* rightly doth,
 Include and comprehend them both?
 If *Animal*, both of us may
 As justly pass for *Bears* as they
 For we are Animals no less, 855
 Although of different *Specieses*.
 But, *Ralpho* this is no fit place,
 Nor time to argue out the Case
 For now the Field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof 860
 Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
 Another manner of Dispute
 A Controversie that affords
 Actions for Arguments, not Words
 Which we must manage at a rate 865
 Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate,
 To what our place and fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 W' are slurr'd and outed by success 870
 Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
 Or surest hand can always hit
 For whatsoever we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we 'are steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits, 875
 For spurious Causes, noblest merits
 Great Actions are not always true Sons
 Of great and mighty Resolutions
 Nor doth the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth, 880
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead,
 Fortune and Cowardice succeed,
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have born us out
 Which though th' are known to be so ample, 885
 We need no copy from example,
 We' are not the onely person duist
 Attempt this Province, nor the first
 In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
 Did whilom kill his Bear in fight, 890

And wound a Fidler we have both
 Of these the objects of our Wroth,
 And equal Fame and Glory from
 Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
 'Tis sung, There is a valiant *Marmaluke* 895
 In foreign Land, yclep'd —²
 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For Person, Parts, Address and Beard
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same Cause both have fought. 900
 He oft in such Attempts as these
 Came off with glory and success
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal Resolution
 Honour is, like a Widow, won 905
 With brisk Attempt and putting on;
 With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
 Not slow approaches, like a Virgin.
 This said, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,
 So ours, with rusty steell, did smite 910
 His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch,
 But from his empty stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind, 915
 With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind
 So have I seen with armed heel,
 A Wight bestride a *Commonweal*,
 Whil'st still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd 920

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

(1639?-1663-1701)

To Cloris¹

CLORIS, I cannot say your Eyes
 Did my unwary Heart surprize,
 Nor will I swear it was your Face,

² Sir Samuel Luke¹ Published in *A Collection of Poems, Written upon Several Occasions*, 1672 Text of *Poetical Works* ed Ayloffe, 1707

Your Shape, or any nameless Grace
 For you are so intirely Fair, 5
 To love a Part, Injustice were,
 No drowning Man can know which Drop
 Of Water his last Breath did stop,
 So when the Stars in Heaven appear,
 And joyn to make the Night look clear, 10
 The Light we no one's Bounty call,
 But the obliging Gift of all
 He that does Lips or Hands adore,
 Deserves them only, and no more,
 But I love All, and every Part, 15
 And nothing less can ease my Heart
Cupid, that Lover, weakly strikes,
 Who can express what 'tis he likes

Song¹

Love still has something of the Sea,
 From whence his Mother rose,
 No time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
 Nor give their Thoughts repose

 They are becalm'd in clearest Days, 5
 And in rough Weather tost,
 They wither under cold Delays,
 Or are in Tempests lost

 One while they seem to touch the Port,
 Then straight into the Main, 10
 Some angry Wind in cruel sport
 The Vessel drives again

 At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and Falshood soon appear 15
 In a more dreadful shape

 By such Degrees to Joy they come,
 And are so long withstood,
 So slowly they receive the Sum,
 It hardly does them good 20

¹ Published in *A Collection of Poems, Written upon Several Occasions*, 1672 Text of *Poetical Works*, ed Ayloffe, 1707

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain,
 And to defer a Joy;
 Believe me, gentle *Celemene*
 Offends the winged Boy

An hundred thousand Oaths your Fears
 Perhaps would not remove,
 And if I gaz'd a thousand Years
 I could no deeper love

25

The Indifference¹

THANKS, fair *Urania*, to your Scorn
 I now am free, as I was born,
 Of all the Pain that I endur'd
 By your late Coldness I am cur'd

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
 The humblest Slave your Beauty Knows;
 In losing you, I but throw down
 A cruel Tyrant from her Throne

5

My ranging Love did never find
 Such Charms of Person and of Mind,
 Y'ave Beauty, Wit, and all things know,
 But where you shou'd your Love bestow.

10

I unawares my Freedom gave,
 And to those Tyrants grew a Slave,
 Would you have kept what you had won,
 You should have more Compassion shewn

15

Love is a Burthen, which two Hearts,
 When equally they bear their Parts,
 With Pleasure carry; but no one,
 Alas, can bear it long alone

20

I'm not of those who court their Pain,
 And make an Idol of Disdain,
 My Hope in Love does ne'er expire,
 But it extinguishes Desire

¹ Published in *A Collection of Poems, Written upon Several Occasions*, 1672 Text of *Poetical Works*, ed Ayloffe, 1707

Not yet of those who ill receiv'd,
 Would have it otherwise believ'd
 And, where their Love cou'd not prevail,
 Take the vain Liberty to rail 25

Whoe'er wou'd make his Victor less,
 Must his own weak Defence confess, 30
 And while her Power he does defame,
 He poorly doubles his own Shame

Even that Malice does betray,
 And speak Concern another way,
 And all such Scorn in Men is but 35
 The Smoke of Fires ill put out

He's still in Torment, whom the Rage
 To Detraction does engage,
 In Love Indifference is sure
 The only sign of perfect Cure 40

Advice to the Old Beaux¹

SCRAPE no more your harmless Chins,
 Old Beaux, in hope to please,
 You shou'd repent your former Sins,
 Not study their Increase,
Young awkward Fops, may shock our Sight, 5
But you offend by Day and Night

In vain the Coachman turns about,
 And whips the dappl'd Greys,
 When the old Ogle looks out,
 We turn away our Face 10
True Love and Youth will ever charm,
But both affected, cannot warm

Summer-fruits we highly prise,
 They kindly cool the Blood,
 But Winter berries we despise, 15
 And leave 'em in the Wood,
On the Bush they may look well,
But gather'd, lose both taste and smell

¹ Published in the *Gentleman's Journal*, August, 1693 Text of *Poetical Works*, ed Ayloffe, 1707

That you languish, that you dye,
 Alas, is but too true,
 Yet tax not us with Cruelty,
 Who daily pity you
Nature henceforth alone accuse,
In vain we grant, if she refuse.

20

Song¹

SMOOTH was the Water, calm the Air,
 The Evening-Sun deprest,
 Lawyers dismiss the noisie Bar,
 The Labourer at rest,

When *Strephon*, with his charming Fair,
 Cross'd the proud River *Thames*,
 And to a Garden did repair,
 To quench their mutual Flames

5

The crafty Waiter soon espy'd
 Youth sparkling in her Eyes,
 He brought no Ham, nor Neats-tongues dry'd,
 But Cream and Strawberries

10

The amorous *Strephon* ask'd the Maid,
 What's whiter than this Cream?
 She blush'd, and could not tell, she said.
 Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb

15

What's redder than these Berries are?
 I know not, she reply'd
 Those lips, which I'll no longer spare,
 The burning Shepherd cry'd

20

And strait began to hug her.
 This Kiss, my Dear,
 Is sweeter far
 Than Strawberries, Cream and Sugar.

¹ Published in *Miscellaneous Works*, ed Ayloffe, 1702 Text of 1707 edition

Song¹

PHILLIS is my only Joy,
 Faithless as the Winds on Seas,
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
 Yet she never fails to please,
 If with a Frown 5
 I am cast down,
 Phyllis smiling,
 And beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas, too late I find, 10
 Nothing can her Fancy fix,
 Yet the Moment she is kind,
 I forgive her all her Tricks,
 Which, tho' I see,
 I can't get free, 15
 She deceiving,
 I believing,
 What need Lovers wish for more?

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

(1635?-1664-1691)

Song²

IF SHE be not as kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the Care
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy
 I wou'd not have thee such an Ass, 5
 Hadst thou ne're so much leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a Lass
 Whose Pride's above her Pleasure

¹ Published in *Miscellaneous Works*, ed Ayloffe, 1702 Text of 1707 edition² Published in *Love in a Tub*, 1664, Act II, Scene III Text of *Works*, 1704

To a Lady, Asking Him How Long He would
Love Her¹

It is not, *Celia*, in our Power
To say how long our Love will last;
It may be we, within this Hour,
May lose those Joys we now do taste.
The Blessed, that immortal be,
From Change in Love are only free

Then, since we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Love will last,
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleasure past:
Were it not Madness to deny
To live, because w' are sure to die?

Song²

THE Pleasures of Love, and the Joys of good Wine,
To perfect our Happiness wisely we join
We to Beauty all Day
Give the Sovereign Sway,
And her Favourite Nymphs devoutly obey
At the Plays we are constantly making our Court,
And when they are ended we follow the Sport
To the Mail and the Park,
Where we love 'till 'tis dark,
Then sparkling Champaign
Puts an end to their Reign,
It quickly recovers
Poor languishing Lovers,
Make us frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow
But alas! we relapse again on the Morrow
Let ev'ry Man stand
With his Glass in his Hand,
And briskly discharge at the Word of Command
Here's a Health to all those
Whom to Night we depose
Wine and Beauty by turns great Souls should inspire
Present all together, and now Boys give Fire——

¹ Published in 1673 *Text of A Collection of Poems*, third edition, 1716

² Published in *The Man of Mode, or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, Act IV, Scene 1
Text of Works, 1704

To a Very Young Lady¹

SWEETEST Bud of Beauty, may
 No untimely Frost decay
 Th' early Glories which we trace,
 Blooming in thy matchless Face,
 But kindly opening, like the Rose, 5
 Fresh Beauties every day disclose,
 Such as by Nature are not shown
 In all the Blossoms she has blown
 And then what Conquest shall you make,
 Who Hearts already daily take? 10
 Scorch'd in the Morning with thy Beams,
 How shall we bear those sad Extremes,
 Which must attend thy threatning Eyes,
 When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

CHARLES COTTON

(1630-1670 1687)

The Retirement
 Stanzas Irreguliers to Mr. Izaak Walton²

FAREWELL thou busie World, and may
 We never meet again
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And doe more good in one short day,
 Than he who his whole Age out-wears 5
 Upon thy most conspicuous Theatres,
 Where nought but Vice and Vanity do reign

 Good God! how sweet are all things here!
 How beautifull the Fields appear!
 How cleanly do we feed and lie! 10
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!

¹ Published in *A Collection of Poems*, 1701 Text of third edition, 1716

² Published in *The Compleat Angler*, Part II, 1676 Text of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1689

What Peace! what Unanimity!
 How innocent from the leud Fashion,
 Is all our bus'ness, all our Conversation! 15

Oh how happy here's our leisure!
 Oh how innocent our pleasure!
 Oh ye Vallies, oh ye Mountains,
 Oh ye Groves and Chrystall Fountains,
 How I love at liberty, 20
 By turn to come and visit ye!

O Solitude, the Soul's best Friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's Wonders to intend,
 With thee I here converse at will, 25
 And would be glad to do so still;
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the Soul awake

How calm and quiet a delight
 It is alone 30
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, nor offending none,
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
 And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

Oh my beloved Nymph! fair Dove,
 Princess of Rivers, how I love 35
 Upon thy flow'ry Banks to lie,
 And view thy Silver stream,
 When gilded by a Summer's Beam,
 And in it all thy wanton Fry 40
 Playing at liberty,
 And with my Angle upon them,
 The All of Treachery
 I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

Such streams *Rome's* yellow *Tiber* cannot show,
 Th' *Iberian Tagus*, nor *Ligurian Po*, 45
 The *Meuse*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*,
 Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine,
 And *Loire's* pure streams yet too polluted are
 With thine much purer to compare
 The rapid *Garonne*, and the winding *Seine* 50
 Are both too mean,
 Beloved Dove, with thee
 To vie Priority
 Nay, *Tame* and *Isis*, when conjoyn'd, submit,
 And lay their Trophies at thy Silver Feet 55

Oh my beloved Rocks¹ that rise
 To awe the Earth, and brave the Skies,
 From some aspiring Mountain's crown
 How dearly do I love,
 Giddy with pleasure, to look down, 60
 And from the Vales to view the noble heights 'above¹

Oh my beloved Caves¹ from Dog-star heats,
 And hotter Persecution safe Retreats,
 What safety, privacy, what true delight
 In the artificial Night 65
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take¹
 How oft, when grief has made me fly
 To hide me from Society,
 Even of my dearest Friends, have I 70
 In your recesses friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy¹

Lord¹ would men let me alone, 75
 What an over-happy one
 Should I think myself to be,
 Might I in this desert place,
 Which most men by their voice disgrace,
 Live but undisturb'd and free¹
 Here, in this despis'd recess 80
 Would I maugre Winter's cold,
 And the Summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old,
 And all the while
 Without an envious eye 85
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then contented die

The New Year. To Mr. W. T.¹

HARK, the Cock crows, and yon, bright Star,
 Tells us the day himself's not far,
 And see where, breaking from the night,
 He guilds the Western hills with light
 With him old *Janus* does appear, 5
 Peeping into the future Year
 With such a look as seems to say

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1689 Text of first edition

The prospect is not good that way
 Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
 And 'gainst our selves to Propheſie, 10
 When the Prophetick fear of things
 A more tormenting miſchief brings,
 More full of Soul-tormenting Gall
 Than direſt miſchiefs can befall
 But ſtay! but ſtay! methinks my ſight, 15
 Better inform'd by clearer light,
 Diſcerns ſereneneſs in that brow,
 That all contracted ſeem'd but now
 His reverse face may ſhew diſtaſt, 20
 And frown upon the ills are paſt,
 But that which this way looks is clear,
 And ſmiles upon the New-born year
 He looks too from a place ſo high,
 The year lies open to his eye, 25
 And all the moments open are
 To the exact diſcoverer,
 Yet more and more he ſmiles upon
 The happy revolution
 Why ſhould we then ſuſpect or fear 30
 The Influences of a year
 So ſmiles upon us the firſt morn,
 And ſpeaks us good ſo ſoon as born?
 Pox on 't! the laſt was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof, 35
 Or at the worſt, as we brush'd through
 The laſt, why ſo we may this too,
 And then the next in reaſon ſhou'd,
 Be ſuperexcellently good
 For the worſt ills we daily ſee,
 Have no more perpetuity 40
 Than the beſt Fortunes that do fall;
 Which alſo bring us wherewithall
 Longer their being to ſupport,
 Than thoſe do of the other ſort,
 And who has one good year in three, 45
 And yet repines at Deſtiny,
 Appears ingrateful in the caſe,
 And merits not the good he has
 Then let us welcome the new gueſt, 50
 With luſty Brimmers of the beſt,
 Mirth alway ſhould good Fortune meet,
 And renders e'en diſaſter ſweet
 And though the Princeſs turn her back,
 Let us but line ourſelves with Sack,

We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next year she face about

55

The Angler's Ballad¹

AWAY to the Brook,
All your Tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing,
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spight
To want tools when a man goes a fishing

5

Your Rod with tops two,
For the same will not doe
If your manner of angling you vary,
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a Pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry

10

Then Basket, neat made
By a Master in 's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle,
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true Brother was of the Angle

15

Next, Pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a Mail,
With Wax, Cruels, Silks, Hair, Furs and Feathers
To make several Flies,
For the several Skies,
That shall kill in despight of all weathers

20

The Boxes and Books
For your Lines and your Hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your Scissors, and your Hone
To adjust your points on,
With a Net to be sure for your landing

25

30

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure,
Till, here meeting at night,

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1689 Text of first edition

We shall have the delight
To discourse of our Fortunes at leisure.

35

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all Nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us

40

Or stream now, or still,
A large Panier will fill,
Trout and Grayling to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloudy day,
And we all shall be weary of killing

45

Away then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us;
If misfortune doe come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us

50

The Angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds itself with so often tormented,
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

55

And though we display
All our Arts to betray
What were made for man's Pleasure and Diet,
Yet both Princes and States
May, for all our quaint Bates,
Rule themselves and their People in' quiet

60

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the Rates
Our Superiors impose on our living,
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving

65

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission,

70

For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last unto down-right Sedition

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise, 80
That an Angler t' a Fool is next neighbour,
Let him prate, what care we,
We're as honest as he,
And so let him take that for his labour.

We covet no Wealth 85
But the Blessing of Health,
And that greater good Conscience within,
Such Devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win 90

Whilst we sit and fish,
We do pray as we wish,
For long life to our King *James* the Second;
Honest Anglers then may, 95
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good Subjects be reckon'd.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

(1638-1671-1706)

Song;

Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War, 1665,
The Night before an Engagement¹

To ALL you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write, 5
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la

¹ Written in 1665 Text of *Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets*, Vol
ume I, 1749

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain,
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind, 10
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea,
 With a fa, &c

Then, if we write not by each post, 15
 Think not we are unkind,
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen, or by wind
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way, 20
 The tide shall bring 'em twice a day.
 With a fa, &c

The king with wonder, and surprize,
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise, 25
 Than e'er they us'd of old
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
 With a fa, &c

Should foggy Opdam chance to know 30
 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch wou'd scorn too weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind! 35
 With a fa, &c

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind,
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find 40
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe
 With a fa, &c

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main, 45
 Or else at serious ombre play,
 But, why should we in vain
 Each others ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you
 With a fa, &c

But now our fears tempestuous grow, 50
 And cast our hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flit your fan. 55
 With a fa, &c

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry note,
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote, 60
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
 With a fa, &c

In justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our distress; 65
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness,
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love
 With a fa, &c 70

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears
 Let's hear of no inconstancy, 75
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa, la, la, la

Song¹

PHILIS, for shame let us improve
 A thousand different ways,
 Those few short moments snatch'd by love,
 From many tedious days

If you want courage to despise 5
 The censure of the grave,
 Though love's a tyrant in your eyes,
 Your heart is but a slave

¹ Published in *Westminster Drollery*, Volume I, 1671. Text of *A Supplement to the Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets*, 1750

My love is full of noble pride,
 Nor can it e'er submit,
 'To let that fop, discretion, ride
 In triumph over it. 10

False friends I have, as well as you,
 Who daily counsel me
 Fame and ambition to pursue, 15
 And leave off loving thee

But when the least regard I shew
 To fools, who thus advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow 20
 Most miserably wise

Song¹

DORINDA's sparkling wit, and eyes,
 United, cast too fierce a light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight. 5

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
 Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face

Song²

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled too long,
 With Phillis and Chloris in every song,
 By fools, who at once can both love and despair,
 And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair, 5
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
 The truth that I know of bonny black Bess.

This Bess of my heart, this Bess of my soul,
 Has a skin white as milk, and hair black as a coal,
 She's plump, yet with ease you may span her round waist,

¹ Published in *The Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets*, Volume I, 1749
 Text of first edition

² Published in *The Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets*, Volume I, 1749
 Text of first edition

But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd 10
 Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
 But I know what I think, when I drink to the best

The plowman and 'squire, the arianter clown,
 At home she subdu'd in her paragon-gown, 15
 But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,
 And the proudest town-gallants are forc'd to submit;
 All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat day and night, like my lord Craven's Drums.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
 For she'd out-shine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all 20
 If a lord shou'd but whisper his love in a crowd,
 She'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud
 Then the queen over-hearing what Betty did say,
 Would send Mr Roper to take her away

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their arms, 25
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms,
 And to every beauty can add a new grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her pace,
 And with head on one side, and a languishing eye, 30
 To kill us by looking as if she would die.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

(1647-1672-1680)

A Satyr against Mankind¹

WERE I, who to my cost already am,
 One of those strange, prodigious Creatures *Man*,
 A Spirit free, to chuse for my own share,
 What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear, } 5
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey or a Bear,
 Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five
 And before certain Instinct, will preferr 10
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err—

¹ Published in 1675 Text of *Poems*, ed Rymer, 1691

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
 Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense behind
 Pathless, and dangerous, wand'ring ways, it takes, 15
 Through Errour's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes
 Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with pain,
 Mountains of Whimseys, heapt in his own Brain,
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown, 20
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light
 The Vapour dances, in his dazzled sight, }
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal night } 25
 Then old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful, and so long,
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong
 Huddled in Dirt, [the] reas'ning Engine lies, 30
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the World he should enjoy
 And *Wit* was his vain frivolous pretence, 35
 Of pleasing others at his own expence
 For *Wits* are treated just like *Common Whores*,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of doors
 The Pleasure past, a threatning Doubt remains,
 That frights th' Enjoyer with succeeding Pains 40
Women, and *Men of Wit*, are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools
 Pleasure allures, and when the Fops escape, }
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate, } 45
 And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate
 But now methinks some formal Band and Beard
 Takes me to task, Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd
 Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
 Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd *Wit*,
 Likes me abundantly, but you'll take care 50
 Upon this point, not to be too severe
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part }
 For I profess, I can be very smart }
 On *Wit*, which I abhor with all my heart }
 I long to lash it, in some sharp Essay, } 5
 But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay, }
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way, }
 What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,

To make you rail at Reason and Mankind—
 Blest glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n 60
 An everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n,
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take,
 And this fair Frame in shining Reason drest,
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast— 65
 Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,
 We take a flight beyond material Sense,
 Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the Universe,
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there, 70
 And give the World true grounds of hope and fear?
 Hold, mighty Man, I cry, all this we know,
 From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*,
 From *Patrick's* Pilgrim, *Sibb's* Soliloquies,
 And 'tis this very Reason I despise, 75
 This supernat'ral Gift, that makes a Mite
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite,
 Comparing his short Life, void of all rest,
 To the eternal and the ever Blest,
 This busie puzling stirrer up of doubt, 80
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out,
 Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,
 The reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools,
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Universe 85
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
 And bear a cripled Carkass through the Sky
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r whose Business lies
 In Nonsense and Impossibilities
 This made a whimsical Philosopher, 90
 Before the spacious World his Tub prefer
 And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do
 But Thoughts were giv'n for Actions Government,
 Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent 95
 Our Sphere of Action is Lifes happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass
 Thus whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right Reason, which I would obey,
 That Reason, which distinguishes by Sense, 100
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence,
 That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
 To keep them more in vigour, not to kill
 Your Reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,

Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy 105
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat
 Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat,
 Perversly yours, your Appetite does mock,
 This asks for food, that answers what's a Clock? 110
 This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures,
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours
 Thus, I think Reason righted But for Man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy, } 115
 'Tis evident Beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he }
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim
 If therefore *Jowler* finds, and kills his Hare 120
 Better than *Meres* supplies Committee Chan,
 Though one's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound,
Jowler in Justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends
 Look next if Human Nature makes amends. 125
 Whose Principles are most generous and Just,
 And to whose Morals, you wou'd sooner trust
 Be judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
 Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey, 130
 But savage Man alone, does Man betray
 Prest by Necessity, *They* kill for Food,
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good
 With Teeth, and Claws, by Nature arm'd *They* hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships. Praise, 135
 Inhumanely, his Fellows Life betrays,
 With voluntary Pains, works his Distress,
 Not through Necessity, but Wantonness
 For Hunger, or for Love *They* bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear 140
 For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid,
 From Fear, to Fear, successively betray'd
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
 His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame,
 The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave, 145
 And for the which alone he dares be brave
 To which his various Projects are design'd,
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And scrues his Actions, in a forc'd Disguise 150

Leads a most tedious Life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie
 Look to the bottom of his vast Design,
 Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory join— 155
 'Tis all from Fear, to make himself secure
 Meerly for safety, after Fame they thirst,
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst
 And Honesty's against all common sense—
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence, 160
 Mankind's dishonest, if they think it fair,
 Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone ——
 Nor can weak Truth, your Reputation save,
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave 165
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, opprest,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest
 Thus here you see what Human Nature craves,
 Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou'd be Knaves
 The Difference lies, as far as I can see, 170
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree,
 And all the subject matter of Debate,
 Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate

Love and Life. A Song¹

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in store,
 By Memory alone 5

The Time that is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is only thine 10

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts, and broken Vows,
 If I, by Miracle, can be
 This live-long Minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows 15

¹Published in *Poems*, 1680 Text of *Poems* ed Rymer 1691

Upon Drinking in a Bowl¹

VULCAN contrive me such a Cup
 As *Nestor* us'd of old
 Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold

Make it so large that, fill'd with Sack 6
 Up to the swelling Bum,
 Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea, may swim

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek, 10
 With War I've nought to do
 I'm none of those that took *Mastrick*,
 Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
 Fixt Stars, or Constellations 16
 For I am no Sir *Sindrophel*,
 Nor none of his Relations

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,
 Then add two lovely Boys,
 Their Limbs in amorous Folds intwine, 20
 The Type of future Joys

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
 May Drink and Love still reign
 With Wine I wash away my Cares,
 And then to Love again

THOMAS FLATMAN

(1635-1674 1688)

A Thought of Death²

WHEN on my sick Bed I languish,
 Full of sorrow, full of anguish,

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1680 Text of *Poems*, ed Rymer, 1691

² Published in *Poems*, 1674 Text of *Poems*, fourth ed, 1686

Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
 Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
 My Soul just now about to take her flight
 Into the Regions of eternal night, 5
 Oh tell me you,
 That have been long below,
 What shall I do!
 What shall I think, when cruel Death appears, 10
 That may extenuate my fears!
 Methinks I hear some Gentle Spirit say,
 Be not fearful, come away!
 Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,
 And find thy long expected liberty, 15
 Better thou mayst, but worse thou can'st not be
 Than in this Vale of Tears, and Misery
 Like *Cæsar*, with assurance then come on,
 And unamaz'd attempt the Laurel Crown,
 That lies on th' other side Death's *Rubicon* 20

A Dooms-Day Thought
 Anno 1659¹

JUDGMENT¹ two Syllables can make
 The haughtiest Son of *Adam* shake
 'Tis coming, and 'twill surely come,
 The dawning to that *Day of Doom*,
 O, th' morning blush of that dread day, 5
 When Heav'n and Earth shall steal away,
 Shall in their pristine *Chaos* hide,
 Rather than th' angry Judge abide
 'Tis not far off, methinks I see
 Among the Stars some dimmer be, 10
 Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
 A neighbouring Extinguisher
 The greater Luminaries fail,
 Their Glories by Eclipses vail,
 Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light 15
 Must sink in th' Universal Night
 When I behold a Mist arise,
 Strait to the same astonish'd Eyes,
 Th' ascending Clouds do represent,
 A Scene of th' smoaking Firmament 20
 Oft when I hear a blustering Wind

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1674 Text of *Poems*, fourth ed., 1686

With a tempestuous murmur joy'n'd,
 I phancy, *Nature* in this blast,
 Practises how to breath her Last,
 Or sighs for poor Man's misery,
 Or pants for fair Eternity

Go to the dull Church-yard and see
 Those Hillocks of Mortality
 Where proudest Man is only found
 By a small swelling in the Ground?
 What Crouds of Carcasses are made
 Slaves to the Pickax and the Spade!
 Dig but a foot, or two, to make
 A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends sake,
 'Tis odds but in that scantling room.
 Thou robb'st another of his Tomb,
 Or in thy delving smit'st upon
 A Shinbone, or a Cranton

When th' Prison's full, what next can be
 But the Grand Goal-Delivery?
 The Great *Assize*, when the pale Clay
 Shall gape, and render up its Plev,
 When from the Dungeon of the Grave
 The meager Throng themselves shall heave,
 Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
 With wonder, when the world shall blaze.
 Then climb the Mountains, scale the Rocks,
 Force op'n the Deep's Eternal Locks,
 Beseech the Clifts to lend an Ear,
 Obdurate they, and will not hear.
 What? ne're a Cavern ne're a Grot
 To cover from the common Lot?
 No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
 Obscur'd, and pass the reck'ning by?
 No—There's a quick all-piercing Eye
 Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,
 Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
 And comprehend Eternity

What shall we do then, when the voice
 Of the shrill *Trump* with strong fierce noise
 Shall pierce our Ears, and summon all
 To th' Universe wide Judgment-Hall?
 What shall we do, we cannot hide,
 Nor yet that Scrutiny abide
 When enlarg'd Conscience loudly speaks,
 And all our bosom-secrets breaks,
 When flames surround, and greedy *Hell*
 Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*

With everlasting Burnings') when
 Irrevocable words shall pass on Men, 70
 Poor naked Men, who sometimes, thought
 These frights perhaps would come to nought!
 What shall we do! we cannot run
 For Refuge, or the strict Judge shun
 'Tis too late *Then* to think what Course to take, 75
 While we live Here, we must Provision make

The Batchelors Song¹

LIKE a Dog with a Bottle, fast ty'd to his tail,
 Like Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
 Like a *Tory* in a Bog,
 Or an Ape with a Clog
 Such is the man, who when he might go free, 5
 Does his liberty loose,
 For a Matrimony noose,
 And sells himself into captivity
 The Dog he do's howl, when the Bottle does jog,
 The Vermin, the Thief, and the *Tory* in vain 10
 Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain
 But welfare poor *Pug*! for he plays with his Clog,
 And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
 Yet he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a man does his Wife

The Defiance. Song²

BE NOT too proud, imperious Dame,
 Your charms are transitory things,
 May melt, while you at Heaven aim,
 Like *Icarus's* Waxen Wings,
 And you a part in his misfortune bear, 5
 Drown'd in a briny Ocean of despair

You think your beauties are above
 The Poets Brain, and Painters Hand,
 As if upon the Throne of Love
 You only should the World command 10
 Yet know, though you presume your title true,
 There are pretenders, that will Rival you

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1674 Text of *Poems*, fourth ed., 1686

² Published in *Poems*, 1674 Text of *Poems*, fourth ed., 1686

There's an experienc'd Rebel, 'Tunc,
 And in his Squadrons Poverty,
 'There's Age that brings along with him
 A terrible Artillery
 And if against all these thou keep'st thy Crown,
 Th' Usurper Death will make thee lay it down.

15

The Unconcerned. Song¹

Now that the World is all in a maze,
 Drums, and Trumpets rending Heav'ns,
 Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,
 Widows and Orphans piteously crying;
 Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,
 Kingdoms and States at sixes and sevens
 What should an honest Fellow do,
 Whose courage, and fortunes run equally low¹
 Let him live, say I, till his glass be run,
 As easily as he may,
 Let the Wine, and the Sand of his Glass flow together,
 For Life's but a Winters day
 Alas from Sun to Sun,
 The time's very short, very dirty the weather.
 And we silently creep away,
 Let him nothing do, he could wish undone,
 And keep himself safe from the noise of Gun

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Pastoral Dialogue Castara and Parthenia²

PARTHENIA

MY DEAR *Castara*, t'other day
 I heard an ancient Shepherd say,
 Alas for me! my time draws nigh,
 And shortly, shortly I must die!
 What meant the man? for lo! apace
 Torrents of tears ran down his face

5

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1674 Text of *Poems*, fourth ed., 1686

² Published in *Poems*, fourth ed., 1686 Text of first edition

CASTARA

Poor harmless Maid! why wouldst thou know,
 What known, must needs create thee woe?
 'Twill cloud the Sunshine of thy days,
 And in thy soul such trouble raise, 10
 Thou'lt grieve, and tremble, and complain,
 And say that all thy beauty's vain

PARTHENIA

Ah me! sure 'tis some dreadful thing
 That can so great disorder bring,
 Yet tell me, prithee tell me, do, 15
 For 'tis some ease the worst to know.

CASTARA

To die, (*Parthenia*) is to quit
 The World, and the Sun's glorious light,
 To leave our flocks, and fields for ever,
 To part, and never meet again, O never! 20
 After that cruel hideous hour,
 Thou, and I shall sing no more,
 In the cold Earth they will thee lay,
 And what thou dot'st on shall be Clay

PARTHENIA

Alas! why will they use me so, 25
 A Virgin that no evil do?

CASTARA

Roses wither, Turtles die,
 Fair, and kind as Thou and I

CHORUS *amb*

Then, since 'tis appointed to the dust we must go,
 Let us innocently live, and vertuously do, 30
 Let us love, let us sing, 'tis no matter, 'tis all one,
 If our Lambs be extinguisht at midnight or noon

THOMAS D'URFEY

(1653-1678-1723)

Solon's Song¹

TANTIVEE, tivee, tivee, tivee, high and low,
 Hark, hark, how the merry merry Horn does blow
 As through the Lanes and the Meadows we go,
 As Puss has run over the Down
 When *Ringwood*, and *Rockwood*, and *Jowler*, and *Spring*, 5
 And *Thunder* and *Wonder* made all the Woods ring,
 And Horsemen, and Footmen, hey ding, a ding, ding,
 Who envies the Splendor and State of a Crown.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow, Jolly Boys,
 Keep in with the Beagles now whilst the Scent lies, 10
 The fiery-fac'd God is just ready to rise,
 Whose Beams all our Pleasure Controuls,
 Whilst over the Mountains and Valleys we rowl,
 And *Watt's* fatal knell in each hollow we Toll,
 And in the next Cottage top off a brown Bowl 15
 What Pleasure like Hunting can cherish the Soul

Scotch Song²

JOCKEY was a dowdy Lad,
 And *Jemmy* swarth and tawny.
 They, my heart no Captive made,
 For that was prize to *Sawny*
Jockey wooes, and sighs and sues, 5
 And *Jemmy* offers Money,
 Weel, I see, they both love me,
 But I love only *Sawny*

Jockey high his voice can raise,
 And *Jemmy* tunes the Vyol, 10
 But when *Sawny* Pipes sweet Layes
 My heart kens no denyal

¹ Published in *The Marriage-Hater Match'd*, 1692, Act II, Scene 1. Text of first edition

² Published in *The Campaigners or, The Pleasant Adventures at Brussels*, 1698, Act III, Scene 1. Text of first edition

Yen he sings, and t'other strings,
 Tho sweet, yet only teize me,
Sawny's Flute can only do't,
 And Pipe a Tune to please me.

15

JOHN OLDHAM

(1653-1679-1683)

Satyrs upon the Jesuits

*Prologue*¹

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Priest*,
 The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?
 When every scribbling *Fool* at the alarms
 Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms?
 And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
 But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
 When all with licence *raile*, and who will not,
 Must be almost suspected of the *PLOT*,
 And bring his *Zeal* or else his Parts in doubt? }
 In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
 In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose,
 Mistaken honest men, who gravely *blame*,
 And hope that *gentle Doctrine* should reclaim.
 Are *Texts*, and such exploded trifles fit
 T'impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit*?
 Would they the dull old *Fisher-men* compare
 With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar*?
 Such thred-bare proofs, and stale *Authorities*
 May *Us* poor simple *Hereticks* suffice
 But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,
 Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
 Whose Faith in contradiction bore, whom Lies,
 Nor Non-sense, nor Impossibilities,
 Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail
 Not these mild fruitless methods will avail
 'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *sharps* of Wit
 For such a *prize* are th' only Weapons fit
 Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,
 Where *Indignation* can create a muse

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¹ Published in 1679 Text of *Satyrs upon the Jesuits*, third ed., corr., 1685

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very spite
Would make the ariant'st *Wild*, or *Withers* write.

It is resolv'd henceforth an endless War,
I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare,
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor St *Omeis Dose*,
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monaichs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and sworn revenge deter

Sooner shall false *Court Favourites* prove just,
And faithful to their Kings, and Countrys trust
Sooner shall they detect the tricks of *State*,
And knav'ry, suits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate
Bawds shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt D—s* grow chaste,
And *Paint*, and *Pride*, and *Lechery* detest
Popes shall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd
Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*
Give o'er to Plot, be Villains, and Rebel,
Than I with utmost spite, and vengeance cease
To prosecute, and plague their cursed race

The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd lust* denied
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all, *cashier'd resenting States-men* feel
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to write
And sell their very souls to Hell for spite
All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,
And with keen Satyr edg my stabbing Pen
That its each home-set thrust their blood may draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw

Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace
So deep, no time shall e'er the marks deface
Till my severe and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the *Bor*, and frighten worse
Than damning *Pope's Anathema's*, and curse

The Careless Good Fellow Written March 9, 1680¹

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother, and stir has it kept in the State?

¹ Published in *Poems and Translations*, 1683 Text of first edition

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions, and Fears,
 Let them scuffle, and jar, till they go by the ears
 Their Grievances never shall trouble my pate,
 So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet 5

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their ease
 And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
 At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
 Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King. 10
 A Friend, and a Bottle is all my design,
 He has no room for Treason, that's top-full of Wine

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
 Let them sit or Prorogue, as his Majesty please.
 Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine 15
 At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have Wine:
 Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
 To curse them for making my Claret so dear

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
 About Right and Succession, the trifles of State, 20
 We've a good King already and he deserves laughter
 That will trouble his head with who shall come after
 Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
 As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go? 25
 Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and Monsieur *D'Avauz*?
 What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casel* be sold,
 If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold?
 Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
 And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind 30

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown
 By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own,
 Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and Treat,
 To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-house Chat
 He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free, 35
 More safe, and a thousand times happier than He

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
 Or come Faggot, and Stake, I care not a Groat,
 Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat.
 No, I swear, Mr *Foa*, pray excuse me for that 40
 I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet, and Halter,
 This is the Profession, that never will alter

ROBERT GOULD

(?-1680-1709?)

Song
The Hopeless Comfort¹

Not though I know she, fondly, lies
 Claspt in my *Rival's* Arms,
 Can free my Heart, or keep my Eyes
 From fixing on her Charms¹

Tell me, ye Pow'rs that rule our Fate,
 Why are frail men so vain,
 With so much *Zeal* to wish for that
 They never can attain?

Some Comfort 'tis I'me not alone,
All are like me undone,
 And that which does, like Death, spare none,
 Why shou'd I hope to shun?

Song²

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
 All Charm¹ she plaid, she danc'd, she sung¹
 There was no way to scape the Dart,
 No care cou'd guard the Lover's Heart
 Ah! why cry'd I, and drop'd a Tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to my self alone,)
 Was so much sweetness made for One?

But, growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft Numbers told my care
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat
 Like Heav'ns, too mighty to express,
 My Joys cou'd but be known by guess

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1689 Text of first edition² Published in *The Rival Sisters*, 1696, Act III Text of first edition

Ah! Fools (said I) what have I done,
To wish her made for more than One? 15

But long she had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew.
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms 20
But she that once cou'd faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me
He too, will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for One

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

(1648-1682-1721)

Love's Slavery¹

GRAVE Fops my Envy now beget,
Who did my Pity move,
They by the right of wanting Wit,
Are free from Cares of Love

Turks honour Fools, because they are 5
By that Defect secure
From Slavery and Toils of War,
Which all the rest endure

So I, who suffer cold Neglect
And Wounds from *Celia's* Eyes, 10
Begin extremely to respect
These Fools that seem so wise

'Tis true, they fondly set their Hearts
On things of no Delight,
To pass all Day for Men of Parts, 15
They pass alone the Night

But *Celia* never breaks their Rest,
Such Servants she disdains,
And so the Fops are dully blest,
While I endure her Chains 20

¹Published in *A Collection of Poems*, 1701 Text of *Works*, ed Pope, 1723

The Reconcilement Song¹

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in Quiet,
We'll tie the Knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it

The truest Joys they seldom prove,
Who free from Quarrels live,
Tis the most tender part of Love,
Each other to forgive

When least I seem'd concerned, I took
No Pleasure, nor no Rest,
And when I feign'd an angry Look,
Alas, I lov'd you best

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our Fate,
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late

To a Coquet Beauty²

FROM Wars and Plagues come no such Harms,
As from a Nymph so full of Charms,
So much Sweetness in her Face,
In her Motions such a Grace,
In her kind inviting Eyes
Such a soft Enchantment lies,
That we please our selves too soon,
And are with empty Hopes undone
After all her Softness, we
Are but Slaves, while she is free,
Free, alas, from all desire,
Except to set the World on Fire
Thou, fair Dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thy self, as well as us
Like a restless Monarch, thou
Would'st rather force Mankind to bow,
And venture round the World to roam,

¹ Published in *A Collection of Poems 1701* Text of *Works* ed Pope, 1723

² Published in *A Collection of Poems 1701* Text of *Works* ed Pope 1723

Than govein peaceably at Home
 But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my Pen, 20
 One Hour of Love's Delights outweighs
 Whole Years of univeisal Praise,
 And one Adoier kindly us'd,
 Gives true¹ Joys than Crouds refus'd.
 For what does Youth and Beauty serve? 25
 Why more than all your Sex deserve?
 Why such soft alluring Aits
 To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?
 By our Loss you nothing gain,
 Unless you love, you please in vain 30

PHILIP AYRES

(1638-1683-1712)

To Love
A Sonnet¹

LET others sing of *Mars*, and of his Train,
 Of great Exploits, and Honourable Scars,
 The many dire Effects of Civil Wars,
 Death's Triumphs, and Encomiums of the Slain
 I sing the Conflicts I my self sustain, 5
 With her (Great Love) the Cause of all my Cares,
 Who wounds with Looks, and fetters with her Hairs
 This mournful Tale requires a Tragick Strain
 Eyes were the Arms, did first my Peace controul,
 Wounded by them, a Source of Tears there sprung, 10
 Running like Blood from my afflicted Soul,
 Thou *Love*, to whom this Conquest does belong,
 Leave me at least the Comfort to condole,
 And as thou wound'st my Heart, inspire my Song

¹ Published in *Lyric Poems*, 1687 Text of first edition

To the Winds. A Song¹

YE WINDS, that in your hasty Flight,
 Just kiss the Leaves, and then away,
 The Leaves that tremble with Delight,
 And murmur at so short a stay,
 Stop here, and e're you further goe, 5
 Give audience to a Lover's Woe

Condoling Air, to you I speak,
 Since she is deaf to all my Grief,
 You see my Heart will quickly break,
 If careless She gives no Relief 10
 I'm sure you're troubled at my Pain,
 For when I sigh, you sigh again

Go, gentle Air, fly to my Dear,
 That thus with Love inflames my Breast,
 And whisper softly in her Ear, 15
 'Tis she that robs my Soul of Rest.
 Express, if possible, such Moans,
 May imitate my dying Groans.

Or with thy rougher Breath make bold
 To toss the Treasure of her Hair, 20
 Till thou dost all those Curls unfold
 Which cunningly Mens Hearts ensnare;
 Try all thy Skill to break the Net,
 That I, like thee, may Freedom get.

Then let some thicker Blasts arise, 25
 And with her Face so sport, and play,
 Till the bright Rays of her fair Eyes
 Be qualify'd, or ta'en away,
 Make all those Charms which Men assail,
 Of lesser force, and less prevail 30

¹ Published in *Lyric Poems*, 1687 Text of first edition

To the Nightingale¹

*Why, Little Charmer of the Air,
Dost thou in Musick spend the Morn?
Whilst I thus languish in Despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's Hate and Scorn*
Why dost thou sing, and hear me cry, 5
Tell, wanton Songster, tell me why?

WILT thou not cease at my Desire?
Will those small Organs never tire?
Nature did these close Shades prepare,
Not for thy Musick, but my Care 10
Then why wilt thou persist to sing,
Thou Beautiful Malitious Thing?
When Kind *Aurora* first appears,
She weeps, in pity to my Tears,
If thus thou think'st to give Relief, 15
Thou never knew'st a Lover's Grief
Then, Little Charmer, &c
That dost in Musick, &c

Thou Feather'd Atome, where in thee,
Can be compris'd such Harmony? 20
In whose small Fabrick must remain,
What Composition does contain,
All Griefs but mine are at a stand,
When thy surprising Tunes command?
How can so small a Tongue and Throat 25
Express so loud, and sweet a Note?
Thou hast more various Points at Will,
Than *Orpheus* had with all his Skill
Then, Little Charmer, &c
That dost in Musick, &c 30

Great to the Ear, tho' Small to Sight,
The Happy Lovers dear Delight,
Fly to the Bow'r where such are lade,
And there bestow thy Scenade 35
Haste from my Sorrow, haste away,
Alas, there's Danger in thy Stay,
Lest hearing me so oft complain,
Should make thee change thy cheerful Strain,
Thy Songs cannot my Grief remove,
Thou harmless Syren of the Grove 40

¹ Published in *Lyric Poems*, 1687 Text of first edition

*Then cease, thou Charmer of the Air,
 No more in Musick spend the Morn,
 With me that languish in Despair,
 Opprest by Cynthia's Hate and Scorn,
 And do not thus Poor Boon deny,
 I ask but Silence whilst I dye*

45

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664-1687-1721)

On Exodus iii 14. I am that I am.
 An Ode Written in 1688, as an Exercise at
 St. John's College, Cambridge¹

I.

MAN! Foolish Man!
 Scarce know'st Thou how thy self began.
 Scarce hast Thou Thought enough to prove Thou art.
 Yet steel'd with study'd Boldness, Thou dar'st try
 To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye
 Through the mysterious Gulph of vast Immensity
 Much Thou canst there discern, much thence impart
 Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride
 Mortifie thy learned Lust
 Vain are thy Thoughts, while Thou thy self are Dust

5

10

II

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wisdom lend
 The Helm let Politick Experience guide
 Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride
 Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide
 What, tho' still it farther tend?
 Still 'tis farther from it's End.
 And in the Bosom of that boundless Sea,
 Still finds it's Error lengthen with it's Way

15

III

With daring Pride and insolent Delight
 Your Doubts resolv'd you boast, your Labours crown'd,

20

¹ Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume III, 1693 Text of *Poems*, 1718

And, EYPHKA¹ your GOD, forsooth, is found
 Incomprehensible and Infinite
 But is He therefore found? Vain Searcher¹ no
 Let your imperfect Definition show,
 That nothing You, the weak Definer, know

25

IV

Say, why should the collected Main
 It self within it self contain?
 Why to its Caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted Silence sleep
 On the lov'd Bosom of it's Parent Deep?
 Why shou'd it's num'ious Waters stay
 In comely Discipline, and fair Array,
 'Till Winds and Tides exert their high Commands?
 Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising Surges spread
 Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's submissive Head,
 Marching thro' different Paths to different Lands?

80

85

V

Why does the constant Sun
 With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
 Why does He order the Diurnal Hours
 To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in Our's?
 Why does He wake the correspondent Moon,
 And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
 Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
 To beautifie the World, and bless the Night?
 Why does each animated Star
 Love the just Limits of it's proper Sphere?
 Why does each consenting Sign
 With prudent Harmony combine
 In Turns to move, and subsequent appear
 To guid the Globe, and regulate the Year?

40

45

60

VI

Man does with dangerous Curiosity
 These unfathom'd Wonders try
 With fancy'd Rules and arbitrary Laws
 Matter and Motion He restrains,
 And study'd Lines, and fictitious Circles draws
 Then with imagin'd Sovereignty
 Lord of his new *Hypothesis* He reigns

55

He reigns? How long? 'till some Usurper rise.
 And He too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise, 60
 Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns
 From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
 That all his Predecessor's Rules 65
 Were empty *Cant*, all *Jargon* of the Schools,
 That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne,
 And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirms his own

VII

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
 Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise, 70
 Whose tow'ring Strength will ne'er submit
 To Reason's Batt'ries, or the Mines of Wit
 Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
 Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press,
 And levelling at GOD his wand'ring Guess 75
 (That feeble Engine of his reasoning War,
 Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give,
 Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
 Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill,
 Can tell us whence all BEINGS are, and how they move and live 80
 Thro' either Ocean (foolish Man!)
 That pregnant Word sent forth again,
 Might to a World extend each AROM there,
 For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide; 85
 And only lift thy stagg'ring Reason up
 To trembling CALVARY's astonish'd Top
 Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Pride,
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd Pain, 90
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd
 How by her Patient Victor Death was slain,
 And Earth prophan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide
 Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down
 Only reserve the Sacred One 95
 Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow,
 Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes,
 Deject thy self, that Thou may'st rise,
 To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below

IX

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering Light, shall give 100
 Her Immortal Perspective,
 And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve
 Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
 That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
 With all their Comments, never cou'd invent 105
 So politick an Instrument,
 To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,
 Where MOSES places his Mysterious GOD,
 As was that Ladder which old JACOB rear'd,
 When Light Divine had human Daikness clear'd, 110
 And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod

The Secretary

Written at the Hague, in the Year 1696¹

WHILE with labour assid'ous due pleasure I mix,
 And in one day atone for the bus'ness of six,
 In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
 On my left hand my HORACE, a NYMPH on my right
 No MEMOIRE to compose, and no Post-Boy to move, 5
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love,
 For her, neither visits, nor parties of tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugée
 This night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine, 10
 To good or ill fortune the third we resign
 Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
 I drive on my car in processional state,
 So with PHIA thro' Athens PYSISTRATUS rode,
 Men thought her MINERVA, and him a new God 15
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse,
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
 In Holland half drowned in int'rest and prose
 By Greece and past ages, what need I be try'd, 20
 When the Hague and the present, are both on my side,
 And is it enough, for the joys of the day,
 To think what ANACREON, or SAPPHO would say
 When good VANDERGOES, and his provident VROUGH,
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,

¹ Published in *Works*, second ed., 1740. Text of first edition

That search all the province, you'd find no man there is ²¹
 So bless'd as the *Englischen Heer SECRETARIS*

Adriani Morientis ad Animam Suam¹

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
 Nec, ut soles, dabis joca

By Monsieur Fontenelle

Ma petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu sçache où Tu vas
 Tu pars seulette, nue, & tremblotante, Helas!¹
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

Imitated

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing,
 Must We no longer live together?
 And dost Thou prune thy trembling Wing,
 To take thy Flight Thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly
 Lyes all neglected, all forgot
 And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st Thou know'st not what

To a Lady: She Refusing to Continue a Dispute with Me, and Leaving Me in the Argument An Ode²

SPARE, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
 Who did unequal War pursue,
 That more than Triumph He might have,
 In being overcome by You

In the Dispute whate'er I said,
 My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd,

¹ Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume V, 1704 Text of *Poems*, 1718
² Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume V, 1704 Text of *Poems*, 1718

And in my Looks You might have read,
How much I aig'd on your side

You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have sustain'd an open Fight 10
For seldom your Opinions err
Your Eyes are always in the right

Why, fair One, would You not rely
On Reason's Force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their Prevalence deny, 1
I must at once be deaf and blind

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd
To keep the beauteous Foe in view 20
Was all the Glory I desir'd

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,
Contemns the Wreath too long delay'd,
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid

Deeper to Wound, She shuns the Fight 25
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field
Secures her Conquest by her Flight,
And triumphs, when She seems to yield

So when the PARTHIAN turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew, 30
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent, and as He fled, He slew

To a Child of Quality Five Years Old The Author Suppos'd Forty¹

LORDS, Knights, and Squires, the num'rous Band
That wear the Fair Miss *Mary's* Fetters,
Were summon'd by her high Command,
To show their Passion by their Letters

My Pen amongst the rest I took,
Least those bright Eyes that cannot read

¹ Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume V, 1704 Text of first edition

The Rules of Friendship too severe,
 Which chain Him to a hated Trust,
 Which make Him Wretched, to be Just?
 And may not She, this Darling She,
 Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood, } 40
 Easie with Him, ill-us'd by Thee,
 Allow this Logic to be good?

Sir, Will your Questions never end?
 I trust to neither Spy nor Friend
 In short, I keep Her from the Sight } 45
 Of ev'ry Human Face — She'll write —
 From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd —
 Has She a Bodkin and a Card?
 She'll prick her Mind — She will, You say. } 50
 But how shall She That Mind convey?
 I keep Her in one Room I lock it
 The Key (look here) is in this Pocket
 The Key-hole, is That left? Most certain
 She'll thrust her Letter thro' — Sir MARTIN. } 55

Dear angry Friend, what must be done?
 Is there no Way? — There is but One
 Send Her abroad, and let Her see,
 That all this mingl'd Mass, which She
 Being forbidden longs to know, } 60
 Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
 Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau, }
 A Staple of Romance and Lies,
 False Tears, and real Perjuries
 Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold, } 65
 And Love is made but to be told
 Where the fat Bawd, and lavish Heir
 The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share
 And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
 Must give up Age to Want and Shame } 70
 Let Her behold the Frantick Scene,
 The Women wretched, false the Men
 And when, these certain Ills to shun,
 She would to Thy Embraces run,
 Receive Her with extended Arms } 75
 Seem more delighted with her Charms
 Wait on Her to the Park and Play
 Put on good Humour, make Her gay
 Be to her Virtues very kind
 Be to her Faults a little blind } 80
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd
 And clap your PADLOCK — on her Mind }

In Imitation of Anacreon¹

LET 'em Censure what care I?
 The Herd of Criticks I defie
 Let the Wretches know, I write
 Regardless of their Grace, or Spight
 No, no. the Fair, the Gay, the Young
 Govern the Numbers of my Song
 All that They approve is sweet
 And All is Sense, that They repeat
 Bid the warbling Nine retire
 VENUS, String thy Servant's Lyre
 Love shall be my endless Theme
 Pleasure shall triumph over Fame
 And when these Maxims I decline,
 APOLLO, may Thy Fate be Mine
 May I grasp at empty Praise,
 And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

An Ode²

THE Merchant, to secure his Treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd Name
 EUPHELIA serves to grace my Measure,
 But CLOE is my real Flame

My softest Verse, my darling Lyre
 Upon EUPHELIA's Toylet lay,
 When CLOE noted her Desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise,
 But with my Numbers mix my Sighs.
 And whilst I sing EUPHELIA's Praise,
 I fix my Soul on CLOE's Eyes

Fair CLOE blush'd EUPHELIA frown'd
 I sung and gaz'd I play'd and trembl'd
 And VENUS to the LOVES around
 Remark'd, how ill We all dissembl'd

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1709 Text of *Poems*, 1718

² Published in *Poems*, 1709 Text of *Poems*, 1718

A Song¹

IF WINF and Musick have the Pow'r,
 To ease the Sickness of the Soul,
 Let PHOEBUS ev'ry String explore,
 And BACCHUS fill the sprightly Bowl
 Let Them their friendly Aid imploy,
 To make my CLOR's Absence light;
 And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
 The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

5

But She to Morrow will return
 VENUS, be Thou to Morrow great,
 Thy Myrtles strow, Thy Odours burn,
 And meet Thy Fav'rite Nymph in State
 Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
 Let Us to Morrow's Blessings own
 Thy darling Loves shall guide the Hours,
 And all the Day be Thine alone

10

15

Written in the Beginning of Mezeray's
 History of France²

WHATE'ER thy Countrymen have done,
 By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,
 In Thee is faithfully recited
 And all the Living World, that view
 Thy Work, give Thee the Praises due:
 At once Instructed and Delighted

5

Yet for the Fame of all these Deeds,
 What Beggar in the *Invalides*,
 With Lameness broke, with Blindness smitten,
 Wish'd ever decently to die,
 To have been either *Mezeray*,
 Or any Monarch He has written?

10

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,
 That down from *Pharamond* to *Louis*,
 All covet Life, yet call it Pain,

15

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1709 Text of *Poems*, 1718

² Published in *Poems* 1709 Text of first edition

All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure
 Can Sense this Paradox endure?¹
 Resolve me, *Cambriay*, or *Fontaine*.

The Man in graver Tragic known,
 Tho' his best Part long since was done, 20
 Still on the Stage desires to tarry
 And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
 After the Jest still loads the Scene,
 Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary

A Dutch Proverb¹

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin;
 Says wise Professor VANDER BRUIN
 By Flames a House I hir'd was lost
 Last Year and I must pay the Cost 5
 This Spring the Rains o'erflowed my Ground
 And my best Flanders Mare was drown'd
 A Slave I am to CLARA's Eyes
 The Gipsy knows her Pow'r, and flies
 Fire, Water, Woman, are My Ruin
 And great Thy Wisdom, VANDER BRUIN 10

To Cloe Weeping²

SEE, whilst Thou weep'st, fair CLOE, see
 The World in Sympathy with Thee
 The chearful Birds no longer sing,
 Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing 15
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares 10
 They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears
 Fantastic Nymph! that Grief should move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love
 Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
 But That dear Breast on which they fall

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1709 Text of *Poems*, 1718

² Published in *Poems*, 1709 Text of *Poems*, 1718

PICTURE of Seneca Dying in a Bath. By JORDAIN.
At the Right Honourable the Earl of Exeter's at
Builigh-House¹

WHILE cruel NERO only drains
The moral SPANIARD's ebbing Veins,
By Study worn, and slack with Age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his Rage!
Heighten'd Revenge He should have took.
He should have burnt his Tutor's Book,
And long have reign'd supream in Vice
One nobler Wretch can only rise
'Tis He whose Fury shall deface
The Stoick's Image in this Piece
For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,
Thy Work and SENECA's remain
He still has Body, still has Soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

5

10

On Beauty. A Riddle²

RESOLVE Me, CLOE, what is THIS
Or forfeit me One precious Kiss
'Tis the first Off-spring of the Graces,
Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places,
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld,
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd
'Twas FLORA's Wealth, and CIRCE's Charm;
PANDORA's Box of Good and Harm
'Twas MARS's Wish, ENDYMION's Dream,
APELLES' Draught, and OVID's Theme
THIS guided THESEUS thro' the Maze,
And sent Him home with Life and Praise
But THIS undid the PHRYGIAN Boy,
And blew the Flames that ruin'd TROY
THIS shew'd great Kindness to old GREECE,
And help'd rich JASON to the Fleece
THIS thro' the East just Vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor ANTHONY the World
Injur'd, tho' LUCRECE found her Doom,
THIS banish'd Tyranny from ROME

5

10

15

20

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

² Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

Appeas'd, tho' LAIS gain'd her Hire,
 THIS set PERSEPOLIS on Fire
 For THIS ALCIDES learn'd to Spin,
 His club laid down, and Lion's Skin.
 For THIS APOLLO deign'd to keep, 25
 With servile Caie, a Mortal's Sheep
 For THIS the Father of the Gods,
 Content to leave His high Abodes,
 In borrow'd Figures loosely ran,
 EUROPA's Bull, and LEDA's Swan 30
 For THIS He reassumes the Nod,
 (While SEMELE commands the God)
 Launces the Bolt, and shakes the Poles,
 Tho' MOMUS laughs, and JUNO scolds
 Here list'ning CLOE smil'd, and said, 35
 Your Riddle is not hard to read
 I Guess it—Fair one, if You do,
 Need I, alas! the Theme pursue?
 For THIS, Thou see'st, for THIS I leave,
 Whate'er the World thinks Wise or Grave, 40
 Ambition, Business, Friendship, News,
 My useful Books, and serious Muse
 For THIS I willingly decline
 The Mirth of Feasts, and Joys of Wine,
 And chuse to sit and talk with Thee, 45
 (As Thy great Orders may decree)
 Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
 Of Idle Tales, and foolish Riddles

Cloe Jealous¹

FORBEAR to ask Me, why I weep,
 Vext CLOE to her Shepherd said
 'Tis for my Two poor stragling Sheep
 Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead

For mind I what You late have writ? 5
 Your subtle Questions, and Replies,
 Emblems, to teach a Female Wit
 The Ways, where changing CUPID flies

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse 10
 The general Pow'r that Beauty has
 But why did no peculiar Verse
 Describe one Charm of CLOE's Face?

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

The Glass, which was at VENUS' Shrine,
 With such Mysterious Sorrow laid. 15
 The Garland (and You call it Mine)
 Which show'd how Youth and Beauty fade.

Ten thousand Trifles light as These
 Nor can my Rage, nor Anger move
 She shou'd be humble, who wou'd please. 20
 And She must suffer, who can love.

When in My Glass I chanc'd to look,
 Of VENUS what did I implore?
 That ev'ry Grace which thence I took,
 Shou'd know to charm my DAMON more.

Reading Thy Veise, who heeds, said I, 25
 If here or there his Glances flew?
 O free for ever be His Eye,
 Whose Heart to Me is always true.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r
 Of Beauty quickly lost it's Pride 30
 For sever'd from it's Native Bow'r,
 It on Thy glowing Bosom dy'd

Yet car'd I not, what might presage
 Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth. 35
 Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
 And Time less permanent than Truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know
 Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free
 O DAMON, 'tis the only Woe, 40
 I ever yet conceal'd from Thee

The secret Wound with which I bleed
 Shall be wrapt up, ev'n in my Herse
 But on my Tomb-stone Thou shalt read
 My Answer to Thy dubious Verse

A Better Answer (To Cloe Jealous)¹

DEAR CLOE, how blubber'd is that pretty Face?
 Thy Cheek all on Fire, and Thy Hair all uncurl'd

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

Pr'ythee quit this Caprice, and (as old FALSTAR says)
 Let Us e'en talk a little like Folks of This World

How can'st Thou presume, Thou hast leave to destroy 5
 The Beauties, which VENUS but lent to Thy keeping?
 Those Looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy
 More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for weeping.

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,
 Your Judgment at once, and my Passion You wrong 10
 You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found Wit
 Od's Life! must One swear to the Truth of a Song?

What I speak, my fair CLOE, and what I write, shews
 The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art
 I court others in Verse, but I love Thee in Prose 15
 And They have my Whimsies, but Thou hast my Heart

The God of us Verse-men (You know Child) the SUN,
 How after his Journeys He sets up his Rest
 If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run,
 At Night he reclines on his THERIS's Breast 20

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day,
 To Thee my Delight in the Evening I come
 No Matter what Beauties I saw in my Way
 They were but my Visits, but Thou art my Home

Then finish, Dear CLOE, this Pastoral War, 25
 And let us like HORACE and LYDIA agree
 For Thou art a Girl as much bighter than Her,
 As He was a Poet sublimer than Me

Epigram¹

FRANK Carves very ill, yet will palm all the Meats
 He Eats more than Six, and Drinks more than he Eats
 Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes,
 And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes
 Yet sighing, he says, We must certainly break
 And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak
 For of late I invite Him—but Four Times a Week }

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

Another¹

To JOHN I ow'd great Obligation,
 But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the Nation
 Sure JOHN and I are more than Qu

Another²

YES, every Poet is a Fool:
 By Demonstration NRD can show it.
 Happy, cou'd NRD's inverted Rule
 Prove every Fool to be a Poet

Phyllis's Age³

How old may PHYLLIS be, You ask,
 Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
 To Answer is no easie Task,
 For She has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
 Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on,
 All Day let Envy view her Face
 And PHYLLIS is but Twenty-one

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
 At Night Astronomers agree,
 That Evening has the Day bely'd,
 And PHYLLIS is some Forty-three

Published in *Poems* 1718 Text of first edition

² Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

³ Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

An Epitaph¹

*Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c* Senec

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie Saunt'ring JACK, and Idle JOAN
While rolling Threescore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courses run,
If Human Things went Ill or Well, 5
If changing Empires rose or fell,
The Morning past, the Evening came,
And found this Couple still the same
They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks What then?
Why then They Walk'd and Eat again 10
They soundly slept the Night away
They did just Nothing all the Day
And having bury'd Children Four,
Wou'd not take Pains to try for more
Nor Sister either had, nor Brother 15
They seem'd just Tally'd for each other.
Their Moral and Oeconomy
Most perfectly They made agree
Each Virtue kept it's proper Bound,
Nor Trespass'd on the other's Ground 20
Nor Fame, nor Censure They regarded
They neither Punish'd, nor Rewarded
He car'd not what the Footmen did
Her Maids She neither prais'd, nor chid
So ev'ry Servant took his Course, 25
And bad at First, They all grew worse
Slothful Disorder fill'd His Stable,
And sluttish Plenty deck'd Her Table
Their Beer was strong, Their Wine was *Port*,
Their Meal was large, Their Grace was short 30
They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat
They paid the Church and Parish-Rate,
And took, but read not the Recit
For which They claim'd their *Sunday's* Due, 35
Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew
No Man's Defects sought They to know,
So never made Themselves a Foe
No Man's good Deeds did They commend,
So never rais'd Themselves a Friend 40

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1718 Text of first edition

Nor cherish'd They Relations poor
 That might decrease Their present Store:
 Nor Barn nor House did they repair
 That might oblige Their future Heir
 They neither Added, nor Confounded 45
 They neither Wanted, nor Abounded
 Each *Christmas* They Accompts did clear,
 And wound their Bottom round the Year
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did They employ
 At News of Public Grief, or Joy 50
 When Bells were Rung, and Bonfires made;
 If ask'd, They ne'er deny'd their Aid
 Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd,
 Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd
 Their Billet at the Fire was found, 55
 Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd
 Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise;
 They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were 60
 Nor Wish'd, nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd:
 And so They liv'd, and so They dy'd.

Down-Hall; a Ballad
 To the Tune of King John, and the
 Abbot of Canterbury¹

I SING not old JASON, who Travell'd thro' *Greece*,
 To KISS the fair Maids, and possess the rich *Fleece*
 Nor Sing I ÆNEAS, who led by his Mother,
 Got rid of One WIFE, and went far for another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down 5

Nor Him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
 ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
 But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
 Than return to his Farms, and Converse with old PEN

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL, their meaning to seek, 10
 A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*,
 Those who Love our own Tongue, we have Reason to hope,
 Have read them Translated by DRYDEN and POPE

¹ Published in 1723 Text of *A New Collection of Poems* By Mr Prior, and Others, 1725

But I sing Exploits, that have lately been done
By Two *British* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN 15
And how they rid Friendly from fine *London-Town*,
Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *DOWN*

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly suppose,
How much they Discours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Prose*
For before this great *Journey* was throughly concerted, 20
Full often they met, and as often they parted

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my Friend *John*,
I fairly have Travell'd Yeais Thirty and One,
And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's* Warrants,
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands 25

And now in this *Journey* of Life, I wou'd have
A Place where to Bait, t'wixt the *Court* and the *Grave*,
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die—
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye

There are Gardens so Stately, and Arbors so Thick, 30
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabrick* of Brick
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r,
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be Paid in an Hour

For Things in this World, must by Law be made certain,
We Both must repair unto OLIVER MARTIN, 35
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown
I'll bring You to see, he must fix you at *DOWN*

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*,
You have Sold all our Premisses over and over
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree, 40
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*

But a word to the Purpose, To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend
And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
Let the *Devil* and *Con—y* go with the rest 45

Then answer'd Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calesch*,
That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash
I love Dirt and Dust, and 'tis always my Pleasure,
To take with me much of the Soil which I Measure

But *Matthew* thought better for *Matthew* thought right, 50
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,

That extreams both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass;
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the t'other was *Glass*

Draw up quoth Friend *Matthew*, pull down quoth Friend
John,
We shall be both Hotter and Colder anon 55
Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed,
And *RALPHO* pac'd by, under *NEWMAN* the Sweed.

Into an old Inn, did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way, 60
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of Tea*

Come here my sweet Landlady, pray how do you do?
Where is *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hostler that Sung about Eight Years ago? 65

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear?
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear,
By my Troth, She replies, you grow Younger, I think
And pray Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Trust, 70
If I know to which Question to answer you first
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
And the Hostler is Hang'd, and the Widow is Marry'd

And *PRUE* left a Child for the Parish to Nurse,
And *SISLEY* went off with a Gentleman's Purse, 75
And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year

Well, Peace to her Ashes, what signifies Grief
She Roasted red-*Veal*, and she Powder'd lean-*Beef*
Full nicely she knew to Cook up a fine Dish, 80
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford
I shou'd look on myself as unhappily Sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead 85

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breast,
Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Drest
And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-Eggs shall be next Course tost up with rank-*Bacon*

The Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid, 90
And MORLEY most lovingly whisper'd the Maid
The Maid was She handsome? why truly so, so
But what MORLEY whisper'd, we never shall know

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,
And their Horses like his, were prepared to Run
Now when in the Morning MATT ask'd for the Score,
JOHN kindly had paid it the Evening before

Then Breakfast so warm to be sure they did Eat
A Custom in Travellers, mighty Discreet,
And thus with great Friendship and glee they went on 100
To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
called Down, down, hey derry down

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon?
Why, of Spots in the *Sun*, and the Man in the *Moon*
Of the CZAR's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,
The Wise Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-Committee

So to HARLOW they came, and hey, where are You all?
Show Us into the Parlor, and mind when I call
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have no life,
Well Master, I hear you have Bury'd your *Wife* 110

Come this very instant, take Care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Hoise, and a Guide
 Are the *Harrison's* here, both the Old and the Young?
 And where stands fair Down, the delight of my Song?

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart, I may say,
I have Bury'd Two *Wives* since you Travell'd this way,
And the *Harrison's* both may be presently here,
And *DOWN* stands, I think where it stood the last Year

Then JOAN brought the *Tea-pot*, and CALEB the *Toast*,
And the *Wine* was fioth'd-out by the Hand of my Host 120
But we clear'd our Extempore Banquet so fast,
That the *Harrison's* both were forgot in the haste

Now hey for *Down-Hall*, for the Guide he was got
The *Chariot* was mounted, the *Horses* did trot,
The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round
But O' all in vain, for no *Down* cou'd be found

O' thou *Popish* Guide, thou hast led us astray
Says he, how the Devil shou'd I know the way?

I never yet travell'd this Road in my life
But *Down* lyes on the left, I was told by my *Wife* 130

Thy *Wife*, answer'd MATTHEW, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told Thee of half the bye-ways she had trod
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to Thy House
But Thou shalt go home without ever a Souse

What is this thing, MORLEY, and how can you mean it? 135
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it
Have Patience, soft MORLEY in anger reply'd
To find out our way, let us send off our Guide

O here I spy *Down* cast your Eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-mill* so stately stands plainly Confest 140
On the *West* reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find
As well Thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-wind*

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I spy,
But faithful ACHATES, no House is there nigh
Look again, says mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind. 145
The *Mill* stands before, and the *House* lyes behind

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern,
Untyl'd and unglaz'd, I believe 'tis a *Barn*,
A *Barn*? why you rave 'Tis a *House* for a Squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire 150

A House shou'd be Built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath*, and I think, that's all One
And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
Been called a *Hall*, and has given its Name
To Down, down, hey derry down 155

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*,
The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall—
With your Friend JIMMY GIBBS about Buildings agree,
My Business is Land, and it matters not me

I wish you cou'd tell, what a duce your head ails 160
I show'd you *Down-Hall*, did you look for *Versailles*?
Then take House and Farm, as JOHN BALLETT will let you
For better for worse, as I took my Dame BETTY

And now, Sir, a word to the Wise is enough,
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff 165
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple
Are You Young and Rich, like the *Master of Wimple*?

If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
 From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings
 And in Yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate 170
 E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part
 Here, JOHN, is my Thumb, and here MATT, is my Heart
 To *Halstead* I speed, and You go back to Town
 Thus ends the *First part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN* 17A
Derry down, down, hey derry down

For My Own Monument¹

As DOCTORS give physic by way of prevention,
 MATT alive and in health, of his TOMB-STONE took care,
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir

Then take MATT's word for it, the SCULPTOR is paid, 5
 That the FIGURE is fine, pray believe your own eye,
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
 For we flatter our selves, and teach marble to lye

Yet counting as far as to FIFTY his years, 10
 His virtues and vices were as other men's are,
 High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
 In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
 He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree, 15
 In public employments industrious and grave,
 And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
 Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,
 And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about, 20
 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust

This verse little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere
 Sets neither his titles nor merit to view,
 It says that his relics collected lie here,
 And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true

¹ Published in *Works*, 1740 Text of *Works* second ed., 1740

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
 So MATT may be kill'd, and his bones never found,
 False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
 So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd

25

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
 To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same,
 And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
 He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his FAME

30

A Letter to the Honourable Lady Miss Margaret-Cavendish-Holles-Harley¹

MY NOBLE, lovely, little PEGGY,
 Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
 At dawn of morn, and close of even,
 To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
 In double beauty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then *notre pere*,
 And, dearest CHILD, along the day,
 In ev'ry thing you do and say,
 Obey and please my LORD and LADY,
 So God shall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye

5

10

If to these PRECEPTS You attend,
 No SECOND-LETTER need I send,
 And so I rest Your constant Friend, }
M P

The Fortune-Teller To a Young Lady in Search of Her Destiny²

YOU, MADAM, may with safety go,
 Decrees of destiny to know
 For at your birth kind planets reign'd
 And certain happiness ordain'd
 Such charms as your's are only given
 To chosen favourites of heaven
 But such is my uncertain state,
 'Tis dangerous to try my fate

¹ Published in *Works*, 1740 Text of *Works* second ed., 1740

² Published in *Works*, 1740 Text of *Works*, second ed., 1740

For I would only know from art,
 The future motions of your heart, 10
 And what predestinated doom
 Attends my love for years to come,
 No secrets else, that mortals learn,
 My care deserve, or life concern,
 But this will so important be, 15
 I dread to search the dark decree
 For while the smallest hope remains,
 Faint joys are mingled with my pains
 Vain distant views my fancy please,
 And give some intermitting ease 20
 But should the stars too plainly show
 That you have doom'd my endless woe,
 No human force, nor art, could bear
 The torment of my wild despair
 This secret then I dare not know, 25
 And other truths are useless now
 What matters, if unblest in love,
 How long or short my life will prove?
 To gratify what low desire,
 Should I with needless haste enquire, 30
 How great, how wealthy, I shall be?
 O! what is wealth or pow'r to me?
 If I am happy, or undone,
 It must proceed from You alone

On a Pretty Madwoman¹

WHILE mad OPHELIA we lament,
 And Her distraction mourn,
 Our grief's misplac'd, Our tears mispent,
 Since what for Her condition's meant
 More justly fits Our Own h

For if 'tis happiness to be,
 From all the turns of Fate,
 From dubious joy, and sorrow free,
 OPHELIA then is blest, and we 10
 Misunderstand Her state

The Fates may do whate'er they will,
 They can't disturb her mind,
 Insensible of good, or ill,

¹Published in *Works* 1740 Text of *Works*, second ed., 1740

OPHELIA IS OPHELIA still,
Be Fortune cross or kind. 15

Then make with reason no more noise,
Since what should give relief,
The quiet of Our mind destroys,
Or with a full spring-tide of joys,
Or a dead-ebb of grief 20

Jinny the Just¹

RELEAS'D from the noise of the Butcher and Baker,
Who, my old Friends be thanked, did seldom forsake her,
And from the soft Duns of my Landlord the Quake,

From chiding the Footmen and watching the Lasses,
From Nell that burn'd Milk, and Tom that broke Glasses 5
(Sad mischiefs thro which a good housekeeper passes¹)

From some real Care but more fancy'd vexation,
From a life party Colour'd, half reason half passion,
Here lies after all the best Wench in the Nation

From the Rhine to the Po, from the Thames to the Rhone, 10
Joanna or Janneton, Jinny or Joan,
Twas all one to her by what name She was known,

For the Idiom of words very little She heeded,
Provided the Matter She drove at succeeded,
She took and gave Languages just as She needed 15

So for Kitching and Market, for bargain & Sale,
She paid English or Dutch or French down on the Nail,
But in telling a Story she sometimes did fail,

Then begging Excuse as She happen'd to Stammer, 20
With respect to her betters but none to her Grammer,
Her blush helpt her out and her Jargon became her

Her Habit and Mein she endeavor'd to frame
To the different Gout of the place where She came,
Her outside stil chang'd, but her inside the same

¹ Published in 1907 Text of *Poems*, ed Waller, 1907 Reprinted by permission of the Cambridge University Press The punctuation has been supplied

At the Hague in her Slippers & hair as the Mode is,
At Paris all Falbalow'd fine as a Goddess,
And at censuring London in smock sleeves and Bodice

25

She order'd Affairs that few People cou'd tell
In what part about her that mixture did dwell
Of Vrough, or Mistress, or Medemoiselle

30

For her Sirname and race let the Heraults e'en Answer,
Her own proper worth was enough to advance her,
And he who lik'd her, little valu'd her Grandsire

But from what House so ever her lineage may come
I wish my own Jinny but out of her Tomb,
Tho all her Relations were there in her Room

35

Of such terrible beauty She never cou'd boast
As with absolute Sway o'er all hearts rules the roast
When J— bawls out to the Chair for a Toast,

But of good Household Features her Person was made,
Nor by Faction cry'd up nor of Censure afraid,
And her beauty was rather for Use than Parade

40

Her Blood so well mix't and flesh so well Pasted
That tho her Youth faded her Comliness lasted,
The blew was wore off, but the Plum was well tasted

45

Less smooth than her Skin and less white than her breast
Was this pollisht stone beneath which she lyes prest
Stop, Reader, and Sigh while thou thinkst on the rest

With a just trim of Virtue her Soul was endu'd,
Not affectedly Pious nor secretly lewd
She cut even between the Cocquet and the Prude

50

Her Will with her Duty so equally stood
That seldom oppos'd She was commonly good,
And did pritty well, doing just what she wou'd

Declining all Pow'r she found means to perswade,
Was then most regarded when most she Obey'd,
The Mistress in truth when she seem'd but the Maid

55

Such care of her own proper Actions She took
That on other folks lives She had no time to look,
So Censure and Praise were struck out of her Book

60

Her thought stil confin'd to its own little Sphere,
 She minded not who did Excell or did Err
 But just as the matter related to her

Then too when her Private Tribunal was rear'd
 Her Mercy so mix'd with her judgment appear'd
 That her Foes were condemn'd & her friends always clear'd. 65

Her Religion so well with her learning did suite
 That in Practice sincere, and in Controverse Mute,
 She shew'd She knew better to live than dispute

Some parts of the Bible by heart She recited, 70
 And much in historical Chapters delighted,
 But in points about Faith She was something short sighted,

So Notions and modes She refer'd to the Schools,
 And in matters of Conscience adher'd to Two Rules, 75
 To advise with no Biggots, and jest with no Fools

And scrupling but little, enough she believ'd,
 By Charity ample smal sins She retriev'd,
 And when she had New Cloaths She always receiv'd

Thus stil whilst her Morning unseen fled away
 In ord'ring the Linnen and making the Tea 80
 That she scarce cou'd have time for the Psalms of the Day;

And while after Dinner the Night came so soon
 That half she propos'd very seldom was done,
 With twenty God bless Me's how this day is gone,

While she read and Accounted & payd & abated, 85
 Eat and drank, Play'd & Work't, laught & Cry'd, lov'd & hated,
 As answer'd the end of her being Created.

In the midst of her Age came a cruel Desease
 Which neither her Julips nor receipts cou'd appease;
 So down dropt her Clay, may her Soul be at peace 90

Retire from this Sepulchre all the Prophane,
 You that love for Debauch, or that marry for gain,
 Retire least Ye trouble the Manes of J——

But Thou that know'st Love above Intrest or lust,
 Strew the Myrtle and Rose on this once belov'd Dust, 95
 And shed one pious tear upon Jinny the Just

Tread soft on her Grave, and do right to her honor,
 Let neither rude hand nor ill Tongue light upon her,
 Do all the smal Favois that now can be done her

And when what Thou lik't shal return to her Clay, 100
 For so I'm perswaded she must do one Day
 What ever fantastic J Asgil may say,

When as I have done now, thou shalt set up a Stone
 For something however distinguish'd or known, 105
 May some Pious Friend the Misfortune bemoan,
 And make thy Concern by reflexion his own

DANIEL DEFOE

(1660-1691-1731)

The True-Born Englishman¹

Part I

WHERE-EVER God erects a House of Prayer,
 The Devil always builds a Chapel there
 And 'twill be found upon Examination,
 The latter has the laigest Congregation
 For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind, 5
 He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind
 With Uniformity of Service, he
 Reigns with a general Aristocracy
 No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign,
For of his Yoak there's very few Complain 10
 He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
 And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation
 He needs no Standing-Army Government,
He always Rules us by our own Consent
 His Laws are easie, and his gentle Sway 15
 Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey
 The List of his Vice-gerents and Commanders,
 Out-does your *Cæsars*, or your *Alexanders*
 They never fail of his infernal Aid,
 And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd 20

¹ Published in 1701 Text of *A True Collection of the Writings of the Author of The True-Born Englishman*, 1703

Thro' all the World they spread his vast Command,
 And death's Eternal Empire is maintain'd
 They rule so politickly and so well,
 As if they were Lords Justices of Hell
 Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
 And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind

25

Pride, the first Peer, and President of Hell,
 To his share *Spain*, the largest Province, fell
 The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow
 On these the Golden Mines of *Mexico*,
 With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*,
Wealth which would in wise hands the World undo
 Because he knew their Genius to be such,
 Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich
 So proud a People, so above their Fate,
 That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State
 Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,
 And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
 Never was Nation in the World before,
 So very Rich, and yet so very Poor

30

35

40

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
 Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
 Where swelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,
 With Heat impregnate from *Vesuvian* Flames
 Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
 And humane Body of the Soil partakes
 There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,
 Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires
 Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
 Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust

45

50

Drunk'ness, the Darling Favourite of Hell,
 Chose *Germany* to Rule, and Rules so well,
 No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
 None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they
 The cunning Artist manages so well,
 He lets them Bow to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell
 If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
 He cares not to what Deity they Pray,
 What God they worship most, or in what way
 Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,
 They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home

55

60

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,
 Where Mankind Lives in Haste, and Thrives by Chance,
 A *Dancing Nation*, Fickle and Untrue
 Have oft undone themselves, and others too
 Prompt the Infernal Dictates to Obey,
 And in Hell's Favour none more great than they

65

The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
 And Personally Rules with Arbitrary Sway
 The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title stands, 70
And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands
 There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind
 Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd
 Worship'd as God, his *Pamm Altars* smoke, 75
 Embru'd with Blood of those that him Invoke
 The rest by Deputies he Rules as well,
 And plants the distant Colonies of Hell
 By them his Secret Power he well maintains,
And binds the World in his Infernal Chains
 By Zeal the *Irish*, and the *Rush* by Folly 80
 Fury the *Dane* The *Swede* by Melancholy
 By stupid Ignorance the *Muscovite*
 The *Chinese* by a *Child of Hell*, call'd Wit,
 Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate
 And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate 85
 The *Turks* and *Mooris* by *Mah'met* he subdues
And God has given him leave to rule the Jews
 Rage rules the *Portuguese*, and Fraud the *Scotch*
 Revenge the *Pole*, and Avarice the *Dutch*
 90
Satyr be kind, and draw a silent Veil,
 Thy *Native England's* Vices to conceal
 Or if that Task's impossible to do,
 At least be just, and show her Vertues too, }
Too Great the first, Alas' the last too Few }
England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay, 95
 Happy, had she remain'd so to this Day, }
 And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey }
 Her open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
 The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains, 100
 To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
 Who Conquer her as oft as they Invade her
 So *Beauty Guarded but by Innocence,*
That Ruins her which should be her Defence
Ingratitude, a Devil of *Black Renown*, 105
 Possess'd her very early for his own
 An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,
Who Satan's worst Perfections does Inherit
 Second to him in Malice and in Force,
 All *Devil without*, and all *within him Worse*
 110
He made her First-born Race to be so rude,
 And suffered her to be so oft subdu'd
 By sev'ral Crowds of wand'ring Thieves o'er-run,
 Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone
 While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,
 Their Languages and Manners introduc'd 115

From whose mix'd Relicks our Compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does succeed,
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n

The *Romans* first with *Julius Cæsar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and by Computation,
Auxiliaries, or Slaves of ev'ry Nation
With *Hengist, Saxons, Danes* with *Sueno* came,
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' *Hibernian* Shore,
And Conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er

All these their Barb'rous Off-spring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind,
Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an English-man
The Customs, Sir-names, Languages, and Manners,
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers.

Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
They ha' left a *Shiboleth* upon our Tongue,
By which with easie search you may distinguish
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English

The great Invading *Norman* let us know
What Conquerors in After-Times might do
To ev'ry *Musqueteer* he brought to *Town*,
He gave the Lands which never were his own
When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again
No Re-assumptions in his Reign were known,
Davenant might there ha' let his Book alone
No Parliament his Army cou'd disband,

He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
And made them all Free-holders of the Nation
He Canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen

The Rascals thus Enrich'd, he call'd them *Lords*,
To please their Upstart Pride with new made Words,
And *Doomsday-Book* his Tyranny Records

And here begins our Ancient Pedigree

That so exalts our poor Nobility

'Tis that from some *French* Trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* Bastard did arrive

The Trophies of the Families appear,
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear
Which their Great Ancestor, *forsooth*, did wear

120

125

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These in the Herald's Register remain,
 Their Noble mean Extraction to explain 165
 Yet who the Heroe was, no Man can tell,
 Whether a Drummer or a Colonel
 The silent Record Blushes to reveal
 Their Undescended Dark Original

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass, 170
 A *True-Born Englishman* of *Norman* Race?
 A *Turkish* Horse can show more History,
 To prove his Well-descended Family
Conquest, as by the Moderns 'tis exprest,
 May give a Title to the Lands possess'd 175
 But that the Longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,
 To make a *Frenchman English*, that's the Devil

These are the Heroes who despise the *Dutch*,
 And rail at new-come Foreigners so much,
 Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd 180
 From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd,
 A horrid Crowd of Rambling Thieves and Drones,
 Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopled Towns
 The *Pict* and Painted *Britain*, Treach'ious *Scot*,
 By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought, 185
Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering *Danes*,
 Whose Red-hair'd Off-spring ev'ry where remains
 Who join'd with *Norman-French* compound the Breed
 From whence your *True-Born Englishmen* proceed

And lest by Length of Time it be pretended, 190
 The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended,
 Wise Providence to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding Care
 We have been *Europe's* Sink, the *Jakes* where she
 Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny 195
 From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands
 Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands,
 Have here a certain Sanctuary found

Th' Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond
 Where in but half a common Age of Time, 200
 Borrowing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,
 Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,
 And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*

Dutch, Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen, and Scots,
Faudois and Valtolins, and Hugonots, 205
 In good Queen *Bess's* Charitable Reign,
 Supply'd us with three hundred thousand Men
 Religion, *God we thank thee*, sent them hither,
 Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together
 Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade, 210
 All that were persecuted or afraid,

Whether for Debt, or other Crimes they fled,
David at *Hackelah* was still their Head

The Off-spring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,
 Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd, 215
 But they grew *Englishmen*, and rais'd their Votes
 At Foreign Shoals of *Interloping Scots*

The Royal Branch from *Pict-land* did succeed,
 With Troops of *Scots*, and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed*. 220
 The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign
 Made him and half his Nation *Englishmen*

Scots from the *Northern* Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
 With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away
 Thick as the Locusts which in *Ægypt* swarm'd, 225
 With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd.
 With Native *Truth*, *Diseases*, and no *Money*,
 Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey
 Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
 And all their Race are *True-Born* Englishmen 230

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
 Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
 Made way for all that strolling Congregation,
 Which throng'd in Pious *Ch*——s's Restoration
 The *Royal Refugee* our Breed restores, 235
 With *Foreign Countiers*, and with *Foreign Whores*.

And carefully repeopled us again,
 Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,
 With such a blest and True-born *English Fry*,
 As much Illustrates our Nobility 240
 A Gratitude which will so black appear,
 As future Ages must abhor to hear

When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,
 Which stream'd in *Lindsey's*, and *Caernarvon's* Blood
 Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,
 Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile 245
 The loss of whom, in order to supply,
 With *True-Born-English* Nobility,

Six Bastard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign, }
 The Labours of *Italian Castleman*,
French Portsmouth, *Taby Scot*, and *Cambrian* } 250
 Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
 Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song.

This Off-spring, if one Age they multiply,
 May half the House with *English* Peers supply
 There with true *English* Pride they may condemn 255
Schomberg and *Portland*, new made Noblemen

French Cooks, *Scotch* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
 Were all made Lords, or Lords Progenitors

Beggars and Bastards by his new Creation,
 Much multiply'd the P——ge of the Nation, 260
 Who will be all, e'er one short Age runs o'er,
 As *True-Born* Lords as those we had before

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
 And heal the Latent Breaches of the Wars,
 The Pious Purpose better to advance, 265
 H'invites the banish'd Protestants of *France*
 Hither for Gods-sake and their own they fled,
 Some for Religion came, and some for Bread
 Two hundred Thousand Pair of Wooden Shooes,
 Who, God be thank'd had nothing left to lose, 270
 To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly,
 To make us starve our Poor in Charity
 In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
 To get a Race of *True-Born* Englishmen
 Whose Children will, when Riper Years they see, 275
 Be as Ill-natur'd and as Proud as we
 Call themselves *English*, Foreigners despise,
 Be Surly like us all, and just as Wise

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began,
 That Het'rogenous *Thing*, *An Englishman* 280
 In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,
 Betwixt a Painted *Britain* and a *Scot*
 Whose gend'ring Off-spring quickly learn'd to Bow,
 And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough
 From whence a Mongrel half-Bred Race there came, 285
 With neither Name, nor Nation, Speech or Fame
 In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
 Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*
 While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
 Receiv'd all Nations with Promiscuous Lust 290
 This Nauseous Brood directly did contain
 The well-extracted Blood of *Englishmen*

Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
 A Rhapsody of Nations to supply, 295
 Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,
 And still the Ladies Lov'd the Conquerors

The *Western* Angles all the rest subdu'd,
 A bloody Nation, barbarous and rude
 Who by the *Tennie* of the Swoird possest 300
 One part of *Britain*, and subdu'd the rest
 And as great things denominate the small,
 The Conqu'ring part gave *Title* to the whole
 The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Britain*, *Roman*, *Dane*, submit,
 And with the *English-Saxon* all Unite 305
 And these the mixture have so close pursu'd,

The very Name and Memory's subdu'd
 No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain,
Wales strove to separate, but strove in Vain.
 The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,
 And *Englishman's* the common Name for all 310
 Fate jumbled them together, *God knows how*,
 What e'er they were they're *True-Born English* now.

The Wonder which remains is at our Pride,
 To value that which all wise Men deride
 For *Englishmen* to boast of Generation, 315
 Cancels their Knowledge, and Lampoons the Nation.
 A *True-Born Englishman's* a Contradiction,
 In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction
 A Banter made to be a test of Fools,
 Which those that use it justly ridicules 320
 A Metaphor invented to express
 A Man *a-kin* to all the Universe

For as the *Scots*, as Learned Men ha' said,
 Throughout the World their Wand'ring Seed ha' spread,
 So open-handed *England*, 'tis Believ'd, 325
 Has all the Gleanings of the World Receiv'd

Some think of *England* 'twas our Saviour meant,
 The Gospel should to all the World be sent
 Since, when the Blessed Sound did hither reach,
 They to all Nations might be said to Preach 330

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,
 How shall we else the want of Birth and Blood supply?
 Since scarce one Family is left alive,
 Which does not from some Foreigner derive
 Of sixty thousand *English* Gentlemen, 335
 Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
 We challenge all our Heralds to declare
 Ten Families which *English-Saxons* are

France justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line
 Of *Bourbon*, *Mommoency*, and *Lorrain* 340
 The *Germans* too their House of *Austria* show,
 And *Holland* their Invincible *Nassau*
 Lines which in Heraldry were ancient grown,
 Before the Name of *Englishman* was known
 Even *Scotland* too, her Elder Glory shows, 345
 Her *Gouldons*, *Hamiltons*, and her *Mommoes*,
Douglas, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*, Names well known,
 Long before Ancient *England* knew her own

But *England*, Modern to the last degree, }
 Borrows or makes her own Nobility, } 350
 And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree
 Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
 And talks of her Antiquity and Honour

Her S——lls, S——ls, C——ls, De——la, M——is,
 M——ns and M——ues, D——s, and V——is, } 355
 Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers
 Your *Houblons*, *Papillons*, and *Lethuliers*,
 Pass now for *True-born-English* Knights and Squires, }
 And make good Senate Members, or Lord-Mayors }
 Wealth, howsoever got, in *England* makes 360
 Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes
 Antiquity and Birth are needless here,
 'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P——r
 Innumerable City-Knights we know,
 From *Blewcoat-Hospitals* and *Bridewel* flow 365
 Draymen and Porters fill the City Chan,
 And Foot-Boys Magisterial Purple wear
 Fate has but very small Distinction set
 Betwixt the *Counter* and the Coronet
 Tarpaulin L——ds, Pages of high Renown, 370
 Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own
 Great Families of yesterday we show,
 And Lords, whose Parents were *the Lord knows who*

WILLIAM WALSH

(1663-1691-1708)

The Despairing Lover¹

DISTRACTED with Care,
 For *Phyllis* the Fair,
 Since nothing cou'd move her,
 Poor *Damon*, her Lover,
 Resolves in Despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much Anguish,

5

But, mad with his Love,
 To a Precipice goes,
 Where, a Leap from above
 Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

10

When in Rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep

¹ Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume V, 1704 Text of first edition

The Sides did appear,	15
And the Bottom how deep,	
His Torments projecting,	
And sadly reflecting,	
That a Lover forsaken	
A new Love may get,	20
But a Neck, when once broken,	
Can never be set	
And, that he cou'd die	
Whenever he wou'd,	
But, that he cou'd live	25
But as long as he cou'd	
How grievous soever	
The Torment might grow,	
He scorn'd to endeavour	
To finish it so	30
But Bold, Unconcern'd	
At Thoughts of the Pain,	
He calmly return'd	
To his Cottage again	

To His Book¹

Go, LITTLE book, and to the world impart,	
The faithful image of an am'rous heart,	
Those who love's dear, deluding pains have known,	
May in my fatal stories read their own	5
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,	
May find the thing they never felt, by me,	
Perhaps advis'd, avoid the guilded bait,	
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate	
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,	10
I view the waves on which I once was tost	
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,	
Suspitions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,	
Then p'ace again Oh! wou'd it not be best,	
To chase the fatal poison from our breast?	15
But since so few can live from passion free,	
Happy the man, and only happy he,	
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,	
That his cool judgment does his choice approve	
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away,	20
What's built upon esteem, can ne'er decay	

¹ Published in *Works*, 1736 Text of *The Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets* Volume II 1749

Elegy
The Unrewarded Lover¹

LET the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
 And from the winds and waves his fortune wait.
 Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
 A slave to wrangling coxcombs for a fee
 Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes, 5
 And for a livelihood his life expose
 I wage no war, I plead no cause but love's,
 I fear no storms, but what Celinda moves
 And what grave censor can my choice despise?
 But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies, 10
 The merchant, after all his hazards past,
 Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last,
 The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
 And after having long obey'd, commands, 15
 The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
 Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar,
 While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
 And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1691-1745)

To Their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland
 The Humble Petition of Frances Harris,
 Who Must Starve, and Die a Maid if It Miscarries
 Written in the Year 1701²

Humbly sheweth,
 THAT I went to waim myself in Lady Betty's Chamber, because
 I was cold,
 And I had in a Purse Seven Pounds, Four Shillings and Six Pence,
 (besides Farthings,) in Money and Gold,
 So, because I had been buying Things for my *Lady* Last Night,

¹ Published in *Works*, 1736 Text of *The Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets*, Volume II, 1749

² Written in 1701 Published in 1709 Text of *Works*, Dublin, 1735, Volume II

I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was right
 Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very bad Lock, } 5
 Therefore all the Money I have, (which, God knows, is a
 very small Stock,) }
 I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle, next my Smock }
 So, when I went to put up my Purse, as God would have it, my
 Smock was unript,
 And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it slipt
 Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to Bed, 10
 And, God knows, I thought my Money was as safe as my Maiden-
 head
 So, when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel very light,
 But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse, *Lord'* I thought, I
 should have sunk outright
Lord' *Madam*, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, said I, never
 worse
 But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my Purse 15
Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this Place
 Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* Chamber, that's a plain Case
 So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm,
 However, she stole away my Garters that I might do myself no
 Harm
 So, I tumbled and toss'd all Night, as you may very well think, 20
 But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a Wink
 So, I was adream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the
 Folks round
 And in a Corner of *Mrs Duke's* Box, ty'd in a Rag, the Money
 was found
 So, next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a-swearing,
 Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and she, you know, is thick of 25
 Hearing
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a Loss
 I have had?
 Nay, said she, my Lord *Collway's* Folks are all very sad,
 For my Lord *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail,
 Pugh' said I, but that's not the Business that I ail
 Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this Five and Twenty 30
 Years, come Spring,
 And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a Thing
 Yes, says the Steward, I remember, when I was at my Lady
 Shrewsbury's,
 Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *Goose-*
 berries
 So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full of Grief,
 (Now you must know, of all things in the World, I hate a 35
 Thief)
 However I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse sliely about,
Mrs Dukes, said I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out

'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a Louse,
 But the Thing I stand upon is, the Credit of the House
 'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings, and Six Pence, makes a
 great Hole in my Wages, 40

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these Ages
 Now, Mrs *Dukes*, you know, and every Body understands,
 That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go without Hands
 The *Devil* take me, said she (blessing her self,) if ever I saw't!
 So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all to
 naught 45

So you know, what could I say to her any more
 I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before
 Well But then they would have had me gone to the *Cunning-*
Man

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be here anon
 So the *Chaplain* came in Now the Servants say he is my Sweet-
 heart, 50

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take his Part,
 So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a Body's plunder'd?
 (Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson* like the *Devil*)
 Truly, says he, Mrs *Nab*, it might become you to be more civil 55
 If your Money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says, d'ye see,
 You are no *Text* for my handling, so take that from me
 I was never taken for a *Conquerer* before, I'd have you to know
Lord, said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so
 You know, I honour the Cloth, I design to be a *Parson's* Wife, 60
 I never took one in your *Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my Life
 With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope, as who should
 say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went away
 Well, I thought, I should have swoon'd *Lord*, said I, what shall
 I do?

I have lost my *Money*, and I shall lose my *True-love* too 65
 So, my *Lord* call'd me, *Harry*, said my *Lord*, don't cry,
 I'll give something towards thy Loss And says my *Lady*, so
 will I

Oh! but said I, what if after all, the *Chaplain* won't come to?
 For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*,) I must petition
 You

THE Premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Excellencies*
 Protection 70

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Collection
 And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,
 With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid, or instead of him a
 better

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,
 Or the *Chaplain* (for 'tis his *Trade*,) as in Duty bound, shall
 ever pray 75

Baucis and Philemon¹

IN ANTIENT Times, as Story tells,
 The Saints would often leave their Cells,
 And strole about, but hide their Quality,
 To try good People's Hospitality 5
 It happen'd on a Winter Night,
 As Authors of the Legend write,
 Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
 Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went 10
 To a small Village down in *Kent*,
 Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,
 They begg'd from Door to Door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
 But not a Soul would let them in 15
 Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
 Treated at this ungodly Rate,
 Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
 To a small Cottage came at last,
 Where dwelt a good honest old Yeoman, 20
 Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
 Who kindly did these Saints invite
 In his poor Hut to pass the Night
 And then the hospitable Sire
 Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire, 25
 While he from out the Chimney took
 A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook,
 And freely from the fattest Side
 Cut out large Slices to be fry'd
 Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink, 30
 Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round
 Yet (what is wonderful) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop
 The good old Couple was amaz'd, 35
 And often on each other gaz'd
 For both were frighted to the Heart,

¹ Written in 1706 Published in *Poetical Miscellanies*, Volume VI, 1709 Text of *Miscellanies*, Volume III, 1728

And just began to cry,—What art!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view,
 Whether the Lights were burning blue 40
 The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
 Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant
 Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said
 No Hurt shall come to you, or yours, 45
 But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
 They and their Houses shall be drown'd
 Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
 And grow a Church before your Eyes 50
 They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
 The Roof began to mount aloft,
 Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
 The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after
 The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher, 55
 Became a Steeple with a Spire
 The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
 And there stood fast'ned to a Joist,
 But with the Upside down, to show
 Its Inclination for below 60
 In vain, for a superior Force
 Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
 Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell,
 'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell
 A wooden Jack, which had almost 65
 Lost, by Disuse, the Art to Roast,
 A sudden Alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new Intestine Wheels
 And, what exalts the Wonder more,
 The Number made the Motion slow'r 70
 The Flyer, tho't had Leaden Feet,
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't,
 But slacken'd by some secret Power,
 Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd, 75
 Had never left each other's Side,
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
 The Jack would not be left alone,
 But up against the Steeple rear'd,
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd 80
 And still its Love to Houshold Cares
 By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
 Warning the Cook-Maid, not to burn
 That Roast-Meat which it cannot turn

The groaning Chair began to crawl
Like an huge Snail along the Wall,
There stuck aloft, in public View,
And with small change a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glittering Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets ramp'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fau Rosamond, and *Robert Hood*,
The *Little Chiddren in the Wood*,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter
And high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe

A Bedstead of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was Metamorphos'd into Pew :
Which still their antient Nature keep,
By lodging Foll's dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Host
To ask for what he fancy'd most
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd em Thanks in homely Style,
Then said My House is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels,
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve,
His Wastcoat to a Cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable Hue,
But being old, continu'd just
As thread-bare, and as full of Dust
His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*,
He smok'd his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text,
At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart,

Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last:
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *Right Divine*
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System, 135
 But Classick Authors,—he ne'er mist 'em

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on.
 Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen
 Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen 140
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black Sattin flounc'd with Lace
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Giogram Gown.

Philemon was in great Surprise, 145
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
 And she admir'd as much at Him

Thus, happy in their Change of Life,
 Were several Years this Man and Wife 150
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old Stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their Talk,
 To the Church-Yard to take a Walk,
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out, 155

My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout!
 Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
 And really, Yours is budding too— 160
 Nay,—now I cannot stir my Foot
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root

Description would but tire my Muse
 In short, they both were turn'd to *Yews* 165

Old Goodman *Dobson* of the Green 165
 Remembers he the Trees has seen,
 He'll talk of them from Noon to Night,
 And goes with Folks to shew the Sight,
 On *Sundays*, after Evening Prayer, 170
 He gathers all the Parish there,
 Points out the Place of either *Yew*,
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
 Till once, a Parson of our Town,
 To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down, 175
 At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,

Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted.
So, the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.

On Mrs. Biddy Floyd
Written in the Year 1707¹

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandsire *Jove* intreat,
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove sent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth Innocence, Good-Nature, Look serene,
From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy:
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride
These *Venus* cleans'd from e'ery spurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

A Description of the Morning²

Now hardly here and there a Hackney-Coach
Appearing show'd the ruddy Morn's Approach
Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own
The Slip-shod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor.
Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place
The Small-Coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller Notes of *Chimney-sweep*
Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet,
And Brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half a Street
The Turn-key now his Flock returning sees
Duly let out a-Nights to steal for Fees
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands,
And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands

¹ Published in *Poetical Miscellany* Volume VI 1709 Text of *Works* Dublin, 1735 Volume II

² Published in the *Letter* April 30 1709 Text of *Works*, Dublin, 1735 Volume II

A Description of a City Shower¹

CAREFUL Observers may foretel the Hour
 (By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r
 While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
 Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more
 Returning home at Night you find the Sink 5
 Strike you: offended Sense with double Stink
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
 You spend in Coach-hire more than save in Wine
 A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
 Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage 10
 Saunt'ring in Coffee-House is *Dulman* seen,
 He damns the Climate, and complains of *Spleen*

MEAN while the South, rising with dabbled Wings,
 A sable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings,
 That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain, 15
 And like a Drunkard gives it up again
 Brisk *Susan* whips her Linnen from the Rope,
 While the first dizzling Show'r is born aslope
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless Quean 20
 Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean
 You fly, invoke the Gods, then turning, stop
 To rail, she singing, still whirls on her Mop
 Nor yet the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
 But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life, 25
 And wafted with its Foe by vi'lent Gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Dust
 Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
 When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade?
 Sole Coat, where Dust cemented by the Rain
 Erects the Nap, and leaves a cloudy Stain 30

Now, in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with Deluge this *devoted* Town
 To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy 35
 The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet *seems* to call a Coach
 The tuck'd-up Sempstress walks with hasty Strides,
 While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides
 Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led, 40
 Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed
 Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs

¹ Published in the *Tailer*, October 17, 1710 Text of *Works*, Dublin, 1735, Volume II

Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
 While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits, 45
 And ever and anon with frightful Din
 The Leather sounds, he trembles from within.
 So when *Troy* Chair-Men bore the wooden Steed,
 Piegant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed,
 (Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
 Instead of paying Chair-Men, run them thro') 50
Laocoon struck the Out-side with his Spear,
 And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
 And bear their Trophies with them as they go 55
 Filths of all Hues and Odours, seem to tell
 What Streets they sail'd from, by the Sight and Smell
 They, as each Torrent drives with rapid Force
 From *Smithfield*, or *St Pulchre's* shape their Course,
 And in huge Confluent join at *Snow-hill* Ridge, 60
 Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holbourn-Bridge*
 Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood,
 Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
 Dead Cats, and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down the Flood }

Horace. Epistle VII. Book I.
 Imitated and Addressed to the Earl of Oxford¹

HARLEY, the Nation's great Support,
 Returning home one Day from Court,
 (His Mind with publick Cares possest,
 All *Europe's* Bus'ness in his Breast) 8
 Observ'd a *Parson* near *Whitehall*,
 Cheap'ning *old* Authors on a Stall
 The Priest was pretty well in Case,
 And shew'd some Humour in his Face;
 Look'd with an easy careless Mien, 10
 A perfect Stranger to the Spleen,
 Of Size that might a Pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still
 My Lord, who (if a Man may say't)
 Loves Mischief better than his Meat,
 Was now dispos'd to crack a Jest, 15
 And bid Friend *Lewis* go in quest,
 (This *Lewis* is an arrant Shaver,
 And very much in *HARLEY's* Favour,)
 In quest who might this *Parson* be,

¹ Published in 1713 Text of *Works*, Dublin, 1735, Volume II

What was his Name, of what Degree
 If possible to learn his Story,
 And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*? 20

LEWIS his Patron's Humour knows,
 Away upon his Errand goes,
 And quickly did the Matter sift, 25
 Found out that this was Dr S——t
 A Clergyman of special Note,
 For shunning those of his own Coat,
 Which made his Biethren of the Gown,
 Take Care betimes to run him down 30
 No Libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no Sort of Vice;
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat
 In State-Opinions *a-la-Mode*, 35
 He hated *Wharton* like a Toad,
 Had giv'n the *Faction* many a Wound,
 And libell'd all the *Junta* round
 Kept Company with Men of Wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ 40
 His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street,
 But seldom rose about a Sheet
 Of late, indeed, the Paper-Stamp
 Did very much his Genius cramp,
 And since he could not spend his Fire, 45
 He now intended to retire

SAID *Harley*, I desire to know
 From his own Mouth, if this be so
 Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to Day 50
 S——t seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent,
 So never offer'd once to stii,
 But coldly said, *Your Servant Sir*
 Does he refuse me? *HARLEY* cry'd 55
 He does, with Insolence and Pride

SOME few Days after, *HARLEY* spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the Eyes
 At *Charing-Cross*, among the Rout,
 Where painted Monsters dangle out 60
 He pull'd the String, and stopt his Coach,
 Beck'ning the Doctor to approach

S——T, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the Chariot-Side,
 And offer'd many a lame Excuse 65
 He never meant the least Abuse——
 My Lord—The Honour you design'd——

*Extreamly proud—but I had din'd—
I'm sure I never shou'd neglect—*

No Man alive has more Respect—

70

"Well, I shall think of that no more,

"If you'll be sure to come at *Four*

The Doctor now obeys the Summons,

Likes both his Company and Commons;

75

Displays his Talent, sits till Ten,

Next Day invited, comes again

Soon grows domestick, seldom fails

Either at Morning, or at Meals

Came early, and departed late

80

In short, the Gudgeon took the Bait

My Lord wou'd carry on the Jest,

And down to *Windsor* takes his Guest

S—*t* much admires the Place and Air,

And longs to be a *Canon* there,

85

In Summer, round the Park to ride,

In Winter—never to reside

A *Canon*' That's a Place too mean,

No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*,

Two dozen *Canons* round your Stall,

90

And you the Tyrant o'er them all

You need but cross the *Irish Seas*,

To live in Plenty, Power, and Ease

Poor S—*t* departs, and, what is worse,

.

With borrow'd Money in his Purse,

95

Travels, at least, a Hundred Leagues,

And suffers numberless Fatigues

SUPPOSE him, now, a *Dean* compleat,

Demurely lolling in his Seat,

The Silver Verge, with decent Pride,

100

Stuck underneath his Cushion Side

Suppose him gone through all Vexations,

Patents, Instalments, Abjurations,

First-Fruits and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,

Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and — Cheats,

105

(The wicked Laity's contriving,

To hinder Clergymen from thriving)

Now all the Doctor's Money's spent,

His Tenants wrong him in his Rent,

The Farmers, spitefully combin'd,

110

Force him to take his Tythes in Kind,

And *Parvisol* discounts Arrears,

By Bills, for Taxes and Repairs

POOR S—*t*, with all his Losses vext,

Not knowing where to turn him next

Above a Thousand Pounds in Debt,

115

Takes Horse, and in a mighty Fret,
 Rides Day and Night at such a Rate,
 He soon arrives at HARLEY's Gate
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old *Read* would hardly let him in 120
 SAID *Harley*, welcome Rev'iend Dean,
 What makes your Worship look so lean?
 Why sure you won't appear in Town,
 In that old Wig, and rusty Gown?
 I doubt your Heart is set on Pelf 125
 So much, that you neglect your self
 What? I suppose now Stocks are high,
 You've some good Purchase in your Eye;
 Or is your Money out at Use?
 Truce, good my Lord, I beg a Truce, 130
 (The Doctor in a Passion cry'd,)
 Your Raillery is misapply'd
 Experience I have dearly bought,
 You know I am not worth a Groat,
 But it's a Folly to contest, 135
 When you resolve to have your Jest,
 And since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first

Stella's Birth-Day
 Written in the Year 1718¹

STELLA this Day is Thirty-four,
 (We shan't dispute a Year or more)
 However *Stella*, be not troubled,
 Although thy Size and Years are doubled,
 Since first I saw thee at Sixteen, 5
 The brightest Virgin on the Green
 So little is thy Form declin'd,
 Made up so largely in thy Mind
 OH, would it please the Gods, to *split*
 Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit, 10
 No Age could furnish out a Pair
 Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair.
 With half the Lustre of your Eyes,
 With half your Wit, your Years, and Size
 And then, before it grew too late, 15
 How should I beg of gentle Fate,

¹ Published in *Miscellanies*, Volume I, 1727 Text of *Works*, Dublin, 1735, Volume II

(That either Nymph might have her Swain,
To split my Worship too in twain

Stella's Birth-Day
March 13, 1726/7¹

THIS Day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with Joy by me
'This Day then, let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching Ills,
And talk of Spectacles and Pills,
To morrow will be 'Time enough
To hear such mortifying Stuff
Yet, since from Reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing Thought,
Which can, in spite of all Decays,
Support a few remaining Days
From not the gravest of Divines,
Accept for once some serious Lines

Although we now can form no more
Long Schemes of Life, as heretofore,
Yet you, while 'Time is running fast,
Can look with Joy on what is past

We're future Happiness and Pain,
A mere Contrivance of the Brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice,
And fit their Proselytes for Vice,
(The only Comfort they propose.
To have Companions in their Woes)
Grant this the Case, yet sure 'tis hard,
That Virtue, stil'd its own Reward,
And by all Sages understood

To be the chief of human Good,
Should acting, die, nor leave behind
Some lasting Pleasure in the Mind,
Which by Remembrance will assuage,
Grief, Sickness, Poverty, and Age,
And strongly shoot a radiant Dart,
To shine through Life's declining Part

Say, *Stella*, feel you no Content,
Reflecting on a Life well spent?
Your skilful Hand employ'd to save
Despairing Wretches from the Grave,

¹ Published in *Miscellanies* Volume III, 1728 Text of first edition

And then supporting, with your Stoic,
 Those whom you dragg'd from Death before. 40
 (So Providence on Mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates)
 Your gen'ious Boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent Friend
 That Courage which can make you just 45
 To Merit humbled in the Dust
 The Detestation you express
 For Vice in all its glitt'ring Dress
 That Patience under tort'ring Pain,
 Where stubborn Stoicks would complain 50
 Must these like empty Shadows pass,
 Or Forms reflected from a Glass?
 Or mere Chimæra's in the Mind
 That fly and leave no Marks behind?
 Does not the Body thrive and grow 55
 By Food of twenty Years ago?
 And, had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand Times have dy'd
 Then, who with Reason can maintain,
 That no Effects of Food remain? 60
 And, is not Virtue in Mankind
 The Nutriment that feeds the Mind?
 Upheld by each good Action past,
 And still continued by the last
 Then, who with Reason can pretend, 65
 That all Effects of Virtue end?
 Believe me *Stella*, when you show
 That true Contempt for Things below,
 Nor prize your Life for other Ends
 Than merely to oblige your Friends, 70
 Your former Actions claim their Part,
 And join to fortify your Heart
 For Virtue in her daily Race,
 Like *Janus*, bears a double Face,
 Looks back with Joy where she has gone, 75
 And therefore goes with Courage on
 She at your sickly Couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better State
 O then, whatever Heav'n intends, 80
 Take Pity on your pitying Friends,
 Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your Suff'rings share,
 Or give my Scrap of Life to you. 85
 And think it far beneath your Due,

You, to whose Care so oft I owe,
That I'm alive to tell you so

In Sickness

Written Soon after the Author's Coming to Live in
Ireland, upon the Queen's Death, October 1714¹

'Tis true,—then why should I repine,
To see my Life so fast decline?
But, why obscurely here alone?
Where I am neither lov'd nor known
My State of Health none care to learn, 8
My Life is here no Soul's Concern
And, those with whom I now converse,
Without a Tear will tend my Herse
Remov'd from kind *Arbutnot's* Aid, 10
Who knows his Art but not his Trade,
Preferring his Regard for me
Before his Credit or his Fee
Some formal Visits, Looks, and Words,
What meer Humanity affords, 15
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more,
Which those who tend the Sick for Pay,
Can act as decently as they,
But, no obliging, tender Friend 20
To help at my approaching End
My Life is now a Burthen grown
To others, e'er it be my own
Ye formal Weepers for the Sick,
In your last Offices be quick 25
And spare my absent Friends the Grief
To hear, yet give me no Relief,
Expir'd To-day, entomb'd To-morrow,
When known, will save a double Sorrow

Clever Tom Clinch Going to be Hanged²

As *CLEVER Tom Clinch*, while the Rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through *Holbourn*, to die in his Calling,

¹ Published in *Works*, Dublin 1735, Volume II Text of first edition

² Written in 1726-27 Published in *Works*, Dublin, 1735, Volume II Text of first edition

He stopt at the *George* for a Bottle of Sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he d come back
 His Waistcoat and Stockings, and Breeches were white, 5
 His Cap had a new Cherry Ribbon to ty't
 The Maids to the Doors and the Balconies ran,
 And said, lack-a-day! he's a proper young Man
 But, as from the Windows the Ladies he spy'd,
 Like a Beau in the Box, he bow'd low on each Side,
 And when his last Speech the loud Hawkeis did cry,
 He swore from his Cart, it was all a damn'd Lye
 The Hangman for Pardon fell down on his Knee,
Tom gave him a Kick in the Guts for his Fee
 Then said, I must speak to the People a little, 15
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will **Whittle*
 My honest Friend †*Wild*, may he long hold his Place,
 He lengthen'd my Life with a whole Year of Grace
 Take Courage, dear Comrades, and be not afraid,
 Nor slip this Occasion to follow your Trade 20
 My Conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
 And thus I go off without Pray'r-Book or Psalm
 Then follow the Practice of clever *Tom Clunch*,
 Who hung like a Hero and never would flinch

The Furniture of a Woman's Mind Written in the Year 1727¹

A SET of Phrases learn't by Rote,
 A Passion for a Scarlet-Coat,
 When at a Play to laugh, or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the Reason why
 Never to hold her Tongue a Minute, 5
 While all she prates has nothing in it
 Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb sit,
 And take his Nonsense all for Wit
 Her Learning mounts to read a Song,
 But, half the Words pronouncing wrong, 10
 Has ev'ry Rapartee in Store,
 She spoke ten Thousand Times before
 Can ready Compliments supply
 On all Occasions, cut and dry
 Such Hatred to a Parson's Gown, 15
 The Sight will put her in a Swown

* *A Cant Word for confessing at the Gallows*

† *The Noted Thief-Catcher*

¹ Published in *Works*, Dublin, 1735, Volume II Text of first edition

For Conversation well endu'd,
 She calls it witty to be rude,
 And, placing Raillery in Railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest Failing, 20
 Nor makes a Scruple to expose
 Your bandy Leg, or crooked Nose
 Can at her Morning Tea, run o'er
 The Scandal of the Day before.
 Improving hourly in her Skill, 25
 To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chusing Lace a Critick nice,
 Knows to a Groat the lowest Price,
 Can in her Female Clubs dispute
 What Lining best the Silk will suit, 30
 What Colours each Complexion match.
 And where with Art to place a Patch

Ir chance a Mouse creeps in her Sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a Fright, 35
 So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all Hearts to hear her
 Can dext'rously her Husband teize,
 By taking Fits whene'er she please
 By frequent Practice learns the Trick
 At proper Seasons to be sick, 40
 Thinks nothing gives one Airs so pretty,
 At once creating Love and Pity
 If *Molly* happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
 She gets a Cold as sure as Death, 45
 And vows she scarce can fetch her Breath.
 Admires how modest Women can
 Be so *robustious* like a Man

In Party, furious to her Power,
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sow'r, 50
 Her Arguments directly tend
 Against the Side she would defend
 Will prove herself a Tory plain,
 From Principles the Whigs maintain,
 And, to defend the Whiggish Cause, 55
 Her Topicks from the Tories draws

O YES! If any Man can find
 More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs *Harding*,
 She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing 60
 Take Notice, she has my Commission
 To add them in the next Edition,

They may out-sell a better Thing,
So, Holla Boys, God save the King

The Beasts Confession
To the Priest, On Observing how most Men
Mistake Their Own Talents
Written in the Year 1732¹

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men
It happen'd, when a plague broke out 5
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That ev'ry subject in the land 10
Should to the priest confess their sins,
And thus the pious wolf begins,
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame
I must confess, on *Friday* last, 15
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood 20
The ass, approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest
A wag he was he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone
Sometimes his friend he would not spare, 25
And might perhaps be too severe
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a *wit* both born and bred,
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame 30
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short,
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king
Then for his voice, there's none disputes 35

¹ Published in 1738 Text of *Works*, Volume VII, 1768

That he's the nightingale of brutes
 The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
 His shape and beauty made him proud
 In diet was perhaps too nice, 40
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice
 In ev'ry turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent
 Enquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found.
 His vigilance might some displease, 45
 'Tis true he hated sloth like pease
 The mimic ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter
 Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
 Who said, his gravity was feign'd 50
 Indeed the strictness of his morals
 Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels
 He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet
 He found his virtues too severe 55
 For our corrupted times to bear
 Yet, such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage
 The goat advanc'd with decent pace,
 And first excus'd his youthful face, 60
 Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
 ('Twas nature's fault) without a beard
 'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
 To fondness for the female kind,
 Not, as his enemies object, 65
 From chance, or natural defect,
 Not by his frigid constitution,
 But through a pious resolution,
 For he had made a holy vow
 Of chastity as monks do now, 70
 Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
 As strictly too, as doth his reverence
 Apply the tale, and you shall find,
 How just it suits with human-kind
 Some faults we own but, can you guess? 75
 —Why, virtues carried to excess,
 Wherewith our vanity endows us,
 Though neither foe nor friend allows us
 The lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
 He never squeez'd a needy client,
 And this he makes his constant rule, 80

For which his brethren call him fool
 His conscience always was so nice,
 He freely gave the poor advice,
 By which he lost, he may affirm, 85
 A hundred fees last *Easter* term
 While others of the learned robe
 Would break the patience of a *Job*,
 No pleader at the bar could match
 His diligence and quick dispatch, 90
 Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
 Above a term or two at most

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
 Without success, thus tells his case
 Why should he longer mince the matter? 95
 He fail'd, because he could not flatter,
 He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
 Nor for a party give his vote
 His crime he quickly understood,
 Too zealous for the nation's good 100
 He found the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the lawn
 He pass'd his hours among his books, 105
 You find it in his meagre looks
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get and spare his eyes
 But own'd, he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone to merit 110
 Would rise by merit to promotion,
 Alas! a mere chimeric notion

The doctor, if you will believe him,
 Confess'd a sin, and God forgive him!
 Call'd up at midnight, ran to save 115
 A blind old beggar from the grave
 But see how *Satan* spreads his snares,
 He quite forgot to say his prayers
 He cannot help it for his heart
 Sometimes to act the paison's part 120
 Quotes from the bible many a sentence,
 That moves his patients to repentance
 And, when his med'cines do no good,
 Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
 At which, however well intended, 125
 He hears the clergy are offended,
 And grown so bold behind his back,

'To call him hypocrite and quack
 In his own church he keeps a seat,
 Says grace before and after meat; 127
 And calls, without affecting airs,
 His household twice a day to pray'rs
 He shuns apothecaries shops,
 And hates to cram the sick with slops.
 He scorns to make his art a trade, 135
 Nor bribes my lady's fav'rite maid
 Old nurse-keepers would never hire
 To recommend him to the squire,
 Which others, whom he will not name,
 Have often practis'd to their shame. 140
 The statesman tells you with a *sneer*,
 His fault is to be too *incere*,
 And, having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends
 The nation's good, his master's glory, 147
 Without regard to *whig* or *tory*,
 Were all the schemes he had in view,
 Yet he was seconded by few
 Though some had spread a thousand lyes,
 'Twas *he* defeated the *Excise*. 150
 'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
 That *standing troops* were his aversion
 His practice was, in ev'ry station,
 To serve the king, and please the nation
 Though hard to find in ev'ry case 155
 The fittest man to fill a place
 His promises he ne'er forgot.
 But took memorials on the spot
 His enemies, for want of charity,
 Said, he affected popularity 160
 'Tis true, the people understood,
 That all he did was for their good,
 Their kind affections he has try'd,
 No love is lost on either side
 He came to court with fortune clear, 165
 Which now he runs out ev'ry year
 Must, at the rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone
 Oh! if his majesty would please
 To give him but a writ of ease, 170
 Would grant him licence to retire,
 As it hath long been his desire,
 By fair accounts it would be found,

He's poorer by ten thousand pound
 He owns, and hopes it is no sin, 175
 He ne'er was partial to his kin,
 He thought it base for men in stations
 To crowd the court with their relations,
 His country was his dearest mother,
 And ev'ry virtuous man his brother, 180
 Through modesty or aukward shame
 (For which he owns himself to blame),
 He found the wisest man he cou'd,
 Without respect to friends, or blood,
 Nor ever acts on private views, 185
 When he hath liberty to chuse
 The sharper swore he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away
 And well he might, for, to his cost,
 By want of skill he always lost, 190
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had continu'd a thousand feats,
 Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye
 Nor wonder how his fortune sunk, 195
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk
 I own the moral not exact,
 Besides, the tale is false in fact,
 And so absurd, that could I raise up
 From fields *Elysian* fabling *Æsop*, 200
 I would accuse him to his face
 For libelling the *four-foot* race
 Creatures of ev'ry kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural pow'rs,
 While we, whom *reason* ought to sway, 205
 Mistake our talents ev'ry day
 The ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of *Tray* or *Cupid*,
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap, 210
 As *Æsop* would the world persuade,
 He better understands his trade
 Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles,
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is 215
 A creature *bipes et implumis*,
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human-kind
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may *degenerate* into men 220

Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift,
Occasioned by Reading the Following Maxim
in Rochefoucault
Written in Nov. 1731¹

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous deplaist pas*
In the adversity of our best friends we always find
something that doth not displease us

As *Rochefoucault* his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true
They argue no corrupted mind
In him, the fault is in mankind
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast.
"In all distresses of our friends
"We first consult our private ends,
"While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
"Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size
I love my friend as well as you
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroick action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without.
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excell,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings and hisses.

¹ Published in 1739 Text of *Works*, Volume VI 1768

The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side

35

Vain human-kind¹ fantastick race.

Thy various follies who can trace²

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,

Their empire in our hearts divide

40

Give others riches, power, and station,

'Tis all on me an usurpation,

I have no title to aspire,

Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher

In *Pope* I cannot read a line,

45

But with a sigh I wish it mine

When he can in one couplet fix

More sense, than I can do in six,

It gives me such a jealous fit,

I cry, pox take him and his wit.

50

I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*

In my own hum'rous biting way.

Arbutnot is no more my friend,

Who dares to irony pretend,

Which I was born to introduce,

55

Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use

St John, as well as *Pulteney*, knows

That I had some repute for prose,

And, till they drove me out of date,

Could maul a minister of state

60

If they have mortify'd my pride,

And made me throw my pen aside,

If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,

Have I not reason to detest 'em?

65

To all my foes, dear fortune, send

Thy gifts, but never to my friend

I tamely can endure the first,

But this with envy makes me burst

Thus much may serve by way of proem,

Proceed we therefore to our poem

70

The time is not remote, when I

Must by the course of nature die,

When, I foresee, my special friends

Will try to find their private ends

And, though 'tis hardly understood,

75

Which way my death can do them good,

Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak

See, how the dean begins to break¹

Poor gentleman! he droops apace¹

80

You plainly find it in his face

That old vertigo in his head

Will never leave him, till he's dead

Besides, his memory decays
 He recollects not what he says,
 He cannot call his friends to mind, 85
 Forgets the place where last he din'd.
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er,
 He told them fifty times before
 How does he fancy, we can sit 90
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes
 Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter. 95
 In half the time he talks them round
 There must another set be found
 For poetry, he's past his prime,
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme
 His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 His fancy sunk, his muse a jade 100
 I'd have him throw away his pen,—
 But there's no talking to some men
 And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years 105
 He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers *Charles* the second
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign
 His stomach too begins to fail
 Last year we thought him strong and hale, 110
 But now he's quite another thing
 I wish he may hold out till spring
 They hug themselves, and reason thus;
 It is not yet so bad with us
 In such a case they talk in tropes, 115
 And by their fears express their hopes
 Some great misfortune to portend
 No enemy can match a friend
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess 120
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Would please them better, than to tell,
 That, God be prais'd! the dean is well
 Then he, who prophesy'd the best, 125
 Approves his foresight to the rest
 "You know I always fear'd the worst,
 "And often told you so at first"

He'd rather chuse that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie 130
 Not one foretells, I shall recover,
 But all agree to give me over

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send? 135
 What hearty prayers, that I should mend?
 Inquire what regimen I kept,
 What gave me ease, and how I slept?
 And more lament, when I was dead,
 Than all the sniv'lers round my bed 140

My good companions, never fear,
 For though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognosticks run too fast,
 They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive! 145
 How is the dean? he's just alive
 Now the departing pray'r is read,
 He hardly breathes—The dean is dead

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town has run 150
 Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?

I know no more than what the news is,
 'Tis all bequeath'd to publick uses
 To publick uses! there's a whim! 155
 What had the publick done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride
 He gave it all—but first he dy'd
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation? 160
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood?

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd,
 With elegies the town is cloy'd 165
 Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
 To curse the dean, or bless the *diapier*
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame
 We must confess his case was nice,
 But he would never take advice 170
 Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
 He might have lived these twenty years
 For, when we open'd him, we found,
 That all his vital parts were sound

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread, 175
 'Tis told at court, the dean is dead
 And lady *Suffolk* in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell the * *
 ** so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he shou'd." 180

* * * * *

Now *Chartres*, at sir *Robert's* levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries *Bob*) I'm sorry for the news 190
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend *Will*
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead! 195

Now *Curl* his shop from rubbish drains
 Thrice genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Gibber*.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters, 200
 Revive the libels born to die,
 Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament
 Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay* 205
 A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day

St John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry—but we all must die!" 210

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those, who never pity felt?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod, 215
 Resigning to the will of God

The fools my juniors by a year
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear,
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd to stand between 220
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps 225
 "The dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)
 "Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
 "(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)
 "Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 "(I wish I knew what king to call) 230
 "Madam, your husband will attend
 "The fun'ral of so good a friend
 "No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight,
 "And he's engag'd to-morrow night.
 "My lady *Club* will take it ill, 235
 "If he should fail her at quadrille
 "He lov'd the dean—(I lead a heart)
 "But dearest friends, they say, must part
 "His time was come, he ran his race,
 "We hope he's in a better place" 240
 Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply
 One year is past, a diff'rent scene!
 No farther mention of the dean,
 Who now, alas! is no more mist, 245
 Than if he never did exist
 Where's now the fav'rite of *Apollo*?
 Departed —and his works must follow,
 Must undergo the common fate,
 His kind of wit is out of date 250
 Some country 'squire to *Lintot* goes,
 Inquires for *Swift* in verse and prose
 Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the name,
 "He dy'd a year ago" The same
 He searches all the shop in vain 255
 "Sir, you may find them in *Duck-lane*
 "I sent them, with a load of books,
 "Last *Monday* to the pastry-cook's
 "To fancy they could live a year!
 "I find, you're but a stranger here 260
 "The dean was famous in his time,
 "And had a kind of knack at rhyme
 "His way of writing now is past
 "The town has got a better taste
 "I keep no antiquated stuff, 265
 "But spick and span I have enough
 "Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em.
 "Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth-day poem
 "This ode you never yet have seen
 "By *Stephen Duck* upon the queen 270
 "Then here's a letter finely penn'd

"Against the *Craftsman* and his friend.

"It clearly shews, that all reflection

"On ministers is disaffection.

"Next, here's sir *Robert's* vindication,

275

"And Mr *Henley's* last oration

"The hawkers have not got them yet.

"Your honour please to have a set?"

Suppose me dead, and then suppose

A club assembled at the *Rose*,

280

Where, from discourse of this and that,

I grow the subject of their chat

The dean, if we believe report,

Was never ill-receiv'd at court

Although ironically grave,

285

He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.

"Sir, I have heard another story,

"He was a most *confounded* toy,

"And grew, or he is much bely'd,

"Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd "

290

Can we the *Drapier* then forget?

Is not our nation in his debt?

"Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters*!

"He should have left them for his *bettors*,—

"We had a hundred *able* men,

295

"Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*—

"Say what you will about his *reading*,

"You never can *defend* his *breeding*,

"Who, in his *satires* running riot,

"Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*,

300

"Attacking, when he took the *whim*,

"*Court*, *city*, *camp*,—all one to him—

"But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,

"Offend our *patriot*, great sir *Robert*,

"Whose *counsels* aid the sov'reign pow'r

305

"To *save* the *nation* ev'ry hour?

"What *scenes* of evil he unravels

"In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*!

"Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*,

"But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!"—

310

Perhaps I may allow, the dean

Had too much satire in his vein,

And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,

Because no age could more deserve it

Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,

315

Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*

If you *resent* it, who's to blame?

He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*
Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its *owner* is a *duke*? 320

His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind,
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power, 325
And peerage is a wither'd flower.

He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face
He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him, 330
Would rather slip aside, and chuse
To talk with wits in dirty shoes,
And scorn the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing *Chaities*

He kept with princes due decorum, 335
Yet never stood in awe before 'em
He follow'd *David's* lesson just,
In princes never put his trust
And, would you make him truly sowre,
Provoke him with a slave in power, 340

"Alas, poor *dean*! his only scope
"Was to be held a *misanthrope*,
"This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
"Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him* 345
"His *Zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,

"But *discontent* against the times
"For, had we made him *timely* offers
"To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
"Perhaps he might have truckled down, 350
"Like other *brethren* of his *gown*

"For *party* he would scarce have bled —

"I say no more,—because he's *dead* —

"What *writings* has he left behind?" —

I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind 355
A few in *verse*, but most in *prose*—

"Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose —

"All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,

"To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's* crimes,

"To praise queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her, 360

"As never fav'ring the *pretender* —

"On *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,

"Against the *court* to shew his *spight* —

"Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*,

"A *lye* at ev'ry *second* word—
 "Offensive to a *loyal* ear — 365
 "But—*not one sermon*, you may *swear*."—
 As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those
 Nor can I tell what criticks thought 'em,
 But this I know, all people bought 'em, 370
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please*, and to *reform* mankind
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame* } 375
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad,
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much
 And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*, 380
 Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*

The Day of Judgement¹

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest
 An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead¹
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies, 6
 And thunder roars, and lightning flies¹
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne¹
 While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said 10
 "Offending race of human-kind,
 "By nature, reason, *learning*, blind,
 "You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside,
 "And you who never fell, *through pride*;
 "You who in different sects were shamm'd, 15
 "And come to see each other damn'd,
 "(So some folk told you, but they knew
 "No more of *Jove's* designs than you)
 "—The world's mad business now is o'er,
 "And I resent these pranks no more 20
 "—I to such blockheads set my wit¹
 "I damn such fools¹—Go, go, you're *bit* "

¹ Written 1731? Published in *Works* Volume XVII, 1775 Text of first edition.

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1692-1719)

A Letter from Italy, to the
Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax
In the Year MDCCI¹

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna vniûm' tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes*

Virg Geor 2

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia's* publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease,
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys, 5
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise, 10
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on Classic ground,
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows, 15
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source, 20
To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey 25
Erindanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,

¹ Published in 1703 Text of *Works*, 1721

Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows 30
 Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for-ever by the Muse's skill, 35
 And in the smooth description murmur still
 Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
 And the fam'd river's Empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source, 40
 Yet sung so often in poetick lays,
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys,
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the *Born*, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd, 45
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd,
 'Till by Your lines and *Nassau's* sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where-e'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse 50
 Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
 And *Vergil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine! 55
 See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of *Britain's* stormy Isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Cuisse the cold clime, and starve in northern air
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments 60
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume
 Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle seats,
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats, 65
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies
 Immortal glories in my mind revive, 70
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruine lye
 An amphitheater's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its publick shows Unpeopled *Rome*, 75
 And held Uncrowded nations in its womb

Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid 80
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow
 Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown, 85
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone
 In solemn silence, a majestick band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown, 90
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the chains that their proud hearts subdu'd
 Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my veise,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light 95
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost 100
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound,
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my Muse
 How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land, 105
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art, 110
 While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain
 Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines, 115
 And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst
 Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight! 120
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train,

Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight, 121
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day
 Thee, Goddess, thee, *Britannia's* Isle adores,
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought, 130
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
 The Grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With Citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil 135
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine
 'Tis Liberty that crowns *Britannia's* Isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile 140
 Others with towering piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live 145
 'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state,
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms, 150
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace
 Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head, 155
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom *Nassau's* arms defend and counsels guide
 Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found 160
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,
 I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain
 But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song 165
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream,
 Unfit for Heroes, whom immortal lays,
 And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd praise

The Campaign, a Poem¹

WHILE crouds of Princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enroll your name,
 While Emperors to you commit their cause,
 And *ANNA*'s praises crown the vast applause, 5
 Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
 Fir'd and transported with a theme so new
 Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
 Shine forth at once, sieges and storms appear, 10
 And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
 Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
 An *Iliad* rising out of One campaign
 The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,
 His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side, 15
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
 And in the midst of his wide empire stood,
Ausoma's states, the victor to restrain,
 Opposed their *Alpes* and *Appennes* in vain,
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd, 20
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd,
 The rising *Danube* its long race began,
 And half its course through the new conquests ran,
 Amaz'd and anxious for her Sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states, 25
 Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear,
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near,
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
 His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r
 To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their eyes, 30
 On her resolves the western world relies,
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In *ANNA*'s councils, and in *CHURCHILL*'s arms
 Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,
 To sit the guardian of the continent¹ 35
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her Prince's eye,
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court,
 On the firm basis of desert they rise, 40
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties
 Their Sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war,

¹ Published in 1705 Text of *Works*, 1721 The poem is addressed to the Duke of Marlborough on the occasion of his victory at Blenheim, August, 1704

The nation thanks them with a publick voice,
 By shows of blessings heaven approves their choice,
 Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

15

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly,
 Her Chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,
 'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war
 Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 But now a purchase to the sword she lyes,
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
 Hope'd, when they saw *Britannia's* arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

50

55

60

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought,
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize

65

70

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds
 Our *British* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their Queen, and love their native soil

75

80

Still to the rising Sun they take their way
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
 When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
 That chearfully its labours past forgets

85

The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats 90
 O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge, whilst anger and disdain
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far 95
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the Vine o'er hills of ruine climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great *Bouillon's* crimes
 At length the fame of *England's* heroic drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview 100
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn,
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other mingling blaze with blaze
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field, 105
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
 Then courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood,
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd, 110
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heaven dares entrust the cause of human-kind
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms, 115
 Her harrass'd troops the heroic's presence warms,
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
 With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound
 Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
 Eager for glory, and require the fight 120
 So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away 125
 On his full stretch and bears upon his prey
 The march concludes, the various realms are past,
 Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie, 130
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
 Threat'ning destruction, rows of hollow brass,
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep
 Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious sight, 135
 His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight
 The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,

And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
 Ev'ning approach'd, but oh what hosts of foes
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
 The close compacted *Britons* win their way,
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
 With tracts of death, and laid the battel waste,
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
 Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
 'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe

High on the works the mingling hosts engage,
 The battel kindled into tenfold rage
 With show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire
 Burns in full fury, heaps on heaps expire,
 Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
 And lost in one promiscuous carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
 New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
 Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
 To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
 (O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
 Only destructive to the brave and great!)
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
 Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last
 But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear
 While MARLBORÔ lives *Britannia's* stars dispense
 A friendly light, and shine in innocence
 Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
 Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
 And turns the various fortune of the fight

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate
 Thou livest not for thy self, thy Queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands,
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And *Europe's* destiny depends on thine

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
 By crouded armies fortify'd in vain,
 The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
 And see their camp with *British* legions fill'd
 So *Belgian* mounds bear on their shatter'd sides

The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides,
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
 Enrage'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
 The trembling Peasant sees his country round
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans down'd 190

The few surviving foes dispeist in flight,
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
 In ev'ry ruffling wind the victor hear,
 And MARLBORÔ's form in every shadow fear,
 'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace 195
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace

To *Donawent*, with unresisted force,
 The gay victorious army bends its course.
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
 Whatever spoils *Bavaria's* summer yields, 200
 (The *Danube's* great increase) *Britannia* shares,
 The food of armies, and support of wars
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,
 And cannons doom'd to batter *Landau's* walls,
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd, 205
 And turns their fury on their guilty Lord

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness lost,
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
 And made imaginary realms thy own! 210
 Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the *Rhine*,
 Nor find it there Surrounded with alarms,
 Thou hope'st th' assistance of the *Gallic* arms,
 The *Gallic* arms in safety shall advance, 215
 And crowd thy standards with the power of *France*,
 While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind, 220
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the Hero and the Man compleat
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain, 225
 'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war
 In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
 A thousand villages to ashes turns, 230
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat,
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,

And cries of infants sound in ev'ry biake
 The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands, 235
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands,
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd

But now the trumpet terrible from far
 In shriller clangors animates the war, 240
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat
Galla's proud standards, to *Bavaria's* join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded Lilies in the wind,
 The daring Prince his blasted hopes renews, 245
 And while the thick embattled host he views
 Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength

The fatal day its mighty course began,
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain. 250
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
 And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd, 255
 And *ANNA's* ardent vows, at length prevail'd,
 The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
 His care and conduct of the world below

Behold in awful march and dread array
 The long-extended squadrons shape their way! 260
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts,
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life
 No vulgar fears can *British* minds controul 265
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
 O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host
 Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass, 270
 Nor fens nor floods can stop *Britanna's* bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battel join'd! 275
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battel rise
 'Twas then great *MARLBORÔ's* mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of chaiging hosts unmov'd, 280
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,

Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood, 330
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns

Unfortunate *Tallard*! Oh who can name 335
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd!
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound, 340
 Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
 Thy self in bondage by the victor kept!
 The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept
 An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe 345
 Greatly distress'd thy loud complaints forbear,
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war,
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,
 The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away 350
 Only the second honours of the day

With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell
 Mountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,
 Or 'midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd, 355
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains,
 Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
 MARLBRO's great work, and finish the defeat 360

From *Memminghen*'s high domes, and *Ausburg*'s walls,
 The distant battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*,
 Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim,
 Whilst *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits, 365
 And longs to open her obsequious gates

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide continent his march extends, 370
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd,
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of *Europe* turns on its event
 What distant land, what region can afford 375
 An action worthy his victorious sword
 Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,

To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,

380

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlaig'd or straiten'd as the river flows,

On *Gallia*'s side a mighty bulwark stands,

That all the wide extended plain commands,

385

Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd

The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side,

As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,

Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.

Hither our mighty Chief his arms directs,

390

Hence future triumphs from the war expects,

And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,

Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun

Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets

The change of seasons, and increase of heats

395

No toils are painful that can danger show,

No climes unlovely, that contain a foe

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,

Learns to encamp within his native land,

But soon as the victorious host he spies,

400

From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:

Such dire impressions in his heart remain

Of MARLBRO' *'s* sword, and *Hocstet*'s fatal plain.

In vain *Britannia*'s mighty chief besets

Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats,

405

They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,

That bears the force of armies in his name

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway

Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,

Whose boasted ancestry so high extends

410

That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own

The great supporter of his father's throne

What tides of glory to his bosom ran,

Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!

415

How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt

To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,

Such easie greatness, such a graceful port,

So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,

420

And *Nueus* shone but in the second place,

Thus the great father of Almighty *Rome*

(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom

That *Cytherea*'s fragrant breath bestow'd)

In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd

425

The royal youth by MARLBRO' *'s* presence charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions waim'd,
 On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
 And learns to conquer in the Hero's sight

430

The *British* Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
 To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,
 And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes
Treves fears no more, free'd from its due alarms,
 And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While *MARLBRO* presses to the bold attack,
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before
 Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey,
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The work of ages sunk in One campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain

435

440

445

470

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares.
 By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind
 By her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s states are free,
 And taste the sweets of *English* liberty
 But who can tell the joys of those that lye
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
 Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
 Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest

455

460

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and Countries must be taught to speak,
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And Rivers from their oozy beds arise,
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze
MARLBRO's exploits appear divinely bright,

465

470

And proudly shine in their own native light,
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most

475

Ode¹

THE Spacious Firmament on high,
 With all the blue Ethereal Sky,
 And spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
 Their great Original proclaim
 Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
 Does his Creator's Power display,
 And publishes to every Land
 The Work of an Almighty Hand

5

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
 And nightly to the listning Earth
 Repeats the Story of her Birth
 Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
 And all the Planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,
 And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole

10

15

What though in solemn Silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
 What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious Voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is Divine"

20

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670 1693-1729)

A Hue and Cry after Fair Amoret²

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray,
 Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover,

¹ Published in the *Spectator*, August 23, 1712 Text of first octavo edition
² Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume V, 1704 Text of first edition

I'll tell the Signs, by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air, 5
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected,
Careless she is with artful Care,
Affecting to seem unaffected

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em, 10
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

She likes her self, yet others hates
For that which in her self she prizes.
And while she Laughs at them, forgets 15
She is the Thing that she despises.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE

(1667-1696 1735)

To Myra¹

THOUGHTFUL Nights, and restless Waking,
O the Pains that we endure!
Broken Faith, unkind Forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure 5
Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours,
What a Race has Love to run!
False Protesting, fleeting Favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way, undone
Still complaining, and defending, 10
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, Passion rending,
O the Pangs of Jealousie!
From such painful Ways of living,
Ah how sweet, cou'd Love be free!
Still presenting, still receiving 15
Fierce, immortal Extasie

¹ Published in *Poems Upon Several Occasions*, 1712 Text of first edition

Song To Myra¹

THE happiest Mortals once were we,
 I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me,
 Each desirous of the Blessing,
 Nothing wanting but Possessing,
 I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me,
 The happiest Mortals once were we.

But since cruel Fates dissever,
 Toin from Love, and toin for ever,
 Tortures end me,
 Death befriend me,
 Of all Pains the greatest Pain
 Is to love—and love in vain

COLLEY CIBBER

(1671-1696 1757)

The Blind Boy²

O SAY! what is that Thing call'd Light,
 Which I can ne'er enjoy,
 What is the Blessing of the Sight,
 O tell your poor Blind Boy?

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the Sun shines bright
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Then make it Day, or Night

My Day, or Night my self I make,
 Whene'er I wake, or play,
 And cou'd I ever keep awake,
 It wou'd be always Day

With heavy sighs, I often heaī,
 You mouin my hopeless woe,

¹ Published in *Poems Upon Several Occasions*, 1712 Text of first edition² Published in *The British Musical Miscellany*, Volume I, 1734 Text of first edition

But sure with patience I may bear,
A loss I ne'er can know.

15

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of Mind destroy,
Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor Blind Boy!

20

SAMUEL GARTH

(1661-1699-1719)

The Dispensary¹

Canto IV

Nor far from that most famous Theater,
Where wandring Punks each Night at five repair,
Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And Rule imaginary Worlds for Bread,
Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New
There triumphs a *Physician* of Renown,
To scarce a Mortal, but himself, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more luckily than He,
For th' Exercise of such a Mystery
When *Bur—ss* deafens all the listning press
With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness,
Or when Mysterious *F—n* mounts on high,
To preach his Parish to a Lethargy.
This *Æsculapius* waits hard by, to ease
The *Martyrs* of such Christian Cruelties.

5

10

15

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known
All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
To blend and jumble into Harmony
The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,
And Poets canvass the Affairs of State,
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell
The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*
First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.

20

25

The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
 He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit
 And in the Cloister pensive *Stiephon* waits,
 Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats, 30
 And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
 More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,
Mumillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh }
 Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to Dine,
 And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine 35
 Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare
 'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
 Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat
 Each Hero a tremendous An put on, 40
 And stern *Mumillo* in these Words begun

'Tis with concern, my Friends, I meet you here,
 No Grievance you can know, but I must share
 'Tis plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
 Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue 45
 And in return, tho' I have strove to rend
 Those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend,
 Yet that's a Trifle to a generous Mind,
 Great Services, as great Returns should find
 And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls, 50
 Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
 By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbeis fell
 Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay, 55
 I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day
 With Pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
 I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee
 Some fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,
 And Death in ambush lay in ev'ry Pill. 60
 For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
 Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.
 What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
 He that designs it least, is most a Friend.
 Into the Right we err, and must confess, 65
 To Oversights we often owe Success
 Thus *Bessus* got the Battel in the *Play*,
 His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day
 So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its desert
 To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art 70
 Physicians, if they're wise, shou'd never think
 Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink
 But th' Enemy, at their expence, shall find,
 When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind
 He said, and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,

Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*, 75
 Who thus advanc'd. Each Word, Sir, you impart,
 Has something killing in it, like your Art
 How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,
 Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show. 80
 Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,
 'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours
 Whilst poor Pretenders trifle o'er a Case,
 You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*
 O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt, 85
 When *Ilium* first *Achaian* Fury felt,
 The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus's* Arm in vain,
 For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of slain
 No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise,
 Their ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in ten Days 90
 Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list,
 In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist
 Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,
 No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
 Our military Ensigns we'll display, 95
 Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the way
 To this Design sly *Querpo* did agree,
 A worthless Member of the Faculty,
 Drain'd from an *Elder's* Loins with awkward gust,
 In Lees of Stale Hypocrisie and Lust 100
 His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
 And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds
 A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years,
 And his full age th' envenom'd Rancour shares
 Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' prey, 105
 To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray
 Dull *Carus* next discover'd his intent,
 With much ado explaining what he meant.
 His Spirits stagnate like *Cocitus's* Flood,
 And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood 110
 In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
 And loads with lazy Fogs his sable Brows
 The brainless Wretch claims a Preeminence
 In settling Lunaticks, and helping Sense
 So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're, 115
 Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore
 When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
 With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around
 The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
 Consulting less their Reason than their Eyes 120
 And He perceives it stands in greater stead,
 To furnish well his Classes, than his Head
 Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust, enclines

To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines
 So Fools are always most profuse of Words,
 And Cowards never fail of longest Swords 125
 Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
 And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat
 Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
 Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-lane*,
 And up these shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs, 130
 With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Danish* Rhimes
 And hither, rescu'd from the *Grocers*, come
M—— Works entire, and endless Rheams of *Bloom*
 Where wou'd the long neglected *C*——s fly,
 If bounteous *Carus* should refuse to buy? 135
 But each vile Scibler's happy on this score,
 He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o're
 Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,
 Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War
 But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right, 140
 Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight
 Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene
 With Him, the present still some Virtues have,
 The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave 145
 The Slothful, negligent, the Foppish neat,
 The Lewd are airy, and the Sly discreet
 A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau,
C——t a *Lycingus*, and a *Phocion*, *R*——
 Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms, 150
 Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms
 For future glory, while the Scheme is laid,
 Fam'd *Horoscope* thus offers to dissuade,
 Since of each Enterprise th' Event's unknown,
 We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown 155
 Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long,
 For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue
 Which way He pleases, he can mould a Cause,
 The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws
 Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day, 160
 And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide
Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Or——rd suspected, *D*——comb innocent 165
 Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, shall succeed
 Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms
 T'assist, and be propitious to our Arms,
 Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend. 170

Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* ascend.

As *Horoscope* uig'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*,

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use,
Such sounds the *Sybil's* Sacred Ears abuse
These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays

175

*Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,
And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash
Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise,
And hideous War o're all the Region brays
Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,
Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore —*

180

*Naked and half burnt Hulls, with hideous wreck,
Affright the Skies, and fry the Oceans back*

185

*High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice, }
Against each other with a mighty crash,
Driven by the Winds, in rude encounter dash }
Blood, Brains, and Limbs the highest Walls disdain,
And all around lay squallid Heaps of Slain²*

190

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* straight
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight
A noysom Rag her pensive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips these Accents found

195

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address
My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess?

In *Essex* Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drisling Vapours dwell
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place

200

Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
Th' offensive Discord of such hideous Verse

205

But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound
Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear
In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *W*——y, consider *D*——den well

210

In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy shine,
In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line
If *D*——sets sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre, }
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft desire, }
And little *Loves* confess their amorous Fire }

215

² Lines 178-91 are quoted from Sir Richard Blackmore's *King Arthur* and *Prince Arthur*.

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* sees,
 But smiling *Thames* enjoys his *No—bys*
 And gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,
 To bind th' immortal Biows of *A—son* 220
 As tuneful *C—grieve* trys his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains,
 And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains }
 And *Britain*, since *Pausanias* was wit,
 Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit 225
 When *St—ny* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
 Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P—* sings
 The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
 And Silver *Sequana* foigets to flow
 Such just Examples carefully read o're, 230
 Slide without falling, without straining soar
 Oft tho' your Stroaks surprize, you shou'd not choose,
 A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse
 Long did *Appelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
 His *Alexander* was his last Design 235
 'Tis *M—gue*'s rich Vein alone must prove,
 None but a *Phidias* shou'd attempt a *Jove*
 The Fury said, and vanishing from Sight,
 Cry'd out to Arms, so left the Realms of Light
 The Combatants to th' Enterprize consent, 240
 And the next day smil'd on the great Event

JOHN POMFRET

(1667-1699-1702)

The Choice¹

If HEAV'N the Grateful Liberty wou'd give,
 That I might Chuse my Method how to Live,
 And all those Hours, propitious Fate should lend,
 In blissful Ease, and Satisfaction spend
 Near some fair Town, I'd have a private Seat, 5
 Built Uniform, not Little, nor too Great
 Better, if on a Rising Ground it stood,
 Fields on this side, on that a Neighbouring Wood
 It shou'd within no other Things contain,

¹ Published in 1700 Text of *Miscellany Poems*, 1702, with some changes in punctuation

But what were Useful, Necessary, Plain 10
 Methinks 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless Pomp of Gaudy Furniture
 A little Garden, Grateful to the Eye,
 And a Cool Rivulet run murm'ring by.
 On whose delicious Banks a stately Row 15
 Of Shady Limes, or Sycamores, shou'd grow.
 At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,
 Shou'd be with all the Noblest Authors Grac'd.
Horace, and *Virgil*, in whose Mighty Lines 20
 Immortal Wit, and Solid Learning shines,
 Sharp *Juvenal*, and Am'rous *Ovid* too,
 Who all the Turns of Loves soft Passion knew,
 He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
 In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joyns, 25
 Must grant his Fancy does the best Excel,
 His Thoughts so tender, and Exprest so well,
 With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
 Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence
 In some of these, as Fancy shou'd Advise, 30
 I'd always take my Morning Exercise
 For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
 Than those in Pleasing, Useful Studies spent.
 I'd have a Clear, and Competent Estate,
 That I might Live Gentilely, but not Great 35
 As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
 A little more, sometimes t' Oblige a Friend
 Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine
 Too much at Fortune, they shou'd Taste of mine;
 And all, that Objects of true Pitty were, 40
 Shou'd be Reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd spare
 For that, our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Shou'd be return'd, in Gratitude, to Heav'n
 A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread,
 With Healthy, not Luxurious Dishes Fed 45
 Enough to Satisfy, and something more
 To Feed the Stranger, and the Neighb'ring Poor
 Strong Meat Indulges Vice, and pampering Food
 Creates Diseases, and Inflames the Blood
 But what's sufficient to make Nature strong, 50
 And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and as I did Possess,
 The Bounteous Author of my Plenty Bless
 I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
 With the Best Wines, each Vintage cou'd afford
 Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native force, 55
 And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse,

By making all our Spirits Debonair,
 Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Caie
 But as the greatest Blessing, Heaven lends,
 May be Debauch'd, and serve Ignoble Ends 60
 So, but too oft, the Grapes refreshing Juice
 Does many Mischievous Effects produce
 My House shou'd no such rude Disorders know,
 As from high Drinking consequently flow
 Nor wou'd I use, what was so kindly giv'n, 65
 To the Dishonour of Indulgent Heav'n
 If any Neighbour came, he shou'd be Free,
 Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be, }
 In my Retreat, or to himself, or me }
 What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reason give, 70
 All Men may with Impunity receive
 But the least swerving from their Rule's too much
 For, what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch
 That Life might be more Comfortable yet,
 And all my Joys Refin'd, Sincere, and Great, 75
 I'd Chuse two Friends, whose Company wou'd be
 A great Advance to my Felicity
 Well Born, of Humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known,
 Brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly Free 80
 From loose Behaviour, or Formality,
 Airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Light,
 Quick in Discerning, and in Judging right
 Secret they shou'd be, Faithful to their Trust,
 In Reas'ning Cool, Strong, Temperate, and Just, 85
 Obliging, Open, without Huffing Brave,
 Brisk in Gay Talking, and in Sober, Grave,
 Close in Dispute, but not Tenacious, try'd
 By Solid Reason, and let that Decide,
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or Envious Hate, 90
 Nor busy Medlers with Intreagues of State,
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight,
 Not Quarrelsome, but Stout enough to Fight,
 Loyal, and Pious, Friends to *Cæsar* true,
 As Dying Martyrs to their Maker too, 95
 In their Society, I cou'd not miss
 A Permanent, Sincere, Substantial Bliss
 Wou'd Bounteous Heav'n once more Indulge, I'd choose,
 (For who wou'd so much Satisfaction lose,
 As Witty Nymphs, in Conversation, give,) 100
 Near some Obliging, Modest Fair to live,
 For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
 Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find

That by a Secret, but a Pow'rful, Air
 Winds up the Springs of Life, and does impart
 Fresh Vital Heat to the Transported Heart } 105
 I'd have her Reason all her Passions sway;
 Easy in Company, in Private Gay
 Coy to a Fop, to the Deserving Free,
 Still Constant to her self, and Just to me 110
 A Soul she shou'd have, for Great Actions fit;
 Prudence, and Wisdom to direct her Wit:
 Courage to look bold Danger in the Face,
 No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Base:
 Quick to Advise, by an Emergence prest, 115
 To give good Counsel, or to take the best
 I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
 She might not seem Reserv'd, nor talk too much,
 That shews a want of Judgment and of Sense
 More than Enough is but Impertinence 120
 Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth Refin'd,
 Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.
 Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,
 In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd
 So Faithful to her Friend, and Good to all, 125
 No Censure might upon her Actions fall
 Then wou'd e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of Woman-kind Astray
 To this Fair Creature I'd sometimes Retire;
 Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire, 130
 Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
 Would venture to Assault my Soul, or dare }
 Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare
 But so Divine, so Noble a Repast,
 I'd seldom, and with Moderation, taste 135
 For Highest Cordials all their Virtue lose,
 By a too frequent, and too bold an Use
 And what wou'd Cheer the Spirits in Distress,
 Ruines our Health, when taken to Excess
 I'd be concern'd in no Litigious Jar, 140
 Belov'd by all, not vainly Popular
 What e're Assistance I had Pow'r to bring
 T' Oblige my Country, or to Serve my King,
 When e're they Call'd, I'd readily afford
 My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword 145
 Law Suits I'd shun, with as much studious Care,
 As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lyons are
 And rather put up Injuries, than be
 A Plague to him who'd be a Plague to me.
 I value Quiet at a Price too great, 150
 To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate

For what do we, by all our Bustle, gain,
But Counterfeit Delight, for real Pain?

If Heav'n a Date of many Years wou'd give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live 155
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation, (for I'd have no Wife)
Shou'd take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd, 160
Nor have the Ev'ning of my days perplex'd,
But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, resign my Aged Breath
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but Friendly, dropt into my Grave 165
Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be,
All Men wou'd wish to Live, and Dye like me.

AMBROSE PHILIPS

(1675?-1700-1749)

Pastorals¹

The Sixth Pastoral

GERON HOBBINOL LANQUET

GERON

How still the Sea¹ behold, how calm the Sky¹
And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly¹
My Goats, secure from Harm, no Tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed 5
And here below, the banky Shore along,
Your Heifers graze And I to hear your Song
Dispos'd As eldest, *Hobbinol*, begin,
And *Lanquet's* Under-Song by Turns come in

HOBBINOL

Let others meanly stake upon their Skill,
Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will, 10
For Praise we sing, nor Wager ought beside
And, whose the Praise, let *Geron's* Lips decide

¹ Published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Volume VI, 1709 Text of first edition

LANQUET

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend
Unbias'd he, to both is equal Friend

GERON

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear, from *Geron*'s upright Sentence, Wrong
A boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
I to the Victor give No small Reward,
If with our usual Country Pipes compar'd

15

20

HOBBINOL

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain,
Soft balmy Breezes breath along the Sky
The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh

LANQUET

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove,
The Pastures change, the warbling Linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome in the gawdy Spring

25

HOBBINOL

When Locusts in the fearny Bushes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye,
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
Else shall ye press the spungy Teat in vain.

30

LANQUET

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see
The Ground bestrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And stormy Winds are heard, think Winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining Year

35

HOBBINOL

Full fain, O blest *Eliza*! would I praise
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion*'s Golden Days
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend:
Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

40

LANQUET

Thrice happy Shepherds now For *Doiset* loves
The Country Muse, and our delightful Groves,
While *ANNA* reigns O ever may she reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again

HOBBINOL

I love in secret all a beauteous Maid, 45
And have my Love in secret all repaid
This coming Night she does reserve for me
Divine her Name, and thou the Victor be

LANQUET

Mild as the Lamb, and harmless as the Dove, 50
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love
How we in secret love, I shall not say
Divine her Name, and I give up the Day

HOBBINOL

Soft, on a Cowslip Bank, my Love and I
Together lay A Brook ran mumm'ring by
A thousand tender things to me she said, 55
And I a thousand tender Things repaid

LANQUET

In Summer Shade, beneath the cocking Hay,
What soft, endearing Words did she not say?
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head 60

HOBBINOL

Breath soft, ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lye

LANQUET

Once *Delia* slept, on easie Moss reclin'd, 65
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind.
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiss

HOBBINOL

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I passed by;
 She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong Eye.
 Then swift beneath the crystal Wave she try'd
 Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

70

LANQUEI

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry Day,
 Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay
 The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
 Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

75

HOBBINOL

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
 Young *Lyset* lead the Dance on yonder Green;
 Intent upon her Beauties as she mov'd,
 Poor, heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

80

LANQUET

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her swelling Breast,
 And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest,
 Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
 Nor Sheep nor Pasture worth my Cate I find.

HOBBINOL

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For, without thee,
 What Pleasure can the Country have for me?
 Come *Rosalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
 My snowy Sheep, my Farm and all is thine

85

LANQUET

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bow'rs,
 Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
 Come *Rosalind* Here ever let us stay,
 And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

90

HOBBINOL

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,
 The Force of healing Herbs, and where they grow;
 There is no Herb, no Season, may remove
 From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love

95

LANQUET

What 'profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will,
Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day. 100

HOBBINOL

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes
To purchase Credit with succeeding Times!
Sweet *Colin Clout*¹ who never yet had Peer,
Who sung thro' all the Seasons of the Year

LANQUET

Let me like *Wrenock* sing, his Voice had Pow'r 105
To free the clipping Moon at Midnight Hour
And, as he sung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON

Here end your pleasing Strife Both Victors are,
And both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare 110
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
To both I give A mizling Mist descends
Adown that steepy Rock And this way tends
Yon distant Rain Shore-ward the Vessels strive, 115
And, see, the Boys their Flocks to Shelter drive

A Winter-Piece
To the Earl of Dorset¹

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709

FROM Frozen Climes, and Endless Traks of Snow,
From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow,
What Present shall the Muse to *Dorset* bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight, 5
All pleasing Objects that to Verse invite
The Hills and Dales, and the Delightful Woods,
The Flowry Plains, and Silver Streaming Floods,

¹ Published in the *Tatler*, May 7, 1709 Text of first octavo edition, 1710.

By Snow disguis'd, in bight Confusion lye,
 And with one dazling Waste fatigue the Eye 10
 No gentle breathing Breeze prepares the Spring,
 No Buds within the Desert Region sing
 The Ships unmov'd the boist'rous Winds defy,
 While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly 15
 The vast *Leviathan* wants Room to play,
 And spout his Waters in the Face of Day.
 The starving Wolves along the main Sea prowls,
 And to the Moon in Icy Valleys howl.
 For many a shining League the level Main,
 Here spreads it self into a Glassy Plain: 20
 There solid Billows of enormous Size,
Alpes of green Ice, in wild Disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen e'en here,
 The Winter in a lovely Dress appear 25
 E'er yet the Clouds let fall the treasur'd Snow,
 Or Winds begun thro' hazy Skies to blow
 At Ev'ning a keen Eastern Breeze arose,
 And the descending Rain unsullied froze
 Soon as the silent Shades of Night withdrew,
 The ruddy Morn disclos'd at once to View 30
 The Face of Nature in a rich Disguise,
 And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes
 For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Grass,
 And ev'ry pointed Thorn, seem'd wrought in Glass 35
 In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns show,
 While thro' the Ice the Crimson Berries glow.
 The thick-sprung Reeds the watry Marshes yield,
 Seem polish'd Lances in a hostile Field
 The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprise,
 Sees Chrystal Branches on his Forehead rise 40
 The spreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther shine
 The frighted Birds the rattling Branches shun,
 That wave and glitter in the distant Sun 45
 When if a sudden Gust of Wind arise,
 The brittle Forrest into Atoms flies
 The crackling Wood beneath the Tempest bends,
 And in a spangled Show'r the Prospect ends
 Or if a Southern Gale the Region warm,
 And by Degrees unbind the Wintry Charm, 50
 The Traveller a miry Country sees,
 And Journeys sad beneath the dropping Trees
 Like some deluded Peasant, *Merlin* leads
 Thro' fragrant Bow'rs, and thro' delicious Meads,
 While here enchanted Gardens to him rise, 55
 And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes,

His wand'ring Feet the Magick Paths pursue,
And while he thinks the fair Illusion true,
The trackless Scenes disperse in fluid Air,
And Woods and Wilds, and thorny Ways appear
A tedious Road the weary Wretch returns,
And, as He goes, the transient Vision mourns

60

Song¹

From *White's* and *Will's*,
To purling Rills
The Love-sick *Strephon* flies,
There, full of Woe,
His Numbers flow,
And all in Rhyme he dies

5

The fair Coquett,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town;
But when, in Tears,
The Youth appears,
She meets him with a Frown.

10

Full oft' the Maid
This Prank had play'd,
'Till angry *Strephon* swore,
And, what is strange,
Tho' loath to change,
Would never see her more

15

To the Right Honourable Robert Walpole, Esq.²

June 15, 1724

VOTARY to publick zeal,
Minister of *England's* weal,
Have you leisure for a song,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and sweet in every measure,
Tell me, *Walpole*, have you leisure?
Nothing lofty will I sing,

20

¹ Published in Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies*, 1714 Text of first edition

Published in 1724 Text of *Pastorals, Ipsicles, Odes, and other Original Poems*,

Nothing of the favourite king, Something, rather, sung with ease, Simply elegant to please	10
Fairy virgin, <i>British</i> muse, Some unhear'd of story chuse Chuse the glory of the swain, Gifted with a magick strain, Swaging grief of every kind, Healing, with a verse, the mind.	15
To him came a man of power, To him, in a cheerless hour, When the swain, by Druids taught, Soon divin'd his irksom thought, Soon the maple harp he strung, Soon, with silver accent, sung	20
"Steerer of a mighty realm, "Pilot, waking o'er the helm, "Blessing of thy native soil, "Weary of a thankless toil, "Cast repining thought behind, "Give thy trouble to the wind	25
"Mortal, destin'd to excel, "Bear the blame of doing well, "Like the worthies great of old, "In the list of fame enroll'd "What, though titles thou decline? "Still the more thy virtues shine	30
"Envy, with her serpent eye, "Marks each praise that soars on high. "To thy lot resign thy will "Every good is mix'd with ill "See, the white unblemish'd rose "On a thorny bramble blows	35
"See, the torrent pouring rain "Does the limpid fountain stain "See, the giver of the day "Urgeth on, through clouds, his way. "Nothing is, entirely, bless'd, "Envy does thy worth attest	40
"Pleasing visions, at command, "Answer to my voice and hand, "Quick, the blissful scene prepare, "Sooth the patriot's heavy care "Visions, cheering to the sight, "Give him earnest of delight	45
"Wise disposer of affairs, "View the end of all thy cares! "Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,	50
	55

"See the gladning harvest rise
 "Lo, the people reap thy pain!¹
 "Thine the labor, theirs the gain
 "Yonder turn, a-while, thy view,
 "Turn thee to yon spreading yew, 60
 "Once the gloomy tree of fate,
 "Once the plighted virgin's hate:
 "Now, no longer, does it grow,
 "Parent of the warring bow
 "See, beneath the guiltless shade, 65
 "Peasants shape the plow and spade,
 "Rescued, ever, from the fear
 "Of the whistling shaft and spear
 "Lo, where plenty comes, with peace!
 "Hear the breath of murmur cease 70
 "See, at last, unclouded days,
 "Hear, at last, unenvied praise
 "Nothing shall thy soul molest,
 "Labour is the price of rest
 "Mortal, destin'd to excel, 75
 "Bless the toil of doing well!

To Miss Charlotte Pulteney
in Her Mother's Arms¹

May 1, 1724.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
 Fondling of a happy pair,
 Every morn, and every night,
 Their solicitous delight,
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease, 5
 Pleasing, without skill to please,
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tattling many a broken tale,
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue, 10
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart,
 Yet abandon'd to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush, 15
 Like the linnet in the bush,
 To the mother-linnet's note

¹ Published in *Poems*, Dublin, 1725 Text of *Pastorals, Epistles, Odes, and other Original Poems*, 1765

Moduling her slender throat,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys, 20
 Like the linnet green, in *May*,
 Flitting to each bloomy spray,
 Wearied then, and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest
 This thy present happy lot, 25
 This, in time, will be forgot.
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares,
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee. 30

To Signora Cuzzoni¹

May 25, 1724

LITTLE *Suen* of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire, 5
 Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeeblor of the heart,
 O, too pleasing in thy strain,
 Hence, to southern climes again;
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell, 10
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

To Miss Margaret Pulteney, Daughter of Daniel Pulteney, Esq.; in the Nursery²

April 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
 All caressing, none beguiling,
 Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
 Every charm to nature owing,
 This and that new thing admiring, 5
 Much of this and that enquiring,

¹ Published in *The Musical Miscellany*, Vol. V, 1731. Text of *Pastorals*, *Epistles*, *Odes*, and other *Original Poems*, 1765.

² Published in 1727. Text of *Pastorals*, *Epistles*, *Odes*, and other *Original Poems*, 1765.

Knowledge by degrees attaining,
 Day by day some virtue gaining,
 Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
 Beardless poets, fondly rhyming, 16
 (Fescu'd now, perhaps, in spelling,)
 On thy ripe beauties dwelling,
 Shall accuse each killing feature
 Of the cruel, charming, creature,
 Whom I knew complying, willing, 18
 Tender, and averse to killing

JOHN PHILIPS

(1676-1701-1709)

The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton¹

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
 In Silken, or, in Leathern Purse retains
 A *Splendid Shilling* He nor hears with Pain
 New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale,
 But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise, 5
 To *Jumper's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs
 Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
 Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,
Chloe, or *Phyllis*, he each Circling Glass 10
 Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love
 Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint
 But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want, 15
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
 (Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain.
 Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black 20
 As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings 25
 Full famous in Romantic tale) when he

¹ Published in 1701 Text of 1705 edition

O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart, 30
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Eclip'd *Brechima*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconnum*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern* 35
 Thus while my joyless Minutes tedious flow
 With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dunn*,
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends,
 With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls, I know 40
 The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
 What shou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs erect
 Thrô sudden Fear, a chilly Sweat bedews 45
 My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems! his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Comc* Beard,
 And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints, 50
 Disastrous Acts forebode, in his Right Hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd
 Grievous to mortal Eyes, (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from righteous Men!) behind him stalks 55
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm 60
 Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains 65
 In Durance strict detain him, 'till in form
 Of Mony, *Pallas* sets the Captive free
 Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect, oft with insidious Ken
 This Catif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft 70
 Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch So (Poets sing)

Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye. 75
 Lyes nightly brooding o'er a chunky gap,
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin So her disembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies She secret stands 80
 Within her woven Cell, the Humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their Aits, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue.
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone, 85
 And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make With eager strides,
 She tow'ning flies to her expected Spoils,
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood 90
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags
 So pass my Days But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts, 95
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood,
 Me Lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
 Of loving Friend delights, distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious Night, 100
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind, or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
 Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree 105
 Mean while I Labour with eternal Drought,
 And restless Wish, and Rave, my parched Throat
 Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose
 But if a Slumber haply does Invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake, 110
 Thoughtful of Drink, and Eager in a Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale,
 In Vain, awake, I find the settled Thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse
 Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd, 115
 Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
 Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decay,
 Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain 120
 My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood

The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
 An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide, Discontinuous, at which the Winds 125
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Crioman* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thrô th' *Ægean* Deep, 130
 Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
 On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand, 135
 Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side
 The clouding Waves Gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless, Overwhelming, Horrors seize
 The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray 140
 (Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in
 Implacable, 'till delug'd by the Foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss

BERNARD MANDEVILLE

(1670-1703-1733)

The Grumbling Hive: or, Knaves turn'd Honest¹

A SPACIOUS Hive well stockt with Bees,
 That liv'd in Luxury and Ease,
 And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms,
 As yielding large and early Swarms,
 Was counted the great Nursery 5
 Of Sciences and Industry
 No Bees had better Government,
 More Fickleness, or less Content
 They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
 Nor rul'd by wild *Democracy*, 10
 But Kings, that could not wrong, because
 Their Power was circumscrib'd by Laws
 THESE Insects liv'd like Men, and all

Our Actions they perform'd in small
 They did whatever's done in Town, 15
 And what belongs to Sword or Gown
 Tho' th' Artful Works, by nimble Slight
 Of minute Limbs, 'scap'd Human Sight,
 Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
 Ships, Castles, Arms, Artificers, 20
 Craft, Science, Shop, or Instrument,
 But they had an Equivalent.

Which, since their Language is 'unknown,
 Must be call'd, as we do our own
 As grant, that among other Things, 25
 They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings,
 And those had Guards, from whence we may
 Justly conclude, they had some Play,
 Unless a Regiment be shewn
 Of Soldiers, that make use of none 30

Vast Numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive,
 Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive,
 Millions endeavouring to supply
 Each other's Lust and Vanity, 35
 While other Millions were employ'd,
 To see their Handy-works destroy'd,
 They furnish'd half the Universe,
 Yet had more Work than Labourers.
 Some with vast Stocks, and little Pains,
 Jump'd into Business of great Gains, 40
 And some were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
 And all those hard laborious Trades,
 Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
 And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat 45
 While others follow'd Mysteries,
 To which few Folks bind 'Prentices,
 That want no Stock, but that of Brass,
 And may set up without a Cross,
 As Sharpers, Parasites, Pimps, Players,
 Pick-pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-sayers, 50
 And all those, that in Enmity,
 With downright Working, cunningly
 Convert to their own Use the Labour
 Of their good-natur'd heedless Neighbour
 These were call'd Knaves, but bar the Name, 55
 The grave Industrious were the same
 All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,
 No Calling was without Deceit

THE Lawyers, of whose Art the Basis 60
 Was raising Feuds and splitting Cases,
 Oppos'd all Registers, that Cheats

Might make more Work with dipt Estates;
 As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
 Without a Law-Suit, should be known.
 They kept off Hearings wilfully, 65
 To finger the refreshing Fee,
 And to defend a wicked Cause,
 Examn'd and survey'd the Laws,
 As Burglars Shops and Houses do,
 To find out where they'd best break through. 70

PHYSICIANS valu'd Fame and Wealth
 Above the drooping Patient's Health,
 Or their own Skill The greatest Part
 Study'd, instead of Rules of Art,
 Grave pensive Looks and dull Behaviour, 75
 To gain th' Apothecary's Favour,
 The Praise of Midwives, Priests, and all
 That serv'd at Birth or Funeral
 To bear with th' ever-talking Tribe,
 And hear my Lady's Aunt prescribe, 80
 With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,
 To fawn on all the Family,
 And, which of all the greatest Curse is,
 T' endure th' Impertinence of Nurses 85

AMONG the many Priests of *Jove*,
 Hir'd to draw Blessings from Above,
 Some few were Learn'd and Eloquent,
 But thousands Hot and Ignorant
 Yet all pass'd Muster that could hide 90
 Their Sloth, Lust, Avarice and Pride,
 For which they were as fam'd as Tailors
 For Cabbage, or for Brandy Sailors
 Some, meagre-look'd, and meanly clad,
 Would mystically pray for Bread,
 Meaning by that an ample Store, 95
 Yet lit'rally received no more,
 And, while these holy Drudges starv'd,
 The lazy Ones, for which they serv'd,
 Indulg'd their Ease, with all the Graces
 Of Health and Plenty in their Faces 100

THE Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
 If they surviv'd, got Honour by't,
 Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody Fray,
 Had Limbs shot off, that ran away
 Some valiant Gen'als fought the Foe, 105
 Others took Bribes to let them go
 Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
 Lost now a Leg, and then an Arm,

Till quite disabled, and put by,
 They liv'd on half their Salary, 110
 While others never came in Play,
 And staid at Home for double Pay

THEIR Kings were serv'd, but Knavishly,
 Cheated by their own Ministry,
 Many, that for their Welfare slaved, 115
 Robbing the very Crown they saved
 Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
 Yet boasted of their Honesty

Calling, whene'er they strain'd their Right,
 The slipp'ry Trick a Perquisite, 120
 And when Folks understood their Cant,
 They chang'd that for Emolument,
 Unwilling to be short or plain,
 In any thing concerning Gain,

For there was not a Bee but would 125
 Get more, I won't say, than he should;
 But than he dar'd to let them know,
 That pay'd for't, as your Gamesters do,
 That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
 Before the Losers what they've won 130

BUT who can all their Frauds repeat?
 The very Stuff, which in the Street
 They sold for Dirt t'enrich the Ground,
 Was often by the Buyers found 135
 Sophisticated with a quarter
 Of good-for-nothing Stones and Mortar,
 Tho' *Flail* had little Cause to mutter,
 Who sold the other Salt for Butter

JUSTICE her self, fam'd for fair Dealing,
 By Blindness had not lost her Feeling, 140
 Her Left Hand, which the Scales should hold,
 Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with Gold,
 And, tho' she seem'd Impartial,
 Where Punishment was corporal,
 Pretended to a reg'lar Course, 145

In Murther, and all Crimes of Force,
 Tho' some, first pillory'd for Cheating,
 Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating,
 Yet, it was thought, the Sword she bore 150
 Check'd but the Desp'rate and the Poor,
 That, urg'd by meer Necessity,
 Were ty'd up to the wretched Tree
 For Crimes, which not deserv'd that Fate,
 But to secure the Rich and Great

THUS every Part was full of Vice, 155
 Yet the whole Mass a Paradise,

Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
 They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
 And lavish of their Wealth and Lives, 160
 The Balance of all other Hives
 Such were the Blessings of that State,
 Their Crimes conspir'd to make them Great.
 And Virtue, who from Politicks
 Had learn'd a Thousand Cunning Tricks, 165
 Was, by their happy Influence,
 Made Friends with Vice And ever since,
 The worst of all the Multitude
 Did something for the Common Good

THIS was the State's Craft, that maintain'd
 The Whole of which each Part complain'd 170
 This, as in Musick Harmony,
 Made Jarrings in the main agree,
 Parties directly opposite,
 Assist each other, as 'twere for Spight, 175
 And Temp'rance with Sobriety,
 Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony

THE Root of Evil, Avarice,
 That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
 Was Slave to Prodigality, 180
 That noble Sin, whilst Luxury
 Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
 And odious Pride a Million more:
 Envy it self, and Vanity,
 Were Ministers of Industry, 185
 Their darling Folly, Fickleness,
 In Diet, Furniture and Dress,
 That strange ridic'lous Vice, was made
 The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade.

Their Laws and Clothes were equally
 Objects of Mutability, 190
 For, what was well done for a time,
 In half a Year became a Crime,
 Yet while they alter'd thus their Laws,
 Still finding and correcting Flaws,
 They mended by Inconstancy 195
 Faults, which no Prudence could foresee

THUS Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
 Which join'd with Time and Industry,
 Had carry'd Life's Conveniencies,
 It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease, 200
 To such a Height, the very Poor
 Liv'd better than the Rich before,
 And nothing could be added more
 How Vain is Mortal Happiness!

Had they but known the Bounds of Bliss,
 And that Perfection here below
 Is more than Gods can well bestow,
 The Gumbling Brutes had been content
 With Ministers and Government

205

But they, at every ill Success,
 Like Creatures lost without Redress,
 Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets,
 While every one cry'd, *Damn the Cheats*,
 And would' tho' conscious of his own,
 In others barb'rously bear none

210

215

ONE, that had got a Princely Store,
 By cheating Master, King and Poor,
 Dar'd cry aloud, *The Land must sink*
For all its Fraud, And whom d'ye think
 The Sermonizing Rascal chid?
 A Glover that sold Lamb for Kid

220

THE least thing was not done amiss,
 Or cross'd the Publick Business,
 But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, Had we but Honesty!
Merc'ry smil'd at th' Impudence,
 And others call'd it want of Sense,
 Always to rail at what they lov'd
 But *Jove* with Indignation mov'd,
 At last in Anger swore, *He'd rid*
The bawling Hive of Fraud, and did
 The very Moment it departs
 And Honesty fills all their Hearts,
 There shews 'em, like th' Instructive Tree,
 Those Crimes which they're asham'd to see,
 Which now in Silence they confess,
 By blushing at their Ugliness
 Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
 And by their Colour own their Thoughts
 Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
 That others see what they have done

225

230

235

240

BUT, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
 How vast and sudden was th' Alteration!
 In half an Hour, the Nation round,
 Meat fell a Penny in the Pound
 The Mask Hypocrisy's flung down,
 From the great Statesman to the Clown
 And some in borrow'd Looks well known,
 Appear'd like Strangers in their own
 The Bar was silent from that Day;

245

250

For now the willing Debtors pay,
 Ev'n what's by Creditors forgot,
 Who quitted them that had it not
 Those, that were in the Wrong, stood mute,
 And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit 255
 On which since nothing less can thrive,
 Than Lawyers in an honest Hive,
 All, except those that got enough,
 With Inkhorns by their sides troop'd off.
 Justice hang'd some, set others free, 260
 And after Goal delivery,
 Her Presence being no more requir'd,
 With all her Train and Pomp retir'd
 First march'd some Smiths with Locks and Grates.
 Fetters, and Doors with Iron Plates 265
 Next Goalers, Turnkeys and Assistants
 Before the Goddess, at some distance,
 Her chief and faithful Minister,
 'Squire CATCH, the Law's great Finisher,
 Bore not th' imaginary Sword, 270
 But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord
 Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd Fair,
 Justice her self was push'd by Air
 About her Chariot, and behind,
 Were Serjeants, Bums of every kind, 275
 Tip-staffs, and all those Officers,
 That squeeze a Living out of Tears
 Tho' Physick liv'd, while Folks were ill,
 None would prescribe, but Bees of skill,
 Which through the Hive dispers'd so wide, 280
 That none of them had need to ride,
 Wav'd vain Disputes, and strove to free
 The Patients of their Misery,
 Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
 And us'd the Product of their own, 285
 Knowing the Gods sent no Disease
 To Nations without Remedies
 Their Clergy rous'd from Laziness
 Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bees,
 But serv'd themselves, exempt from Vice, 290
 The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice,
 All those, that were unfit, or knew
 Their Service might be spar'd, withdrew:
 Nor was there Business for so many,
 (If th' Honest stand in need of any,) 295
 Few only with the High-Priest staid,
 To whom the rest Obedience paid
 Himself employ'd in Holy Cares,

Resign'd to others State-Affairs
 He chas'd no Starv'ling from his Door, 300
 Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor,
 But at his House the Hungry's fed,
 The Hireling finds unmeasur'd Bread, }
 The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed

AMONG the King's great Ministers, 305
 And all th' inferior Officers

The Change was great, for frugally
 They now liv'd on their Salary
 That a poor Bee should ten times come
 To ask his Due, a trifling Sum, 310

And by some well-hir'd Clerk be made
 To give a Crown, or ne'er be paid,
 Would now be call'd a downright Cheat,
 Tho' formerly a Perquisite

All Places managed first by Three, 315
 Who watch'd each other's Knavery,
 And often for a Fellow-feeling,
 Promoted one another's stealing,
 Are happily supply'd by One,

By which some thousands more are gone 320

No HONOUR now could be content,
 To live and owe for what was spent,
 Liv'ries in Brokers Shops are hung,
 They part with Coaches for a Song,
 Sell stately Horses by whole Sets, 325
 And Country-Houses, to pay Debts

VAIN Cost is shunn'd as much as Fraud;
 They have no Forces kept Abroad,
 Laugh at th' Esteem of Foreigners,
 And empty Glory got by Wars, 330
 They fight, but for their Country's sake,
 When Right or Liberty's at Stake

Now mind the glorious Hive, and see
 How Honesty and Trade agree

The Shew is gone, it thins apace, 335

And looks with quite another Face
 For 'twas not only that They went,
 By whom vast Sums were Yearly spent;
 But Multitudes that liv'd on them,
 Were daily forc'd to do the same 340
 In vain to other Trades they'd fly,
 All were o'er-stock'd accordingly

THE Price of Land and Houses falls;
 Mirac'lous Palaces, whose Walls,
 Like those of *Thebes*, were rais'd by Play, 345

Are to be let, while the once gay,
 Well-seated Household Gods would be
 More pleas'd to expire in Flames, than see
 The mean Inscription on the Door
 Smile at the lofty ones they bore
 The building Trade is quite destroy'd,
 Artificers are not employ'd,
 No Limner for his Art is fam'd,
 Stone-cutters, Carvers are not nam'd

350

Those, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, strive
 Not how to spend, but how to live,
 And, when they paid their Tavern Score,
 Resolv'd to enter it no more
 No Vintner's Jilt in all the Hive
 Could wear now Cloth of Gold, and thrive;
 Nor *Torcol* such vast Sums advance,
 For *Burgundy* and *Ortelans*,
 The Courtier's gone, that with his Miss
 Supp'd at his House on *Christmas* Peas;
 Spending as much in two Hours stay,
 As keeps a Troop of Horse a Day

355

360

365

THE haughty *Chloe*, to live Great,
 Had made her Husband rob the State:
 But now she sells her Furniture,
 Which th' *Indies* had been ransack'd for,
 Contracts th' expensive Bill of Fare,
 And wears her strong Suit a whole Year.
 The slight and fickle Age is past,
 And Clothes, as well as Fashions, last
 Weavers, that join'd rich Silk with Plate,
 And all the Trades subordinate,
 Are gone Still Peace and Plenty reign,
 And every Thing is cheap, tho' plain
 Kind Nature, free from Gard'ners Force,
 Allows all Fruits in her own Course,
 But Rarities cannot be had,
 Where Pains to get them are not paid.

370

375

380

As Pride and Luxury decrease,
 So by degrees they leave the Seas
 Not Merchants now, but Companies
 Remove whole Manufactories
 All Arts and Crafts neglected lie,
 Content, the Bane of Industry,
 Makes 'em admire their homely Store,
 And neither seek nor covet more

385

390

So few in the vast Hive remain,

The hundredth Part they can't maintain
 Against th' Insults of numerous Foes,
 Whom yet they valiantly oppose
 'Till some well-fenc'd Retreat is found, 395
 And here they die or stand their Ground.
 No Hireling in their Army's known,
 But bravely fighting for their own,
 Their Courage and Integrity
 At last were crown'd with Victory 400
 THEY triumph'd not without their Cost,
 For many Thousand Bees were lost
 Hard'ned with Toils and Exercise,
 They counted Ease it self a Vice,
 Which so improv'd their Temperance; 405
 That, to avoid Extravagance,
 They flew into a hollow Tree,
 Blest with Content and Honesty.

The Moral

THEN leave Complaints Fools only strive
 To make a Great an Honest Hive 410
 T' enjoy the World's Conveniences,
 Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,
 Without great Vices, is a vain
 EUTOPIA seated in the Brain
 Fraud, Luxury and Pride must live, 415
 While we the Benefits receive
 Hunger's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,
 Yet who digests or thrives without?
 Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
 To the dry shabby crooked Vine? 420
 Which, while its Shoots neglected stood,
 Chok'd other Plants, and ran to Wood,
 But blest us with its noble Fruit,
 As soon as it was ty'd and cut
 So Vice is beneficial found, 425
 When it's by Justice lopt and bound,
 Nay, where the People would be great,
 As necessary to the State,
 As Hunger is to make 'em eat }
 Bare Virtue can't make Nations live 430
 In Splendor, they, that would revive
 A Golden Age, must be as free,
 For Acorns, as for Honesty

ISAAC WATTS

(1674-1706-1748)

The Incomprehensible¹

FAR in the Heav'ns my God retires,
 My God, the Mark of my Desires,
 And hides his lovely Face,
 When he descends within my View
 He charms my Reason to pursue,
 But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal Chase.

Or if I reach unusual Height
 Till near his Presence brought,
 There Floods of Glory check my Flight,
 Cramp the bold Pinions of my Wit, 10
 And all untune my Thought,
 Plung'd in a Sea of Light I roll,
 Where *Wisdom, Justice, Mercy* shines,
 Infinite Rays in crossing Lines
 Beat thick Confusion on my Sight, and overwhelm my Soul 15

Come to my Aid, ye Fellow-minds,
 And help me reach the Throne,
 (What single Strength in vain Designs
 United Force hath done, 20
 Thus Worms may joyn, and grasp the Poles,
 Thus Atoms fill the Sea)
 But the whole Race of Creature-Souls
 Stretch'd to their last Extent of Thought, plunge and are lost in
 Thee

Great God, behold my Reason lies
 Adoring, yet my Love would rise 25
 On Pinions not her own
 Faith shall direct her humble Flight
 Thro' all the trackless Seas of Light
 To Thee th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown

¹ Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706 Text of second edition, 1709

Sincere Praise¹

ALMIGHTY Maker God!
 How wondrous is thy Name!
 Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the Creations Frame!

Nature in every Dress
 Her humble Homage pays,
 And finds a Thousand Ways t'express
 Thine undissembled Praise

6

In native White and Red
 The Rose and Lilly stand,
 And free from Pride their Beauties spread
 To show thy skilful Hand

10

The Lark mounts up the Skie
 With unambitious Song,
 And bears her Maker's Praise on high
 Upon her artless Tongue

15

My Soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too,
 Fain would my Tongue adore my King
 And pay the Worship due

20

But Pride that busy Sin
 Spoils all that I perform,
 Curs'd Pride, that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty Worm

Thy Glories I abate,
 Or praise thee with Design;
 Some of thy Favors I forget,
 Or think the Merit mine

25

The very Songs I frame
 Are faithless to thy Cause,
 And steal the Honours of thy Name
 To build their own Applause

30

Create my Soul anew,
 Else all my Worship's vain,
 This wretched Heart will ne'er be true
 Until 'tis form'd again

35

¹ Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706 Text of second edition, 1709

Descend Celestial Fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in Flames of pure Desire
A Sacrifice to Love

46

Let Joy and Worship spend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my God my Soul ascend
In sweet Perfumes of Praise.

The Day of Judgment. An Ode Attempted in English Sapphick¹

WHEN the fierce Northwind with his airy Forces
Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury,
And the red Lightning with a storm of Hail comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor Sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse Thunder like a bloody Trumpet
Roars a loud Onset to the gaping Waters
Quick to devour them

5

Such shall the Noise be, and the wild Disorder,
(If things Eternal may be like these Earthly)
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the Creation,

10

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old Marble the Repose of Princes,
See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,
Flames all around 'em

15

Hark the shrill Outcries of the guilty Wretches!
Lively bright Horror and amazing Anguish
Stare thro' their Eye-lids, while the living Worm lies
Gnawing within them

20

Thoughts like old Vultures prey upon their Heartstrings,
And the smart Twinges, when their Eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance
Rolling afore him

Hopeless Immortals! how they scream and shiver

25

¹ Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706 Text of second edition, 1709

² Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706 Text of second edition, 1709

While Devils push them to the Pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the Centre

Stop here my Fancy (all away ye horrid
Doleful Ideas) come arise to *Jesus*,
How he sits God-like¹ and the Saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring¹

O may I sit there when he comes Triumphant
Dooming the Nations then ascend to Glory,
While our *Hosannahs* all along the Passage
Shout the Redeemer

The Hazard of Loving the Creatures¹

WHERE e'er my flatt'ring Passions rove
I find a lurking Snare,
'Tis dangerous to let loose our Love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair

Souls whom the Tye of Friendship binds,
And Partners of our Blood,
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
And leave the less for God

Nature has soft but powerful Bands,
And Reason she controuls,
While Children with their little Hands
Hang closest to our Souls

Thoughtless they act th' old Serpents Part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our Heart,
And draw it off from thee!

Our hasty Wills rush blindly on
Where rising Passion rolls,
And thus we make our Fetters strong
To bind our slavish Souls

Dear Sovereign, break these Fetters off,
And set our Spirits free,
God in himself is Bliss enough,
For we have all in thee

¹ Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706 Text of second edition, 1709

Meditation in a Grove¹

SWEET Muse, descend and bless the Shade,
 And bless the Evening Grove,
 Business and Noise and Day are fled,
 And every Care but Love

But hence, ye wanton Young and Fair, 5
 Mine is a purer Flame,
 No *Phyllis* shall infect the Air
 With her unhallowed Name.

Jesus has all my Powers possest, 10
 My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys
 He, the dear Sovereign of my Breast
 Shall still command my Voice

Some of the fairest Choirs above
 Shall flock around my Song
 With Joy to hear the Name they love 15
 Sound from a mortal Tongue

His Charms shall make my Numbers flow,
 And hold the falling Floods,
 While Silence sits on every Bough, 20
 And bends the list'ning Woods.

I'll carve our Passion on the Bark,
 And every wounded Tree
 Shall drop and bear some mystic Mark
 That *Jesus* dy'd for me

The Swains shall wonder when they read 25
 Inscrib'd on all the Grove,
 That Heaven it self came down, and bled
 To win a Mortals Love

God's Dominion and Decrees²

KEEP Silence, all created Things,
 And wait your Maker's Nod
 The Muse stands trembling while she sings
 The Honours of her God

¹ Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706 Text of second edition, 1709

² Published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, second edition, 1709 Text of first edition

Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown
Hang on his firm Decree
He sits on no precarious Throne,
Nor borrows Leave to be

5

Th' Almighty Voice bid ancient Night
Her endless Realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand Globes of Light
In Fields of Azure shine

10

Now Wisdom with superiour Sway
Guides the vast moving Frame,
Whilst all the Ranks of Being pay
Deep Rev'ence to his Name

15

He spake, The Sun obedient stood,
And held the falling Day
Old *Jordan* backward drives his Flood,
And disappoints the Sea

20

Lord of the Armies of the Sky,
He marshals all the Stars,
Red Comets lift their Banners high,
And wide proclaim his Wars

Chain'd to his Throne a Volume lies
With all the Fates of Men,
With every Angel's Form and Size
Drawn by th' eternal Pen

25

His Providence unfolds the Book,
And makes his Counsels shine
Each opening Leaf and every Stroke
Fulfil some deep Design

30

Here he exalts neglected Worms
To Scepters and a Crown,
Anon the following Page he turns,
And treads the Monarchs down

35

Not *Gabriel* asks the Reason why,
Nor God the Reason gives,
Nor dares the Favourite-Angel pry
Between the folded Leaves

40

My God, I never long'd to see
 My Fate with curious Eyes,
 What gloomy Lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright Scenes shall rise

In thy fair Book of Life and Grace
 May I but find my Name
 Recorded in some humble Place
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

45

Against Idleness and Mischief¹

How doth the little busy Bee
 Improve each shining Hour,
 And gather Honey all the Day
 From ev'ry op'ning Flow'r¹

How skilfully she builds her Cell!
 How neat she spreads the Wax;
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet Food she makes.

5

In Works of Labour or of Skill
 I would be busy too
 For *Satan* finds some Mischief still
 For idle Hands to do

10

In Books, or Work, or healthful Play
 Let my first Years be past,
 That I may give for every Day
 Some good Account at last.

15

The Sluggard²

'Tis the Voice of the *Sluggard*, I hear him complain,
You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.
 As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his Bed,
 Turns his Sides, and his Shoulders, and his Heavy Head

¹ Published in *Divine Songs*, 1720 Text of ninth edition, 1728

² Published in *Divine Songs*, 1720 Text of ninth edition, 1728

A little more Sleep, and a little more Slumber,
 Thus he wastes half his Days, and his Hours without Number
 And when he gets up, he sits folding his Hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands

I past by his Garden, and saw the wild Bryar,
 The Thorn and the Thistle grow broader and higher.
 The Clothes that hang on him are turning to Rags,
 And his Money still wastes, till he starves, or he begs

I made him a Visit, still hoping to find
 He had took better Care for improving his Mind
 He told me his Dreams, talk'd of Eating and Drinking,
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves Thinking

Said I then to my Heart, *Here's a Lesson for me,*
 That Man's but a Picture of what I might be
 But Thanks to my Friends for their Care in my Breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love Working and Reading

A Cradle Hymn¹

HUSH¹ my Dear, lie still and slumber;
 Holy Angels guard thy Bed¹
 Heavenly Blessings without Number
 Gently falling on thy Head

Sleep, my Babe, thy Food and Rayment,
 House and Home thy Friends provide,
 All without thy Care or Payment,
 All thy Wants are well supply'd

How much better thou 'rt attended
 Than the *Son of God* could be,
 When from Heaven he descended,
 And became a Child like thee²

Soft and easy is thy Cradle,
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his Birth-Place was a Stable,
 And his softest Bed was Hay

¹ Published in *Divine Songs*, 1720 Text of ninth edition, 1728

Blessed Babe! what glorious Features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!
 Must he dwell with brutal Creatures?
 How could Angels bear the Sight? 20

Was there nothing but a Manger
 Cursed Sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly Stranger?
 Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my Child, I did not chide thee, 25
 Tho' my Song might sound too hard,
 'Tis thy { ^{*Mother}
 Nurse that } sits beside thee,
 And her Aim shall be thy Guard

Yet to read the shameful Story, 30
 How the *Jews* abus'd their King,
 How they serv'd the *Lord of Glory*,
 Makes me angry while I sing

See the kinder Shepherds round him,
 Telling Wonders from the Skie,
 There they sought him, there they found him, 35
 With his Virgin-Mother by

See the lovely Babe a dressing,
 Lovely Infant, how he smil'd!
 When he wept, the Mother's Blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child 40

Lo, he slumbers in his Manger,
 Where the horned Oxen fed,
 Peace, my Darling, here's no Danger,
 Here's no Ox anear thy Bed

'Twas to save thee, Child, from dying, 45
 Save my Dear from burning Flame,
 Bitter Groans, and endless Crying,
 That my blest Redeemer came

May'st thou live to know and fear Him, 50
 Trust and love him all thy Days!
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his Face, and sing his Praise!

* Here you may use the words, *Brother, Sister, Neighbour, Friend, &c*

I could give thee thousand Kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire
 Not a Mother's fondest Wishes,
 Can to greater Joys aspire

55

THOMAS TICKELL

(1686 1706 1740)

To the Earl of Warwick
 On the Death of Mr. Addison¹

IF, DUMB too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
 And left her debt to *Addison* unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!¹ 5
 Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart
 Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
 My soul's best part for-ever to the grave!¹ 10
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!¹
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire, 15
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir,
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!¹
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend, 20
 Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu,
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd *Montagu*!¹
 To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine, 25
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart,
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue, 30

¹ Published in Addison's *Works*, 1721 Text of first edition

My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee

Oft let me range the gloomy Iles alone
(Sad luxury¹ to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mold below
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd,
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade

35

40

45

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodily mind?
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?

50

Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How *Michael* battel'd, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?

55

Or do'st thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!

60

When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from Ill a frail and feeble heart,
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

65

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)

In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes

70

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight,
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,

I meet his soul, which breathes in *Cato* there,

75

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove

'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song,

There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe, 80
 There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of *Warwick's* noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears, 85
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!

How sweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze! 90
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more,
 No more the summer in thy gloomes allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade

From other ills, however fortune frown'd, 95
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn 100
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And *Craggs* in death to *Addison* succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid 105
 To thee, O *Craggs*, th' expiring Sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies, 110
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues each other's boast! farewell
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

Colin and Lucy¹

Or Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace,
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect a fairer face

¹ Published in *The Musical Miscellany*, Volume I, 1729 Text of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume I, 1748

'Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her damask cheek, her dainty lip,
 And eyes of glossy blue

Ah! hast thou seen the lily pale
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd this slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near it's end

But Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair!
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye flatt'ring swains, beware!

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And at her window shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn-boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round

"I hear the voice you cannot hear,
 "That cries I must not stay,
 "I see the hand you cannot see,
 "That beckons me away

"Of a false swain, and broken heart,
 "In early youth I die
 "Am I to blame, because the bride
 "Is twice as rich as I?

"Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
 "Vows due to me alone!
 "Nor thou, rash girl, return his kiss,
 "Nor think him all thy own!

"To-morrow in the church, to wed,
 "Impatient both prepare
 "But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
 "Poor Lucy will be there

"Then bear my corpse, ye comrades dear,
 "The bridegroom blithe to meet,

“He in his wedding-trim so gay,
“I in my winding-sheet”

She spoke, she dy’d, her corpse was borne 45
The bride-groom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet

What then was COLIN’s dismal thought?
How were these nuptials kept? 50
The bride-men flock’d round LUCY dead,
And all the village wept!

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell
The damps of death bedew’d his brow, 55
He groan’d, he shook, he fell

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch’d beside her rival’s corpse,
She saw her husband dead 60

He to his LUCY’s new-made grave,
Convey’d by trembling swains,
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
For-ever now remains

Oft in this place the constant hind 65
And plighted maid are seen,
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
To deck the sacred green

But swain forsworn, whoe’er thou art,
This hallow’d ground forbear! 70
Remember COLIN’s dismal fate,
And fear to join him there

GEORGE BERKELEY

(1685-1707-1753)

Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts
and Learning in America¹

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true

5

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules,
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
 The pedantry of courts and schools

10

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts

15

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung

20

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

¹ Published in 1752 Text of Dodsley's *Collection*, Volume VI 1758

Let ev'ry classick in the volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great design
 Through various subjects let the reader range,
 And raise his fancy with a grateful change, 40
 Variety's the source of joy below,
 From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
 In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
 And only change th' expiring flame renews

Where *Buckingham* will condescend to give, 45
 That honour'd piece to distant times must live;
 When noble *Sheffield* strikes the trembling strings,
 The little loves rejoyce, and clap their wings,
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain }
 Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain, 50
 'Tis he—our lost *Anacreon* lives again
 But when th' illustrious poet soars above
 The sportive revels of the god of love,
 Like *Maro's* muse he takes a loftier flight, 55
 And towres beyond the wond'ring *Cupid's* sight

If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
 And of all others be reputed best,
 Let *Congreve* teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair *Pastora's* urn

Let *Prior's* muse with soft'ning accents move, 60
 Soft as the strains of constant *Emma's* love
 Or let his fancy chuse some jovial theme,
 As when he told *Hans Carvel's* jealous dream,
Prior th' admiring reader entertains, 65
 With *Chaucer's* humour, and with *Spencer's* strains

Waller in *Granville* lives, when *Mna* sings
 With *Waller's* hand he strikes the sounding strings,
 With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
 And manly sense adorns his easie lines

On *Addison's* sweet lays attention waits, 70
 And silence guards the place while he repeats,
 His muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
 Whether she paints the god of love, or arms
 In him, pathetick *Ovid* sings again, 75
 And *Homer's Iliad* shines in his *Campaign*

Whenever *Garth* shall raise his sprightly song,
 Sense flows in easie numbers from his tongue,
 Great *Phæbus* in his learned son we see,
 Alike in physic, as in poetry

When *Pope's* harmonious muse with pleasure roves, 80
 Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams, and groves,
 Attentive echo pleas'd to hear his songs,
 Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs,

His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,	}	85
His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,		
And early in the youth the God appears		
From these successful bards collect thy strains,		
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains		
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the sway,		
And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way,		90
While neat old <i>Elzevir</i> is reckon'd better		
Than <i>Pirate Hull</i> 's brown sheets, and scurvy letter;		
While print admirers careful <i>Aldus</i> chuse		
Before <i>John Morphew</i> , or the weekly news		
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,		95
And <i>Tonson</i> yield to <i>Lintott</i> 's lofty name.		

A Contemplation on Night¹

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,	
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,	
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,	
Of an all-wise, all-pow'rful Providence	
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,	5
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,	
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,	
And a bright verdure cloaths the smiling year,	
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,	
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,	10
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,	
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies	
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,	
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns	
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,	15
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost,	
No distant landships draw our curious eyes,	
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies	
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness cloaths the land,	
We view the traces of th' almighty hand,	20
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,	
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere	
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,	
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,	
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,	25
And to the world her borrow'd light repays	
Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,	

¹ Published in Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies*, 1714 Text of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1720

Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are,
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'iful *Word* shall hear.

30

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise,
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light,
 And when those lands the busie sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosie morning wakes,
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray

35

40

45

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known.
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same

50

The Shepherd's Week¹

Thursday, or, The Spell

HOBNELIA

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
 In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
 Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
 And pining eccho answers groan for groan

5

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
 The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
 When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,
 A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love,
 The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
 And for the village he forsakes the plains

10

¹ Published in 1714 *Text of Poems on Several Occasions*, 1720

Return my *Lubberkin*, these ditties hear,
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing, 15
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,
 I straitway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scaice ran so fast
 'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow fuzled hair,
 As like to *Lubberkin's* in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground, 25
And turn me thrice around, around, around

At eve last *Midsummer* no sleep I sought,
 But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,
 I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow
 I strait look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground, 35
And turn me thrice around, around, around

Last *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
 I nearly rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away, 40
 A-field I went, amid the morning dew
 To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
 Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
 In spite of fortune shall our true-love be,
 See, *Lubberkin*, each bird his partner take, 45
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around

Last *May-day* fair I search'd to find a snail 50
 That might my secret lover's name reveal,
 Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound
 I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread
 Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell, 55
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*
 Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
 For *L* is found in *Lubberkin* and *Love*

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around* 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd 65
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around*

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see 70
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er my door the spell in secret laid,
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who shou'd first come in, 75
But in his proper person,—*Lubberkin*
I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight,
So may again his love with mine unite! 80

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around*

This *Lady-fly* I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass 85
Fly, Lady Bird, North, South, or East or West,
Fly where the Man is found that I love best
He leaves my hand, see to the *West* he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around* 90

This mellow pippin, which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read, 95
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around*

This pippin shall another tryal make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take, 100
This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,
And *Boobyclod* on t'other side is born
But *Boobyclod* soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound,
While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last, 105
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around*

As *Lubberkin* once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee, 110
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue,
Together fast I tye the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain
Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure, 115
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around*

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay 120
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy and my basket light
Strait to the pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my mony spent, 125
Behap what will, next sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house *Lubberkin* repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around* 130

But hold—our *Light-foot* barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see *Lubberkin* appears
He comes, he comes, *Hobnelia's* not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown, 135
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Friday, or, The Duge

BUMKINET GRUBBINOL

BUMKINET

WHY, *Grubbinol*, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year,
From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is born,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards

Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder new *wash sorrow from thy soul*

10

GRUBBINOL

Ah *Bumkinet*! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown,
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,
And make thine eye o'er-flow with many a tear.

BUMKINET

Hang Sorrow! Let's to yonder hutt repair,
And with trim sonnets *cast away our care*
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet, *o'er hills and far away*.
Of *Patient Grissel* I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
Come, *Grubbinol*, beneath this shelter, come.
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

15

20

GRUBBINOL

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For woe is me!—our *Blouzelinda* is dead

25

BUMKINET

Is *Blouzelinda* dead? farewell my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate
Of *Blouzelinda* fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excell
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread,
The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn,
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn *Blouzelinda* dy'd
Where-e'er I gad, I *Blouzelind* shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to vonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood

30

35

40

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd,
 There I remember how her faggots laige,
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge
 Sometimes this crook diw hazel boughs adown,
 And stuff'd her apion wide with nuts so brown,
 Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
 And whistled all the way—or told my love

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
 I shall her goodly countenance espie,
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
 Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound
 Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream
 But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door,
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey
 Lament, ye swine, in giuntings spend your grief,
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
 The poultry there will seem around to stand,
 Waiting upon her charitable hand
 No succour meet the poultry now can find,
 For they, like me, have lost their *Blouzelind*

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass
 I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow
 There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd
 Ah *Blouzelind*! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow,
 Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear,
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear,
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
 For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone
Here Blouzelinda lyes—Alas, alas!
Weep shepherds—and remember flesh is grass

GRUBBINOL

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
 Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95
 Or bunn's and sugar to the damsel's tooth,
 Yet *Blouzelinda's* name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye

When *Blouzelind* expir'd, the weather's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell, 100
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd,
 The boding raven on her cottage sate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate, 105
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead,
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when goody *Dobson* dy'd

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 While on her dearling's bed her mother sate! 110
 These words the dying *Blouzelinda* spoke,
 And of the dead let none the will revoke

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed, 115
 Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn,
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
 Yet e'er I die—see, mother yonder shelf, 120
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid
 The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let *Susan* keep for her dear sister's sake, 125
 My new straw-hat that's trimly lin'd with green,
 Let *Peggy* wear, for she's a damsel clean
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be *Grubbinol's*—this silver ring beside
 Three silver pennies, and a ninepence bent,
 A token kind, to *Bumkinet* is sent 130
 Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier 135
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
 While dismally the Parson walk'd before
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisie, butter-flow'r and endive blue

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
 That none cou'd tell whose turn would be the next, 140
 He said, that heav'n would take her soul, no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 115
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
 Lest her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
 To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm 150
 For gaffer *Tread-well* told us by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear hoins upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stioakings milk the cow,
 While padding ducks the standing lake desire, 155
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire,
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
 So long shall swains tell *Blouzelinda's* praise

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 'Till bonny *Susan* sped a-cross the plain, 160
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid,
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And *Susan Blouzelinda's* loss repairs

A Ballad¹

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd 5
 Wide o'er the rolling billows
 She cast a wistful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That tremble o'er the brook

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days 10
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest

¹ Published in *The What D'Ye Call It A Trag Comi Pastoral Farce*, 1715 Text of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1720

Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast? 15

The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear? 20
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature 25
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep, 30
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing, 35
Each billow with a tear,
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd,
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd 40

Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London¹

Book I

Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crouds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing Thou, *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my song, 5
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along,

¹ Published in 1716. Text of *Poems on Several Occasions* 1720

By thee transported, I secuiely stray
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
 The silent court, and op'ning square explore,
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before 10
 To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
 Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays,
 For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
 Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound,
 For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside
 My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
 From the great theme to build a glorious name,
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
 And bind my temples with a Civic crown, 20
 But more, my country's love demands the lays,
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
 And *clean your shoes* resounds from ev'ry voice, 25
 When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
 And their stiff horses through the town move slow,
 When all the *Mall* in leafy ruin lies,
 And damsels first renew their oyster cries
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
 Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* hide, 30
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd
 Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
 Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet
 Should the big laste extend the shoe too wide, 35
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain,
 And when too short the modish shooes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
 To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear
 Now in thy trunk thy *D'oily* habit fold,
 The silken drugget ill can fence the cold, 45
 The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
 And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain
 True *Witney* broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn
 Be this the horse-man's fence, for who would wear 50
 Amid the town the spoils of *Russia's* bear?
 Within the *Roquelaure's* clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent
 Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace

That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose shapeless form in ample platts depends,
 By various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone
 Be thine of *Kersey* firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost

55

60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command,
 Ev'n sturdy carr-men shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease,
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to *White's*, Assemblies, or the Play;
 Rosie-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends
 Imprudent men heav'n's choicest gifts prophane
 Thus some beneath their aim support the cane;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street,
 May Providence o'er-shade me with her wings,
 While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings

65

70

75

80

Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam
 Let *Paris* be the theme of *Gallia's* muse,
 Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes,
 Nor do I rove in *Belgia's* frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No miry ways industrious steps offend,
 The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs
 Let others *Naples'* smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse,
 Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones,
 Nor shall the Muse thro' narrow *Venice* stray,
 Where *Gondolas* their painted oars display
 O happy streets. to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches shake the floating town!
 Thus was of old *Britannia's* city bless'd,
 E'er pride and luxury her sons possess'd

85

90

95

100

Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late-invented chais perplex'd the way
 Then the proud lady trip'd along the town, 105
 And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
 Her rosie cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd,
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long trailing manteau sweeps the ground, 110
 Her shoe disdains the street, the lazy fair
 With narrow step affects a limping air
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage,
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
 With *Lovers* and *Graces* on his chariot's sides,
 In sawcy state the griping broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty, and tudging wits
 For you, O honest men, these useful lays
 The Muse prepares, I seek no other praise 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
 From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
 Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn,
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair
 Be thou, for ev'ry season, justly drest,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast, 130
 And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy *Surtout* defend the drenching show'r

The changing weather certain signs reveal
 E'er winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire
 Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the death of coals the poor repine,
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame, 140
 Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful warmth ascends

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
 Of milder weather, and serener skies
 The ladies gayly dress'd, the *Mall* adorn 145
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn,
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change
 Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
 Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150

The seasons operate on ev'ry breast,
 'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares, when tavern doors
 The chairmen idly croud, then *ne'er* refuse 155
 To trust thy busie steps in thinner shoes

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend,
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the *Thames* 160
 The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care
 Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew
 To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue:
 On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd, 165
 Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side,
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air,
 Then *Niobe* dissolves into a tear,
 And sweats with secret grief you'll hear the sounds
 Of whistling winds, e'er kennels break their bounds, 170
 Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
 And dropping vaults distill unwholesom dew
 E'er the tiles rattle with the smoaking show'r,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour. 175

All superstition from thy breast repel
 Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell,
 How, if the festival of *Paul* be clear,
 Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year,
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain, 180
 The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain,
 But if the threatning winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
 How, if on *Swithin's* feast the welkin lours,
 And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain, 185
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
 Nor *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
 Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
 Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
 Or double-button'd frieze, their guarded feet
 Defie the muddy dangers of the street,
 While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
 Of spouts high-streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun ev'ry dashing pool, or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop

But bus'ness summons, now with hasty scud
 You jostle for the wall, the spatter'd mud 200
 Hides all thy hose behind, in vain you scow'r,
 Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r

So fierce *Alecto*'s snaky tresses fell,
 When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell,
 Or thus hung *Glaucus*' beard, with briny dew 205
 Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view
 Surpris'd the bathing fair, the frighted maid
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by *Circe*'s aid

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the riding-hood's disguise 210

O! underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
 Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread
 Let *Persian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray,
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215

When eastern Monarchs show their state abroad,
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
 To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid
 But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
 That female implement shall grace thy lays, 220
 Say from what art divine th' invention came,
 And from its origine deduce the name

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,
 A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil,
 One onely daughter blest his nuptial bed, 225
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
 But now her careful mother was no more
 Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid, 230
 As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
 And *Patty*'s fame o'er all the village flew

Soon as the gray-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies, 235
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
 And singing to the distant field repairs
 And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
 The milky burthen smoaks upon her head
 Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
 He saw, he lov'd, for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one 245
 Ah *Mulciber*! recal thy nuptial vows,
 Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,

Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms?

The *Lemman* Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love

259

Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground
Here smoaks his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm,
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe

259

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays,
What woman can resist the force of praise?

260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood.
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews,
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines,
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost

265

276

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Straits the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms
The God obtain'd his suit, though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name

275

280

Book II

Of Walking the Streets by Day

Thus far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,
'The proper implements for wintry ways,
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,

6

And for the publick safety risque thy own

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best,

No tides of passengers the street molest

You'll see a draggled damsel, here and there,

From *Billingsgate* her fishy traffick bear,

10

On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains,

Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!

Before proud gates attending asses bray,

Or arrogate with solemn pace the way,

15

These grave physicians with their milky chear,

The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair,

Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,

And with their vellom thunder shake the pile,

To greet the new-made bride Are sounds like these

The proper prelude to a state of peace?

20

Now industry awakes her busie sons,

Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs

Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,

And all the streets with passing cries resound

25

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town,

Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,

Three trades avoid, oft in the mingling press,

The barber's apron soils the sable dress,

Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,

30

Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,

Three sullying trades avoid with equal care,

The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,

And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng,

35

When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,

From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat

The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,

When through the street a cloud of ashes flies,

But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,

40

The chandler's basket, on his shoulder born,

With tallow spots thy coat, resign the way,

To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,

Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train

45

Let due civilities be strictly paid

The wall surrender to the hooded maid,

Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage

Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age

And when the porter bends beneath his load,

50

And pants for breath, clear thou the crouded road

But, above all, the groping blind direct,

And from the pressing throng the lame protect

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,

Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose,
 And risques, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
 Yield not the way, defie his strutting pride,
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side,
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town,
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
 Like faithful land-marks to the walking train
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray,
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by 't

Where fam'd *St Giles's* ancient limits spread,
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
 Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
 And from each other catch the circling ray
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place,
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
 Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete*,
 But still the wandring passes forc'd his stay,
 Till *Ariadne's* clue unwinds the way
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide,
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng

When waggish boys the stunted beesom ply
 To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
 E'er thou hast held their hands, some heedless flirt
 Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt
 Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
 Where counted billets are by carmen tost
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
 The voice of industry is always near
 Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,

And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the Muse, fatig'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song,
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
 And show the parent of the sable race

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)
 Of old was wont this nether world to range
 To seek amours, the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110
 And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men,
 To vulgar Deitys descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion
 Then *Cloacina* (Goddess of the tide 115
 Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame, the town she rov'd,
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd,
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace 120
 She gaz'd, she sigh'd For love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
 When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling sound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125
 That pleasing thunder swift the Goddess rose,
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys
 With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast, 130
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame,
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love! 135

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace)
 Descends to earth, but sought no midwife's aid,
 Nor midst her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd,
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy, 140
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy

The child through various risques in years improv'd,
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd,
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the pray'is and whines to touch the heart

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear 145
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
 While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,

And long had sought his suff'rings to redress; 150
 She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in streets, the Gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking croud,
 To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew
 Each Power contributes to relieve the poor.
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush, the God of day
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil,
 Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from th' enormous whale, The God of fire,
 From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire, 165
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,
 And aids with foot the new jpanning art
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts, she downward glides,
 Lights in *Fleet-dutch*, and shoots beneath the tides
 Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,
 Where common-shores a lulling murmur keep,
 Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face,
 At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast,
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)
 Whom both a father and a mother own 180
 But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts,
 When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear, 185
 And one day makes them rich for all the year
 Had I the precepts of a Father learn'd,
 Perhaps I then the coach-man's fare had earn'd,
 For lesser boys can drive, I thirsty stand
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain
 While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
 In widen'd circles beats on either side,
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
 With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd,
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black

As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back,
 Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind 200
 Now beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun,
 Thy prayers are granted, weep no more, my son.
 Go thrive At some frequented corner stand,
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
 Temper the soot within this vase of oil, 205
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil,
 On this methinks I see the walking crew
 At thy request support the miry shoe,
 The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
 And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound 210
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud
 The youth strait chose his post, the labour ply'd
 Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide;
 His treble voice resounds along the *Meuse*, 215
 And *White-hall* echoes—*Clean your Honour's shoes*.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
 Too long detains the walker on his way,
 While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
 The busy city asks instructive song 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat, here, thick as hailstones pour,
 Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)
 Among the rabble rain Some random throw 225
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way
 Here laden carts with thundring waggons meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street; 230
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein
 O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,
 Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?
 Does not his service earn your daily bread? 235

Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change, 240
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe

Who would of *Watling-street* the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of *Cheap-side* is near?
 Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245

That stretches, O *Fleet-duch*, from thy black shore
 To the *Tow*'s moated walls? Here steams ascend
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil, where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea,
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
 And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
 Thy breathing nostril hold, but how shall I
 Pass, where in piles *Cornavian* cheeses lye,
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

250

255

O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach,
 No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
 The soft supports of laziness and pride,
 Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
 Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot, and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend

260

265

270

But sometimes let me leave the noisie roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground, there pensive stray,
 In studious thought, the long uncrouded way
 Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face,
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares,
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks bye streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
 Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
 For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*,
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun

275

280

285

Careful observers, studious of the town,
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown,
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,
 Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the thimble's cheats
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind
 And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,

290

And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst the centry's box discharge their tea
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong,
 Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden show'r?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305

With her spread petticoat to fence the storm
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310

Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye,
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
 Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays 315

Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways,
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies

Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind,
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets, 320

And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets
 Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
 The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads,
 But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 325
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post

On silent wheel the passing coaches roll,
 Oft' look behind, and ward the threatening pole
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw 330

Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn? 335

At *White's* the harness'd chairman idly stands,
 And swings around his waste his tingling hands
 The sempstress speeds to 'Change with red-tipt nose,
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her footstool glows,
 In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie, 340

And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly
 These sports warm harmless, why then will ye prove,

Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

Where *Covent-garden's* famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of *Jones'* immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square
Here oft' my course I bend, when lo' from far,
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war.

345

The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Encreasing crouds the flying game pursue
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dextr'ous glazier strong returns the bound,
And gingling sashes on the pent-house sound

350

355

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air,
When hoary *Thames*, with frosted oziars crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire
Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair
So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field

360

365

370

375

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs,
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise,
Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice

380

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit, she now a basket bore,
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain,
Ah *Doll'* all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry it self submit to death!

385

The cracking crystal yields. she sinks. she dyes,

Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies,
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds
 So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
 His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd,
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
 And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd

390

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
 And *Thames'* full urn rolls down his plenteous waves,
 From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow

395

400

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
 Need not the Calendar to count their days
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzled bear,
 Behind him moves majestically dull,
 The pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly bull,
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the days of game

405

410

When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
 Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
 The joynted lobster, and unscaly soale,
 And luscious 'scallops, to allure the tastes
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts,
Wednesdays and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,
 Days, when our sires were doom'd to abstinence

415

420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
 And dext'rous damsels twirle the sprinkling mop,
 And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears

425

Successive cys the seasons change declare,
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.
 Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring¹
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood.
 And when *June's* thunder cools the sultry skies,
 Ev'n *Sundays* are prophan'd by mackrell cries

430

Wallnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
 Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain,
 Next oranges the longing boys entice,
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice

435

When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,

Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

Where *Covent-garden's* famous temple stands,
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Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
 Then judge the festival of *Christmas* near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year
 Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
 With lawrel green, and sacred mistletoe
 Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed,
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head
 Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm, let plenty's bowl
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul
 See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed,
 Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head,
 Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad

440

445

450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan,
 While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd,
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old-age long stretch his palsy'd hand
 Those who give late, are importun'd each day,
 And still are teaz'd, because they still delay
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the publick square,
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry,
 With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
 Lifts up his eyes, and hasts to beggar more

455

460

465

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath,
 As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight
 Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
 That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

470

475

Come, *F* * * * sincere, experienc'd friend,
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
 Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,
 Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls
 Through the long *Strand* together let us stray
 With thee conversing I forget the way
 Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
 Whose building to the slimy shore extends,
 Here *Arundel's* fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
 The street alone retains an empty name
 Where *Titian's* glowing paint the canvas warm'd,

480

485

And *Raphael's* fair design, with judgment, chaim'd,
 Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear
 Where statues breath'd, the work of *Phidias's* hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands 490
 There *Essex's* stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Villeis's*, now no more
 Yet *Burlington's* fair palace still remains
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns
 Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495
 The wall with animated picture lives,
 There *Hendel* strikes the strings, the melting strain
 Transports the soul, and thrills through ev'ry vein,
 There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes)
 For *Burlington's* belov'd by ev'ry Muse 500
 O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
 Upon your state what happiness attends!
 What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles,
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy, 505
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye,
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath,
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide,
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet,
 Still let me walk, for oft the sudden gale 515
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar,
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns 520
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
 I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r
 In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain 525
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain,
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
 The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,
 His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,

And mud enwraps the honours of his face
 So when dread *Jove* the son of *Phæbus* hurl'd,
 Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
 The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name

Shall the large mutton smoak upon your boards?
 Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords
 Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
 Seek *Leaden-hall*, *St James's* sends thee veal
Thames-street gives cheeses, *Covent-garden* fruits,
Moor-fields old books, and *Monmouth-street* old suits
 Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
 Support thy family, and cloath thy wife

Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lye,
 And various science lures the learned eye,
 The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown.

Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
 May morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd page,
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra's* sage

Here saunt'ring prentices o'er *Otway* weep,
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D * ** sleep,
 Pleas'd sempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,
 And *Squirts* read *Gaith*, 'till apozems grow cold

O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie,
 Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye,
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
 And to my verse their future safeties owe

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
 On the false lustre of a coach and six?
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
 Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau

See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,
 With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched spring,
 That wretch to gain an equipage and place,
 Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps,
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps,
 There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,

Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
 That other, with a clustring train behind,
 Owes his new honours to a sordid mind
 This next in court-fidelity excells, 585
 The publick rifles, and his country sells
 May the proud chariot never be my fate,
 If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate,
 O rather give me sweet content on foot,
 Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *Surtout*! 590

The Toilette. A Town Eclogue¹

LYDIA

Now twenty springs had cloath'd the Park with green,
 Since *Lydia* knew the blossom of fifteen,
 No lovers now her morning hours molest,
 And catch her at her Toilette half undrest, 5
 The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
 No chairs, no coaches croud her silent doo,
 Her midnights once at cards and *Hazard* fled,
 Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed
 Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws,
 To fill the place of Fops, and perjur'd Beaus, 10
 In these she views the mimickry of man,
 And smiles when grinning *Pug* gallants her fan,
 When *Poll* repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
 For sounds, like his, once told her *Damon's* care
 With these alone her tedious mornings pass, 15
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass,
 She smooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
 And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs,
 With crimson wooll she fixes ev'ry grace,
 That not a blush can discompose her face 20
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive sate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late
 O Youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
 No more my name shall reign the fav'rite Toast,
 On glass no more the di'mond grave my name, 25
 And rhymes misspell'd record a lover's flame
 Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
 And as they catch the glance in rows arise
 With humble bows, nor white-glov'd Beaus encroach
 In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach 30

Ah hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
For *Chloe's* now what *Lydia* was before!

'Tis true, this *Chloe* boasts the peach's bloom
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?

I own her taper shape is form'd to please

Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!

She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,

Alike we read it in her face and sense.

Her reputation! but that never yet

Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet

Why will ye then, vain Fops, her eyes believe?

Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?

At chappel shall I wear the morn away?

Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,

But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,

And gray religious maids? my presence there

Amid that sober train would own despair,

Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance

As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance

Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range

Through ev'ry *Indian* shop, through all the *Change*,

Where the tall jarr erects his costly pride,

With antic shapes in *China's* azure dy'd,

There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,

Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold,

But then remembrance will my grief renew,

'Twas there the raffling dice false *Damon* threw;

The raffling dice to him decide the prize

'Twas there he first convers'd with *Chloe's* eyes,

Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,

To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.

But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,

The shiver'd *China* dropt upon the ground,

Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove,

Fatal was thy present, frailer is thy love

O happy *Poll*, in wry prison pent,

Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,

And *Pug* with pleasure can his fetters bear,

Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!

How am I curst! (unhappy and forlorn)

With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!

False are the loose Coquet's inveigling airs,

False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,

False is the cinging courtier's plighted word,

False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,

False is the sprightly widow's publick tear;

Yet these to *Damon's* oaths are all sincere
 Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain,
 Let servile *Chloe* wear the nuptial chain 80
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
 Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife
 He games, he swears, he drinks, he fights, he roves,
 Yet *Chloe* can believe he fondly loves
 Mistress and wife can well supply his need, 85
 A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed
 But *Chloe's* air is unconfin'd and gay,
 And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay,
 Perhaps her patient temper can behold
 The rival of her love adorn'd with gold, 90
 Powder'd with di'monds, free from thought and care,
 A husband's sullen humours she can bear
 Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
 Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise,
 I hate, I loath his base perfidious name 95
 Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
 But *Chloe* boasts and triumphs in my pains,
 To her he's faithful, 'tis to me, he feigns
 Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd Her maid appears,
 A band-box in her steady hand she bears 100
 How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face,
 She cries, in raptures! then, so sweet a lace!
 How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
 'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air
 Strait *Lydia* smil'd, the comb adjusts her locks, 105
 And at the Play-house *Harry* keeps her box

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan A Ballad¹

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came aboard
 Oh! where shall I my true love find!
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1720 Text of first edition

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And, (quick as lightning,) on the deck he stands 10

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear) 15
 And drops at once into her nest
 'The noblest Captain in the *British* fleet,
 Might envy *William's* lip those kisses sweet.

O *Susan, Susan*, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain, 20
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again
 Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say, 25
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so, 30
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go

If to far *India's* coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
 Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory, so white 35
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sue*.

Though battel call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms, 40
William shall to his Dear return
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread, 45
 No longer must she stay aboard
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head
 Her less'ning boat, unwilling rows to land
 Adieu, she cries! and wav'd her lilly hand

Molly Mog: or, The Fair Maid of the Inn¹

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover
 What hath been the Cause of your Woes,
 Why you pine, and you whine, like a Lover?
 I have seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*

O Nephew! Your Grief is but Folly,
 In Town you may find better Prog,
 Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
 A *Molly* much better than *Mog*

5

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
 That Women at best are a Clog,
 But I am not so easily frightened,
 From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.

10

The School-Boy's desire is a Play-Day,
 The School-Master's joy is to flog,
 The Milk-Maid's delight is on *May-Day*,
 But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*

15

Will-a-wisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
 Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog,
 But no Light can set me a madding,
 Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*

20

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
 Your Gamesters will palm and will cog,
 But I envy them none of their Riches,
 So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*

The Heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
 It here and there leaps like a Frog,
 But my Heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

25

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
 In Pleasure is thought but a Hog
 All the Sex cannot give so good measure
 Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*

30

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses all lost in a Fog,

¹ Published in *Mist's Weekly Journal*, August 27, 1726 Text of *Miscellanies*
 Volume III, 1728

And nothing can give Satisfaction 35
 But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*

A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog,
 And I fill all the Paper with writing 40
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*

If I would not give up the three *Graces*
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
 And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*

Those Faces want Nature and Spirit, 45
 And seem as cut out of a Log,
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*

Those who toast all the Family Royal, 50
 In Bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
 Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*

Weie *Virgil* alive with his *Phyllis*,
 And writing another Eclogue,
 Both his *Phyllis* and fair *Amaryllis* 55
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*

When she smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor
 Then Jealousy sets me agog
 To be sure she's a Bit for the *Vicar*, 60
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*

Fables¹

Introduction to the Fables

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage,
 In summer's heat and winter's cold 5

¹ Published in 1727 Text of second edition, 1728

He fed his flock and pen'd the fold,
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew,
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country rais'd his name. 10

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought 15

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd,
 And the vast sense of *Plato* weigh'd? 20

Hath *Socrates* thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd *Tully's* mind? 20

Or, like the wise *Ulysses* thrown
 By various fates on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws and manners weigh'd? 25

The Shepherd modestly reply'd 25

I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts,
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes 30

Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge, I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd,
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise, 35
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want? 40

My dog (the truest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind,
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy *Tray* 45

In constancy, and nuptial love
 I learn my duty from the dove
 The hen, who from the chilly air
 With pious wing protects her care,
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
 Instructs me in a parent's charge 50

From nature too I take my rule
 To shun contempt and ridicule
 I never with important air

In conversation overbear,
 Can grave and formal pass for wise, 55
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein,
 For who talks much must talk in vain;
 We from the wordy torrent fly
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye? 60
 Nor would I with felonious slight
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right,
 Rapacious animals we hate
 Kites, hawks and wolves deserve their fate. 65
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But envy, calumny and spite
 Bear stronger venom in their bite
 Thus ev'ry object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation, 70
 And from the most minute and mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean
 Thy fame is just, the Sage replies,
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise,
 Pride often guides the author's pen, 75
 Books as affected are as men,
 But he who studys nature's laws
 From certain truth his maxims draws,
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good and wise. 80

Fable XVIII

The Painter who pleased No body and Every body

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view
 The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds,
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed 5
 Makes ev'n his real courage doubted
 But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
 The flatter'd always take your word,
 Impossibilities seem just,
 They take the strongest praise on trust; 10
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
 That ev'ry eye the picture knew.

He hit complexion, feature, air, 15
 So just, the life itself was there.
 No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
 To bloom restor'd the faded maid,
 He gave each muscle all its strength,
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length, 20
 His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
 And mark'd the date of age and youth
 He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,
 Truth should not always be reveal'd,
 In dusty piles his pictures lay, 25
 For no one sent the second pay
 Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
 A *Venus*' and *Apollo*'s face,
 He plac'd in view; resol'vd to please,
 Whoever sate, he drew from these, 30
 From these corrected ev'ry feature,
 And spirited each aukward creature
 All things were set, the hour was come,
 His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
 My lord appear'd, and seated right 35
 In proper attitude and light,
 The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
 Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of *Greece*,
 Of *Titian*'s tints, of *Guido*'s air,
 Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there 40
 Might well a *Raphael*'s hand require,
 To give them all the native fire,
 The features fraught with sense and wit
 You'll grant are very hard to hit,
 But yet with patience you shall view 45
 As much as paint and art can do
 Observe the work My lord reply'd,
 'Till now I thought my mouth was wide,
 Besides, my nose is somewhat long,
 Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young 50
 Oh, pardon me, the artist cry'd,
 In this we painters must decide
 The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
 I warrant it extreamly like
 My lord examin'd it anew, 55
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
 A lady came, with borrow'd grace
 He from his *Venus* form'd her face,
 Her lover prais'd the painter's art,
 So like the picture in his heart! 60
 To ev'ry age some charm he lent,
 Ev'n Beauties were almost content

Through all the town his art they prais'd,
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
 Had he the real likeness shown,
 Would any man the picture own?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

65

Fable XXVII

The Sick Man and the Angel

Is THERE no hope? the sick man said
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow

When thus the Man, with gasping breath.

5

I feel the chilling wound of death
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review
 I grant, my bargains well were made

10

But all men over-reach in trade,
 'Tis self-defence in each profession,
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.

The little portion in my hands,

By good security on lands,

15

Is well increas'd If unawares,

My justice to my self and heirs,

Hath let my debtor rot in jail,

For want of good sufficient bail,

If I by writ, or bond, or deed

Reduc'd a family to need,

20

My will hath made the world amends;

My hope on charity depends

When I am number'd with the dead,

And all my pious gifts are read,

By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known

25

My charities were amply shown

An Angel came Ah friend, he cry'd,

No more in flatt'ring hope confide

Can thy good deeds in former times

Outweigh the ballance of thy crimes?

30

What widow or what orphan prays

To crown thy life with length of days?

A pious action's in thy power,

Embrace with joy the happy hour,

Now, while you draw the vital air,

35

Prove your intention is sincere.
 This instant give a hundred pound,
 Your neighbours want, and you abound
 But why such haste, the sick Man whines,
 Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs? 40
 Perhaps I may recover still.
 That sum and more are in my will
 Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain;
 From ev'ry side, with all your might, 45
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right,
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own
 Where there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
 Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd 50

*From The Beggar's Opera*¹

Air I An old Woman cloathed in Gray, &c.

THROUGH all the Employments of Life
 Each Neighbour abuses his Brother,
 Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife:
 All Professions be-rogue one another
 The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat, 5
 The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine,
 And the Statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his Trade as honest as mine

Air XI A Soldier and a Sailor

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,
 A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,
 Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,
 Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir,
 A Thief your Goods and Plate 5

But this is all but picking,
 With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken,
 It ever was decreed, Sir,
 If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
 He steals your whole Estate 10

¹ Published in 1728 Text of second edition, 1728

Air XVI Over the Hills and far away.

Mach Were I laid on *Greenland's* Coast,
 And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass,
 Warm amidst eternal Frost,
 Too soon the Half Year's Night would pass
Polly Were I sold on *Indian* Soil, 5
 Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
 I could mock the sultry Toil,
 When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd
Mach And I would love you all the Day,
Polly Every Night would kiss and play, 10
Mach If with me you'd fondly stray
Polly Over the Hills and far away

Air XX March in *Rinaldo*, with Drums and Trumpets

Matt Let us take the Road
 Hark! I hear the sound of Coaches!
 The hour of Attack approaches,
 To your Arms, brave Boys, and load,
 See the Ball I hold! 5
 Let the Chymists toil like Asses,
 Our Fire their Fire surpasses,
 And turns all our Lead to Gold.

Air XXI Would you have a Young Virgin, &c

If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares,
 The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears,
 Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
 Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears,
 Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclose, 5
 But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.
 Press her,
 Caress her
 With Blisses,
 Her Kisses 10
 Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose

Air XXII Cotillon

Youth's the Season made for Joys,
 Love is then our Duty,
 She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her Beauty
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a Flower, despised in decay.
 Youth's the Season &c

5

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but Sorrow
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the Wing,
 Life never knows the return of Spring.

10

15

CHORUS Let us drink &c

Air XXVI Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, &c.

Man may escape from Rope and Gun,
 Nay, some have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill,
 Who takes a Woman must be undon,
 That Basilisk is sure to kill
 The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,
 So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,
 He that tastes Woman, Ruin meets

5

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1709-1744)

Pastorals¹

Summer

The Second Pastoral, or Alexis

To Dr Garth

A SHEPHERD'S BOY (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,

¹ Published, May 2, 1709 Text of *Works*, 1751 (small octavo edition)

And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry watry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays; 10
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee 20
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your Alexis pines in hopeless love? 25
 In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the watry glass,
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more, 30
 I shun the fountains which I sought before
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart! 35

Let other swains attend the rural care,
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer 35
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death, 40
 He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent since despis'd by thee
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives, enjoy

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,

Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring,
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join,
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one
 See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs,
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield,
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove,
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day

An Essay on Criticism¹

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill,
 But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
 Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss,
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own 10
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share,
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write
 Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind 20
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light,
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd, }
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd } 25
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write 35

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass
 Those half-learn'd wtlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile,
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal

¹ Published May 15, 1711 Text of *Works*, 1751

To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go,
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails,
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away
One science only will one genius fit, 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more, 65
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides, 75
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
Want as much more to turn it to its use,
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed, 85
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed,
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd,
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd, 95
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n 100
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire
 Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd
 But following wits from that intention stray'd, 105
 Who cou'd not win the mistress, woo'd the maid,
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid, 115
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character,
 His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page, 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night, 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse,
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse 130

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,

To copy nature is to copy them

140

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,

For there's a happiness as well as care

Music resembles Poetry, in each

Are nameless graces which no methods teach,

And which a master-hand alone can reach

145

If, where the rules not far enough extend,

(Since rules were made but to promote their end)

Some lucky Licence answer to the full

Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take.

150

May boldly deviate from the common track,

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,

Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.

155

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,

Which out of nature's common order rise,

The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,

And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend

160

But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,

(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)

Moderns, beware! or if you must offend

Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End,

Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need,

165

And have, at least, their precedent to plead

The Critic else proceeds without remorse,

Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults

170

Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,

Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,

Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace

A prudent chief not always must display

175

His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,

But with th' occasion and the place comply,

Conceal his force, may seem sometimes to fly

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream

180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,

Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,

Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,

Destructive War, and all-involving Age

See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!

185

Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,

And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow,
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found! 195
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain Wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200
 Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools 205
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful *Pride*,
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day
 Trust not yourself, but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe 215
 A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing,
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise! 225
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last.
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
 A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ
 Survey the *WHOLE*, nor seek slight faults to find 235

Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind,
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep,
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts,
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes, 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear,
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend,
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit. 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage, 270
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage,
 Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules
 Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice, 275
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a Combat in the lists left out,
 "What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight,
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite 280
 "Not so, by Heav'n" (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage"
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it on a plan"

Thus Critics, of less judgment than e'ence,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short Ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for Dress.
Their praise is still,—the Style is excellent.
The Sense, they humbly take upon content
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found
False Eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place.
The face of Nature we no more survey.

All glares alike, without distinction gay
But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon. }
It gilds all objects, but it alters none
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable,
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense,
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
These sparks with aukward vanity display }
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday,
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,

As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire, 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds, as some to Church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there

These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire, 345

While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes,
 Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow, 360
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,

Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence, 365
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shoar,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, 370
 The line too labours, and the words move slow,

Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375

While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now

380

Avoid Extremes, and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move,
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify

385

390

Some foreign writers, some our own despise,
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize
 Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes,
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Tho' each may feel encloses and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days
 Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true

395

400

405

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town,
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality
 A constant critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

415

420

The Vulgar thus thro' Imitation err,
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular,
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong

425

So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd,
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 445
 Ask them the cause, they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread, 450
 Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read,
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane 455
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn.
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit,
 And authors think their reputation safe, 460
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind.
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men 465
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus,
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past, 470
 For rising merit will buoy up at last
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead 475
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true,
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 480
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays,
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend 485

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years 480
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast,
 Our sons their fathers failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd 485
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand,
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light, 490
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ? 500
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy,
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd,
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Some sure to vex, but never all to please, 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not Learning too commence its foe! 510
 Of old, those met rewards who could excell,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well.
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown, 515
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down,
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join,
To err is human, to forgive, divine 525

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times
No pardon vile Obscenity should find, 530

Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as Impotence in love
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase 535

When love was all an easy Monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ,
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit.
The Fair sate panting at a Courtier's play, 540

And not a Mask went unimprov'd away
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before
The following licence of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain, 545

Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation,
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550

And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage! 555

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice,
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye
LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show, 560

For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join,
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too 565

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so,
But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
And make each day a Critic on the last

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true,
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do,
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot
 Without Good Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd

571

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
 For the worst avarice is that of sense
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise
 'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull,
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take Degrees
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence

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Such shameless Bards we have, and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend, 620
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church yard
 Nay, fly to Altars, there they'll talk you dead
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread 625
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes,
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite,
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right,
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere, 635
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
 A knowledge both of books and human kind, 640
 Gen'rous converse, a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics, such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
 Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
 The truest notions in the easiest way
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire 660
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,

The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd 670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than aim the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just,
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great Sublime he draws 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew, 685
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind,
Much was believed, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good, 690
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head 700
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live,
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung
Immortal Vida on whose honour'd brow 705
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd, 710
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715

And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well"
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good, 725
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood,
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own
 Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend.
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend, 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart
 This humble praise, lamented shade¹ receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew 740
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

The Rape of the Lock¹

Canto I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse¹ is due
 This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
 If She inspire, and He approve my lays
 Say what strange motive, Goddess¹ could compel
 A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
 Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10

¹ Published May 20, 1712 Text of *Works*, 1751

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?
 Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest 20
 'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught, 30
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs,
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould,
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead,
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements their Souls retire

The Sprites of fieri Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet, whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life destin'd to the Gnomes embrace 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd.
 Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach Infant-checks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau 90

Oft, when the World imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new. 95
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part, 100
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart,
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all
 Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 116
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said, when Shock, who thought she slept too long, 118
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux,
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears,
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear, 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms,
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own

Canto II

Nor with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams

Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone, 5
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all
 This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains
 With hairy sponges we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair
 Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray,
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
 For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd, 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves, 40
 With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air
 But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die, 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrus gently play,

Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast
 He summons strait his Denizens of air, 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair,
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd, 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun
 Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear! 75
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind
 Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne 90
 Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care,
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs, 95
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,

To change a Flounce, or add a Fuibelow

100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care,
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight,
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new biocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball,
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.

105

110

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine,
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock,
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock

115

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and aim'd with ribs of whale,
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around

120

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain,
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivet'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

125

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He spoke, the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear,
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

140

Canto III

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home,
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court,
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last,
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen,
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes,
At ev'ry word a reputation dies
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray,
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine,
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore,
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard,
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r,
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand,
And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield, 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride. 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread,
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace, 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps, one fate o'erwhelms them all
 The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look, 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille
 And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth The King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen.
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply 100
 O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day
 For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd, 105
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round,
 On shining Altairs of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp, the fiery spirits blaze
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smocking tide 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band,
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his finger's ends,
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair,
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear,
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought, 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind;
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock, now joins it, to divide
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd, 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies 155
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last,
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy,
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

Canto IV

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair 10
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy spie

As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

15

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head

20

25

Two handmaids wait the throne alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd,
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lampoons
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Piactis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

30

35

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise,
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

40

45

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent, the handle this, and that the spout.
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks,
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks,
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks

50

Safe past the Gnome, thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen.
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,

55

60

Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray
 A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains
 But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game, 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r 80
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds,
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,

110

And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow,
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

115

120

She said, then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
 "Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box

125

130

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head

135

140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so,
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears,
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd, and thus she said.

145

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land,
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye.

150

155

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell,
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck, 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own,
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

Canto V

SHE said the pitying audience melt in tears
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestius with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails? 5
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan,
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began
 Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows? 15
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away, 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey,

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid,
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

30

35

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd,
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack,
 Fans clap, silks rattle, and tough whalebones crack,
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound

40

45

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage,
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms,
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

50

55

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
 Clap'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight
 Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song
 "Oh cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing—was his last
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
 Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies

60

65

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown,
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again

70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the Mens wits against the Lady's hair,
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side,
 At length the wits mount up, the hauns subside

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw,
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose
 Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings, which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew,
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears)
 Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive
 Restore the Lock! she cries, and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
 Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there
 There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none, but quick, poetic eyes
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'n's withdrew, 125
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'n's bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies
 This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake
 This Partidge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes,
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome 140
 Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost
 For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die,
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name 150

Windsor-Forest

To the Right Honourable George Lord Lansdown¹

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades
 GRANVILLE commands, your aid, O Muses, bring! 5
 What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing?
 The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again,

Not Chaos-like together crush'd and crush'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd.
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day,
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades
 Here in full light the russet plains extend
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reapers hand, 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste, 45
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
 And kings more furious and severe than they,
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves, 50
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain, 55
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed 60

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes.
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er,
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar,
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd,
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years
 Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds, 100
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest,

Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Not yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny 120
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo)

With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 125
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye,
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky 130
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the leaden death.
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains

Now Cancer glows with Phoebus' fiery car
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound 150
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their course's heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train, 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QULLN,
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main. 165
 Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade,
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn 170
 Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd,
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known, 175
 But by the crescent and the golden zone
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair,
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds 180
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky,
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears,
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears,
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun,
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
 "Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train, 200

"Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 "My native shades—there weep, and murmur there"

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps,

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies

The headlong mountains and the downward skies,

The watry landskip of the pendant woods,

And absent trees that tremble in the floods,

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215

And floating forests paint the waves with green,

Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,

Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames

Thou too, great father of the British floods!

With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods, 220

Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,

And future navies on thy shores appear,

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives

A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225

No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear

Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,

While led along the skies his current strays,

As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,

To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods 230

Nor all his stars above a lustre show,

Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below,

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal Passion still,

Might change Olympus for a nobler hill

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves, 235

His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves

Happy next him, who to these shades retires,

Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,

Successive study, exercise, and ease 240

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,

And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields

With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,

And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high, 245

O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye,

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end,
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stais familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made 270
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung,
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice,
 Whom now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY strung
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? 280
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd, or is it GRANVILLE sings?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies,
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star 290

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY the GRANVILLE of a former age

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes Windsor bore,
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore, 300
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw Monarch chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, 305
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield
 Then, from her roofs when Verio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites, where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone) 320
 Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'n's, what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
 She saw her sons with purple death expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars
 At length great ANNA said—"Let Discord cease!"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
 His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides,
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood,

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name, 340
 The winding Isis and the fruitful Tame
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd,
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave,
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave 345
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears,
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears,
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood
 High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd, 350
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise,
 Then bow'd and spoke, the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore 355
 Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Heimus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows, 360
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows,
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine, 365
 Let barb'rous Ganges aim a servile train,
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign
 No more my sons shall die with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain 370
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain,
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace,
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone 375
 Behold! th' ascending Villa's on my side,
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide,
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And Temple's rise, the beauteous works of Peace
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend 380
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
 There mighty Nations shall enquire their doom,
 The World's great Oracle in times to come,
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN
 Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods, 385
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,

Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day,
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole, 390
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide, 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more,
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves, 410
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell,
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite, 425
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing 430
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato¹

To WAKE the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold. 5
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age,
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move, 10
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love,
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears, as Patriots shed for dying Laws 15
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was
 No common object to your sight displays, 20
 But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state¹
 While *Cato* gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?² 25
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?³
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?⁴
 Ev'n when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great, 30
 Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state,
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
 The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by, 35
 Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
 And honour'd *Cæsar*'s less than *Cato*'s sword
Britains attend Be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd
 With honest scorn the first fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom she subdu'd, 40
 Our scene precariously subsists too long

¹ Published in the *Guardian*, April 18, 1713 Text of *Works*, 1717

On *French* translation, and *Italian* song
 Dare to have sense your selves, assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage
 Such Plays alone should please a *British* ear,
 As *Cato's* self had not disdain'd to hear

45

Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day¹

I

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing,
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain.
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echos rebound
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear,
 Now louder, and yet louder rise
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats,
 'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall

5

10

15

20

II

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies,
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds
 Melancholy lifts her head,

25

30

¹ Published July 16, 1713 Text of *Works*, 1751

Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes,
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage

35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

40

45

IV

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts!
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads

50

55

60

65

70

V

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs,
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs,
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious

VI

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders, 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan,
 And calls her ghost, 105
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies, 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
 Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

115

VII

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please.
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And Angels lean from heav'n to hear
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n,
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n

120

125

130

A Farewell to London
 In the Year 1715¹

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
 Thy fools no more I'll tease
 This year in peace, ye critics dwell,
 Ye harlots, sleep at ease¹

Soft B—— and rough C——s adieu,
 Earl Warwick make your moan,
 The lively H——k and you
 May knock up whores alone

5

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
 Till the third watchman's toll,
 Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
 Save threepence and his soul

10

¹ Published in *Additions*, 1776 Text of first edition

Farewell, Arbuthnot's railleiy
On every learned sot,
And Garth, the best good Christian he, 15
Although he knows it not

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go,
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips and fat Johnson 20

Why should I stay? Both parties rage,
My vixen mistress squalls,
The wits in envious feuds engage
And Homer (damn him!) calls

The love of arts lies cold and dead 25
In Halifax's urn
And not one Muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betrayed 30
Poor Y——r's sold for fifty pound,
And B——ll is a jade

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls, seven hours in eight? 35
I us'd but once a week

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake, alive 40

Sollicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose,
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell, 45
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all, but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free, 50

Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me

*From The Sixth Book of the Iliad*¹

THE ARGUMENT

The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of *Hector* and *Andromache*
The Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail *Helenus*, the chief
augur of *Troy*, commands *Hector* to return to the city, in order to appoint a
solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of
Minerva, to entreat her to remove *Diomed* from the fight The battel relaxing
during the absence of *Hector*, *Glaucus* and *Diomed* have an interview between
the two armies, where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hos-
pitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms *Hector*
having performed the orders of *Helenus*, prevail'd upon *Paris* to return to the
battel, and taken a tender leave of his wife *Andromache*, hastens again to the
field

The scene is first in the field of battel, between the rivers *Simois* and *Scaman-*
der, and then changes to *Troy*

THE chief reply'd This time forbids to rest
The Trojan bands by hostile fury prest,
Demand their *Hector*, and his aim require,
The combate urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy Knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, e're I leave the walls
E're yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay,
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear
This day, some God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish *Hector* by a Grecian hand

455

460

He said, and past with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part,
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain.
She with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd, and with her second joy,
The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*
Pensive she stood on *Ilion's* tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight,
There her sad eyes in vain her Lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

465

470

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent

¹ Published March 22, 1716 Text of second edition, 1720

Her parting step³ If to the fane she went,
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
 Or sought her sisters in the *Trojan* court³
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
 Nor mix'd with matrons to *Minerva's* fane.
 To *Ilion's* steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the *Grecian* sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her absent Lord.
 Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye 485
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
 Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state, 490
 And met the mourner at the *Scæan* gate
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, *Aetion's* wealthy heir
 (*Cilician Thebè* great *Aetion* sway'd,
 And *Hippoplacus'* wide-extended shade) 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn
 To this lov'd infant *Hector* gave the name 500
Scamandrius, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream;
Astyanax the *Trojans* call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of *Troy*
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind 505
 His beauteous Princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke,
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye
 Too daring Prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice 515
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain,
 Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me Gods! e're *Hector* meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun
 No parent now remains, my griefs to share,

No father's aid, no mother's tender care
 The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our walls in fire,
 Lay'd *Thebè* waste, and slew my warlike Sire!
 His fate compassion in the victor bred,
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And lay'd him decent on the fun'ral pyle,
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell,
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless Heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The Queen of *Hippoplacia's* sylvan lands
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to *Diana's* bow

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
 Once more will perish if my *Hector* fall
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful *Greeks* annoy,
 Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of *Troy*
 Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post,
 There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful host,
 That pass *Tydides*, *Ajax*, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

The Chief reply'd That post shall be my care,
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war
 How would the sons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,
 And *Troy's* proud dames whose garments sweep the ground,
 Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 Should *Hector* basely quit the field of fame?
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impells me to th' embattel'd plains.
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;

(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates¹)
 The day when thou, imperial *Troy*' must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not *Priam*'s hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine *Andromache*' thy griefs I dread,
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In *Argive* looms our battels to design, 580
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from *Hyperia*'s spring
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector*'s wife! 585
 Some haughty *Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
 May I lay cold before that dreadful day, 590
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy *Hector* wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep
 Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of *Troy*,
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And *Hector* hasted to relieve his child,
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground
 Then kist the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r
 O thou! whose glory fills th' ætherial throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son! 605
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
 Against his countrey's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the *Hector* of the future age!
 So when triumphant from successful toils, 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, This chief transcends his father's fame
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of *Troy*,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy 615
 He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms,
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,

Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd
 'The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd

Andromache! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth
 No force can then resist, no flight can save,
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
 His princess parts with a prophetick sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
 That stream'd at every look then moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe
 There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
 Thro' all her train the soft infection ran,
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
 Forth issues *Paris* from the palace wall
 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
 Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way
 The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground,
 Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides,
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies,
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies,
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,
 In arms refulgent as the God of day,
 The son of *Priam*, glorying in his might,
 Rush'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight

And now the warriors passing on the way,
 The graceful *Paris* first excus'd his stay
 To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd

O Chief¹ in blood, and now in arms, ally'd¹
 Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest,
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest
 What pity, sloath should seize a soul so brave, 670
 Or godlike *Paris* live a woman's slave¹
 My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* say,
 And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away
 Haste then, in all their glorious labours share,
 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war 675
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by *Jove's* decree
 We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty*
 While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
 And *Greece* indignant thro' her seas returns

Verses to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady¹

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she¹—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword? 5
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly¹ tell,
 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a Lover's or a *Roman's* part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky, 10
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
 Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs¹ her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods 15
 Thence to their Images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows¹
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage
 Dim lights of life that burn a length of years, 20
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres,
 Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
 And close confin'd in their own palace sleep
 From these perhaps (e'er nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky 25
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race

¹ Published in *Works* June 3, 1717 Text of first edition

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!¹ 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall.
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent heres shall besiege your gates
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way) 40
 Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!¹ 45
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others good, or melt at others woe
 What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpyt'd, and thy rites unpaid?²
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier; 50
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!¹ 55
 What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the publick show?²
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?² 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow,
 While Angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot,
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!¹
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

80

Eloisa to Abelard¹

ARGUMENT

ABELARD and ELOISA flourished in the twelfth Century, they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN THOSE deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name

5

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies
 O write it not my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys

10

15

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn,
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,

20

¹ Published in *Works*, June 3, 1717. Text of *Works*, 1751.

I have not yet forgot myself to stone
 All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart,
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain
 Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame 40
 Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away,
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r,
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue,
 To read and weep is all they now can do
 Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief,
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief 50
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid,
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole
 Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name, 60
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day
 Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung, 65
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,

Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made?

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,

75

Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,

August her deed, and sacred be her fame,

Before true passion all those views remove,

Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?

86

The jealous God, when we profane his fires,

Those restless passions in revenge inspires,

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,

Who seek in love for aught but love alone

Should at my feet the world's great master fall,

89

Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all.

Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove,

No, make me mistress to the man I love,

If there be yet another name more free,

More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!

90

Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,

When love is liberty, and nature, law

All then is full, possessing, and possest,

No craving void left aking in the breast

Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,

92

And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)

And once the lot of Abelard and me

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!

A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!

100

Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,

Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command

Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain,

The crime was common, common be the pain

I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress'd,

106

Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,

When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?

Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,

When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?

110

As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,

The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale

Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,

And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,

115

Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you

Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,

And if I lose thy love, I lose my all

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe,

Those still at least are left thee to bestow 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd,
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God
 Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care, 130
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and descits led
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls, the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild 135
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stoics
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors,
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise, 140
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light, 145
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try, 150
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees, 160
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze,
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves, 165
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,

Shades ev'ry flow'r, and daikens ev'iy green,
 Deepens the mummur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay,
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man
 Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault,
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185

Repent old pleasures, and solicit new,
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How dear the object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love? 195

Unequal task! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget 200

But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind! 210

Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd,
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep,
 "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n,
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215

And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
 For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenæals sing, 220
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee

O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms
 I wake —no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.

I call aloud, it hears not what I say
 I stretch my empty arms, it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes,
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies, 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain, 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose,
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow,
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead
 Nature stands check'd, Religion disapproves,
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves 260

Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn
 What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?

The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes
 I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round
 While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thyself to heav'n, dispute my heart,
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright Idea of the skies,
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears, 285
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs,
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
 No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole,
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!) 295
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
 O Grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And Faith, our early immortality! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest,
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
 See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead 305
 In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound
 "Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 "Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
 "Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,

"Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid
 "But all is calm in this eternal sleep,
 "Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 "Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear 315
 "For God, not man, absolves our frailties here"

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow. 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day,
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!

It will be then no crime to gaze on me 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 "Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more
 O Death, all-cloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round, 340
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds, 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 "Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n

And sue if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more,
 Sue if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell,
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost, 365
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most

Epistle to Martha Blount on her Leaving the Town after the Coronation¹

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholsom country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh,
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever
 Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew,
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd not that They stay'd, but that She went 10
 She went, to plain-work and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks,
 She went from Op'ra, park, assembly, play,
 To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day,
 To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary Tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon,
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire, 20
 Up to her godly gariet after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n
 Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack,
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No words!
 Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table,
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse 30
 In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,

¹ Published in *Works*, June 3, 1717 Text of first edition

You dream of triumphs in the rural shade,
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green,
 Before you pass th' imaginary sights 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
 While the spread Fan o'ershades your closing eyes,
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls. 40
 So when your slave, at some dear, idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you 45
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of *Parthemissa* rise,
 G——y pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight,
 Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sow'r, and hum a song—as you may now 50

To Robert Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer¹

SUCH were the Notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
 'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue
 Oh just beheld, and lost¹ admir'd and mourn'd¹
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd¹
 Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain¹ 5
 Dear to the Muse¹ to HARLEY dear — in vain¹
 For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend,
 For SWIRT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 And sober follies of the wise and great, 10
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
 And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit
 Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
 Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays,
 Who careless now of Int'rest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great,
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy *Fall* 20

¹ Published in *Poems*
Works 1743

Written by Dr Parnell, December 7, 1721 Text of

And sure, if ought below the seats divine
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine
 A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
 The rage of Pow'r, the blast of publick breath, 25
 The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death

In vain to Desarts thy retreat is made,
 The *Muse* attends thee to thy silent shade
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace 30
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell
 Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,
 Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

To Mrs. M. B on Her Birth-day¹

OH BE thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend
 Not with those Toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire
 With added years if Life bring nothing new, 5
 But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more,
 Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
 And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear,
 Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come 20

¹ Published in the *British Journal*, November 14, 1724 Text of *Works*, 1743

Ode on Solitude¹

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, days and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
 Together mixt, sweet recreation,
 And innocence which most does please,
 With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie

The Dunciad²

Book the First

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
 The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings
 Say great Patricians¹ (since your selves inspire
 These wond'rous works, so Jove and Fate require)
 Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
 Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first?
 In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
 E'er Pallas issued from the Thund'rers head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,

¹ Published in *Miscellany Poems*, Volume I, fifth edition, 1726 Text of *Works*, 1736

² Published May 18, 1728 Republished with additions, 1729 Text of first quarto edition of 1729

Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night 10
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind
Still her old empire to confirm, she tries, 15
For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies
O thou! whatever Title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy Chair, 20
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind,
From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
Grieve not at ought our sister realms acquire
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread, 25
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead
Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air,
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness 30
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls, 35
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of Fools
Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric's post,
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day, 40
Sepulchral lyes our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race
'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone,
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her Throne,
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears 45
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale, 50
Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day 55
Call forth each Mass, a poem or a play
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,

How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
 Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet, 65
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet
 Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes,
 There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike 65
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the Madness of the mazy dance
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace,
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race,
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land 70
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with showers,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers,
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 On cold December fragrant chaplets blow, 75
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views, 80
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools colours gilds them all

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
 Like Cimon triumph'd, both on land and wave 85
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
 Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more
 Now May'r's and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day, 90
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls,
 What City-Swans, once sung within the walls, 95
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each sire imprest and glaring in his son,
 So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear 100
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line,
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
 And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage
 In each she marks her image full exprest, 105

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast,
Sees God with Dæmons in strange league ingage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage

She ey'd the Baird, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate, 116
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound'
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay, 111
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay,
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties, not its own 120
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat,
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire,
A Gothic Vatican' of Greece and Rome 125
Well-purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classicks of an Age that heard of none,
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide 130
There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear
De Lyra here a dreadful front extends,
And there, the groaning shelves Philemon bends

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 135
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
Inspir'd he seizes These an altar raise
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base, 140
Quarto's, Octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre,
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire

Then he Great Tamer of all human art'
First in my care, and nearest at my heart
Dulness' whose good old cause I yet defend, 145
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end'
O thou, of business the directing soul,
To human heads like byass to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view 150
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind'
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,

Secure us kindly in our native night
 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand, 15'
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies.
 There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains; 160
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week
 For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head, 165
 With all such reading as was never read,
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it, 170
 So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
 And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er
 Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
 My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind,
 So gravest precepts may successless prove, 175
 But sad examples never fail to move
 As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky,
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below, 180
 Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my Elasticity and Fire
 Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state
 But see great Settle to the dust descend, 185
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.
 But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,
 Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) Guide? 190
 Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
 Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist¹ am thine, 195
 And rival, Curtius¹ of thy fame and zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
 Adieu my children! better thus expire
 Un-stall'd, unsold, thus glorious mount in fire
 Fair without spot, than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands, 200
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,

And visit alehouse where ye first did grow

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand

Then lights the structure, with averted eyes, 205

The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice

The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,

And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire 210

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes

When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,

Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed,

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre 215

Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire

Her ample presence fills up all the place,

A veil of fogs dilates her awful face,

Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'is

She looks, and breathes her self into their airs 220

She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome,

Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his Home

So spirits ending their terrestrial race,

Ascend, and recognize their native place

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat, 225

And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shows,

Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loitring into prose,

How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find, 230

Now leave all memory of sense behind

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,

And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away

How Index-learning turns no student pale,

Yet holds the Eel of science by the Tail

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape, 235

Less human genius than God gives an ape,

Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece,

A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,

Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell 240

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,

With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed,

And lo! her Bird (a monster of a fowl!

Something betwixt a H*** and Owl)

Perch'd on his crown All hail! and hail again, 245

My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,

Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days,

Safe, where no criticks damn, no duns molest.

Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest. 250
 I see a King¹ who leads my chosen sons
 To lands, that flow with clenches and with puns:
 'Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own,
 'Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne¹
 I see! I see!—Then rapt, she spoke no more 255
 God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log! 260

Ode The Dying Christian to his Soul¹

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, 5
 And let me languish into life

Hark! they whisper, Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight, 10
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears 15
 With sounds seraphic ring
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?

Epitaph V

On Mrs Corbet, Who Dyed of a Cancer
 in her Breast²

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain Reason and with sober Sense,

¹ Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, May 5, 1730 Text of *Works*, 1736

² Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, May 5, 1730 Text of *Works*, 1735

No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
 No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd
 Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown, 5
 Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
 Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd,
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd. 10

Epitaph XII

Intended for Sir Isaac Newton,
 in Westminster-Abbey¹

ISAACUS NEWTONUS
 Quem Immoitalem
 Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum*
 Mortalem
 Hoc marmor fatetur

NATURE and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night
 GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

Epigram II²

SHOULD D——s print, how once you robb'd your brother
 Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mother,
 Say, what revenge on D——s can be had,
 Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?

Epigram on the Toasts of the Kit-Kat Club,
 Anno 1716³

WHENCE deathless *Kit-Cat* took its name,
 Few critics can unriddle,

¹ Published in *The Grub-street Journal*, July 16, 1730 Text of *Works*, 1751

² Published in *The Grub-street Journal*, July 1, 1731 Text of *Works*, 1751

³ Published in *Miscellanyes, The Third Volume*, October 4, 1732 Text of *Works*, 1751

Some say from Pastry-cook it came,
 And some from Cat and Fiddle
 From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
 Gray statesmen or green wits,
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old "Cats" and young "Kits"

5

An Essay on Man, in Four Epistles, to
 H St. John, Lord Bolingbroke¹

Epistle I²

AWAKE, my ST JOHN¹ leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings
 Let us (since Life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man,
 A mighty maze¹ but not without a plan,
 A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield,
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar,
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise,
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man

5

10

15

I Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other Planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are
 But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

25

30

¹ Published 1733-34 Text of *Works*, 1751

² Published February 20, 1733

Look'd thro'?' or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find, 35

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man

And all the question (wangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,

May, must be right, as relative to all

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain, 55

In God's, one single can it's end produce,

Yet serves to second too some other use

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal, 60

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole

When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains,

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,

Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God

Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65

His actions', passions', being's, use and end,

Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and why

This hour a slave, the next a deity

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault, 70

Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought

His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,

His time a moment, and a point his space

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter, soon or late, or here or there?

The blest today is as completely so, 75

As who began a thousand years ago

III Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know

Or who could suffer Being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n.
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

80

85

90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death: and God adore
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast
 Man never Is, but always To be blest
 The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come

95

100

105

110

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company

115

120

125

IV Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence,
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God
 In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies,
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,

Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause 130

V Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine:
 "For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 "Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r,
 "Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew, 135
 "The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew,
 "For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings,
 "For me, health gushes from a thousand springs,
 "Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
 "My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies" 140

But eirs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
 "No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,
 "Th' exceptions few, some change since all began
 "And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
 If the great end be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less? 150
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires,
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design, 155
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
 Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
 Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right is to submit

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here,
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,
 That never passion discompos'd the mind
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife,
 And Passions are the elements of Life 170
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature and is kept in Man

VI What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more,
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175

To want the strength of bull, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creature if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, find,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd,
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate
 Each beast, each insect, happy in it's own.
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

180

185

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind,
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 'T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

190

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VII Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends.
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier;

210

215

220

For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd, 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide
 And Middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth
 Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach, from Infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to Nothing—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame, 270
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glows in the stais, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that moulds,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all 280

X Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame
 Know thy own point This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee. 285
 Submit—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see, 290
 All Discord, Harmony not understood,
 All partial Evil, universal Good
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT

Epistle II¹

I Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of Mankind is Man
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great 5
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest,
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast,
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err, 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd,
 Created half to rise, and half to fall, 15
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all,
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd
 'The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
 Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh all, and state the tides, 20
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

¹ Published March 29, 1733

Collect old Time, and regulate the Sun,
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair,
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting sense call imitating God,
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind, 35
 Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
 Who saw it's fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art, 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide,
 First strip off all her equipage of Pride,
 Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress, 45
 Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness,
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain,
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our Vices have created Arts, 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II Two Principles in human nature reign,
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain,
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works it's end, to move or govern all
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul,
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole 60
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd

Most strength the moving principle requires,
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh,
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie
 That sees immediate good by present sense,
 Reason, the future and the consequence
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong
 The action of the stronger to suspend
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend
 Attention, habit and experience gains,
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite,
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit
 Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire,
 But greedy That, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r.
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good

III Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
 And Reason bids us for our own provide,
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under Reason, and deserve her care,
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast,
 But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but Passion is the gale,
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ,
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,

Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind 120
 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
 And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike,
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike,
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame, 130
 And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
 Like Aæon's scipent, swallows up the rest

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death,
 The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came,
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul 140
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse, 145
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse,
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour,

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey 150
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
 The choice we make, or justify it made,
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd,
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard
 'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165

And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease,
 Tho' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence,
 The meichant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this Passion our best principle
 'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd
 Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd,
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one interest body acts with mind

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply,
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy,
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind,
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave,
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd
 Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide? The God within the mind

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
 In Man they join to some mysterious use,
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 'As, in some well-wrought Picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain,
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain. 215

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed,
 In Scotland, at the Orcades, and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he,
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own,
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree,
 The rogue and fool by fits, is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise. 235
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still,
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal,
 But HEAV'N'S great view is One, and that the Whole
 That counter-works each folly and caprice,
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice, 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief
 That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise,
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here,
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign,
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away 260
 Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,

Not one will change his neighbour with himself
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more,
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend,
 See some fit Passion, ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die 275

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age: 280
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days,
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy,
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain, 290
 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise

Epistle III¹

HERE then we rest "The Universal Cause
 "Acts to one end, but acts by various laws"
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day, 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray
 Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place

¹ Published May 17, 1733

Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace
 See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good
 See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
 See life dissolving vegetate again
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return 20
 Nothing is foreign Parts relate to whole,
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least,
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast,
 All serv'd, all serving nothing stands alone, 25
 The chains holds on, and where it ends, unknown
 Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer 40
 The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all
 Know, Nature's children all divide her care,
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear
 While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" 45
 "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose
 And just as short of reason He must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all
 Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole 50
 Nature that Tyrant checks, He only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods,
 For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride.
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves,
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest,
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain
 The creature had his feast of life before,
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end.
 To Man imparts it, but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near
 Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind

II Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays 'till we call, and then not often near,
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,
 While still too wide or short is human Wit,
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain
 This too serves always, Reason never long,
 One must go right, the other may go wrong
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours,
 And Reason rise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
 Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown before?

Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds 110
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness.
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend,
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care,
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race 130
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands,
That longer care contracts more lasting bands
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love.
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn 135
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn,
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those 140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age,
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind

IV Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod,
The state of Nature was the reign of God.
Self-love and Social at her birth began, 150
Union the bond of all things, and of Man
Pride then was not, nor Arts, that Pride to aid,
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade,
The same his table, and the same his bed,
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed

In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest
 Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare 160
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb,
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds,
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man
 See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part, 170
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
 "Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,
 "Learn from the beasts the physic of the field,
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive, 175
 "Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave,
 "Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale
 "Here too all forms of social union find,
 "And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind 180
 "Here subterranean works and cities see,
 "There towns aerial on the waving tree
 "Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 "The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees,
 "How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 "And Anarchy without confusion know,
 "And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign;
 "Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain
 "Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 "Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate 190
 "In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 "Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 "And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 "Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong
 "Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 "Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 "And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 "Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd"
 V Great Nature spoke, observant Men obey'd,
 Cities were built, Societies were made 200
 Here rose one little state, another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear

Did here the trees with rudier buidens bend,
 And there the streams in purer vills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law
 Thus States were form'd, the name of King unknown,
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one 210
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in aits or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made
 VI 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate, 215
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state,
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground
 'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man
 Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd 225
 One great first father, and that first ador'd
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son,
 The worker from the work distinct was known, 230
 And simple Reason never sought but one
 E'er Wit oblique had broke that steddly light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
 To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure, trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God
 LOVE all the faith, and all th' allegiance then, 235
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
 No ill could fear in God, and understood
 A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God, and this of Man 240
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one,
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
 Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law, 245
 'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made
 She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise 255
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes,
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods,
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust,
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive, 260
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride
 Then sacred seem'd th' etherial vault no more,
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore 265
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe
 So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust, 270
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws
 For, what one likes if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel? 275
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence, 280
 Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good
 'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind, 285
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
 The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before,
 Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew
 Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings, 290
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too,
 'Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd State 295
 Such is the World's great harmony, that springs
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one point, and to one center bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King
 For Forms of Government let fools contest,
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight, 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity
 All must be false that thwart this One great End,
 And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend 310
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own Axis as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun,
 So two consistent motions act the Soul, 315
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same

Epistle IV¹

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St JOHN! dwells with thee
 Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind, 20
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind,
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these,
 Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain,
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain,

¹ Published January 24, 1734

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave, 30
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive,
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease 35

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause 35
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,"
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all
There's not a blessing Individuals find, 40
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd.

Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend, 45
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink
Each has his share, and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain

ORDER is Heav'n's first law, and this confess, 50
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise, but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness 55

But mutual wants this Happiness increase, 55
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing,
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend, 60
In him who is, or him who finds a friend
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65
God in External could not place Content

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose, 70
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those,
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise 75

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence 80
 But Health consists with Temperance alone,
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own

The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain,
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85

Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest 95
 But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all

See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave? 105

Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew Marseille's good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death!
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good, 115
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease 120

Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be impiest,
 Oh blameless Bethel¹ to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the Just then let it be
 But first consider how those Just agree

The good must merit God's peculiar care,
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him instrument of hell,

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God

What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest

The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine
 WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too

And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed"
 What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain
 The good man may be weak, be indolent,

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content
 But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?

"No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"
 Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,

"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n?

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give
 Immense the pow'r immense were the demand,
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six, 170
 Justice a Conq'rs sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown
 Weak, foolish man^l will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life,
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind 180
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
 Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
 Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and Love were never to be sold
 Oh fool^l to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year
 Honour and shame from no Condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies
 Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend^l a wise man and a Fool 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather or prunella
 Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings, 205
 That thou may'st be by Kings, or whores of kings
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Luciece
 But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great 210
 Go^l if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go^l and pretend your family is young,
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 215
 Alas^l not all the blood of all the HOWARDS

Look next on Greatness, say where Greatness lies?
 "Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede, 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose
 No less alike the Politic and Wise, 225
 All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak
 But giant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown 240
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends,
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead, 245
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine
 A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod,
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave, 250
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas,
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels

In Parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise? 260
 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
 To see all others faults, and feel our own
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand
 Painful preheminance¹ yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too

265

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount
 How much of other each is sure to cost,
 How each for other oft is wholly lost,
 How inconsistent greater goods with these,
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To sign for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

270

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame¹

275

If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete¹

280

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy¹ those to ruin, these betray

285

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose,

290

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold

295

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces

Oh wealth ill-fated¹ which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame¹

300

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade

305

Alas¹ not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,

Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day,

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame¹

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)

"Virtue alone is Happiness below"

310

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill,

Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd,
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd, 325
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find, 330
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God,
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine,
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below,
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul,
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE or GOD, and LOVE or MAN 340

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul,
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown.
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present, she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss, 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine
 Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Bliss but height of Charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts But human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
 The centric mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads,
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His country next, and next all human race,
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind,
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast

361

370

Come then, my Friend¹ my Genius¹ come along,
 Oh master of the poet, and the song¹

375

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper use,
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steel
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,

380

Intent to reason, or polite to please
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

385

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?

390

That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart,
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
 Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim,
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same,
 That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below,
 And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW

395

Epitaph XI

On Mr Gay In Westminster Abbey, 1732¹

OF MANNERS gentle, of Affections mild,
 In Wit, a Man, Simplicity, a Child

¹ Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1733 Text of *Works*, 1751

With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age
 Above Temptation in a low Estate, 5
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great.
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End
 These are Thy Honours¹ not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust, 10
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

Moral Essays. Epistle I
 To Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham.
 Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men¹

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind,
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no Philosopher at all
 And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as Books, too much 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake,
 To written Wisdom, as another's less
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.
 There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss
 That each from other differs, first confess,
 Next, that he varies from himself no less 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life
 Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
 On human actions reason tho' you can, 25
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man
 His Principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his Principle no more

¹ Published January 16, 1734 Text of *Works*, 1751

Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect 30

Yet more, the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for Observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way
In vain sedate reflections we wou'd make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take 40
Oft, in the Passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field
As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do 50

True, some are open, and to all men known,
Others so very close, they're hid from none,
(So Darkness strikes the sense no less than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight,
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise 60
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen

But these plain Characters we rarely find,
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole, 65
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul
The Dull, flat Falshood serves, for policy,
And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lye
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise,
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout,
Alone, in company, in place, or out,
Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late,
Mad at a Fox-chace, wise at a Debate,
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball, 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers no doubt,
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without 80

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd 85
 He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
 New-market-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
 A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
 A godless Regent tremble at a Star? 90
 The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
 Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
 Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool? 95

Know, GOD and NATURL only are the same.
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
 Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground

In vain the Sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why, 100
 Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew,
 That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do
 Behold! If Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns.
 To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight, 105
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field

Not always actions shew the man We find 110
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind,
 Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the east
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies

But grant that Actions best discover man, 120
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can
 The few that glare each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark
 What will you do with such as disagree?
 Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?

Must then at once (the character to save) 125
 The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
 Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
 Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat 130
 Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
 One action Conduct; one, heroic Love
 'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn, 135
 A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn,
 A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still,
 A Gownman, learn'd, a Bishop, what you will,
 Wise, if a Minister, but, if a King,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing 140
 Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate
 In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike
 Tho' the same Sun with all-diffusive rays 145
 Blush in the Rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r
 'Tis Education forms the common mind,
 Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd 150
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire,
 The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave,
 Will sneaks a Sciv'ner, an exceeding knave
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r } 155
 A Quaker? sly A Presbyterian? sow'r
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour }
 Ask men's Opinions Scotto now shall tell
 How Trade increases, and the World goes well,
 Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun, 160
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone
 That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
 Some God, or Spirit he has lately found,
 Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd 165
 Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place
 By Actions? those Uncertainty divides
 By Passions? these Dissimulation hides
 Opinions? they still take a wider range 170
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times

Search then the RULING PASSION There, alone, 175
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known,
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere,
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest 180
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies,
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke, 185
The Club must hail him master of the joke
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores, 190
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart,
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt, 195
And most contemptible, to shun contempt,
His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways,
A constant Bounty which no friend has made,
An angel Tongue, which no Man can persuade, 200
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A Rebel to the very king he loves,
He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state, 205
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If second qualities for first they take
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends, Ambition was the vice 215
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,

Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile

In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
 As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last,
 As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out, 230
 As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd 235
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate,
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late
 "Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul! 240
 "Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl "

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires 245

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 "No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace
 "Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face
 "One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead— 250
 "And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red "

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir? 255

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned
 Your money, Sir, "My money, Sir, what all?
 "Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul
 The Manor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold, he cry'd, 260
 "Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 "Oh, save my Country, Heav'n! shall be your last 265

An Epistle from Mr. Pope, to Dr. Arbuthnot¹

SHUT, shut the door, good John¹ faugu'd I said,
 Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead
 The Dog-star rages¹ nay 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge, 10
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy¹ to catch me, just at Dinner-time 15
 Is there a Poison, much be-mus'd in beer,
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
 A Clerk, foedoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross*?
 Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls 20
 With desp'rate charcoal round his daiken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause 25
 Poor Cornus sees his frantick wife elope,
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope
 Friend to my Life¹ (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma, either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye,
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years" 40
 Nine years¹ cries he, who high in Drury-lane
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes 'ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,

¹ Published January 2, 1735 Text of *Works*, 1743

Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends
 "The piece you think is incorrect? why take it, 45
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it"
 Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound
 Pitholeon sends to me "You know his Grace,
 "I want a Patition, ask him for a Place" 50
 Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
 "Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 "Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
 "He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
 Bless me! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55
 "A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse"
 If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!
 If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage"
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends 60
 Fir'd that the house reject him, "S'death I'll print it,
 "And shame the fools—your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot"
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much
 "Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch"
 All my demurs but double his attacks, 65
 At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more
 'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some Say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 "Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things, 75
 "I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings,
 "Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
 "'Tis nothing"—Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass 80
 The truth once told, (and wherefore shou'd we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I
 You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread a-new 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,

The creature's at his duty work again,
 Thron'd in the centie of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seems a wit?
 Still Sappho—"Hold! for God sake—you'll offend,
 "No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend
 "I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
 "But foes like these!—One Flatt'rer's worse than all,
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent,
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes,
 One from all Gubstreet will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe"
 There are, who to my person pay their court,
 I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal *Maio* held his head"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago
 Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipp'd me in ink, my parents, or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
 To second, *ARBUTHNOT!* thy Art and Care,
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear
 But why then publish? *Gianville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays,
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Someers*, *Sheffield* read,

Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head 140
 And *St John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier then author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books, 145
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream 150
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill,
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret,
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*

Did some more sober Critic come abroad?
 If wrong, I smil'd, if right, I kiss'd the rod
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense 160
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells, 165
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there?

Were others angry? I excus'd them too,
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barieness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year,
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,

It is not Poetry, but prose run mad
 All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate* 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?
 And swear, not *Addison* himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise, 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike,
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,
 Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause, 210
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawks's load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I sought no homage from the Race that write,
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great *GEORGE*! a birth-day song
 I ne'er with wits or witlings past my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise,
 Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down,
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side,
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state 230

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill,
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,

Horace and he went hand in hand in song
 His Library, (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his Judgment ask'd, and then a place.
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat 240
 'Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He pay'd some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve
 May some choise Patron bless each grey goose quill!
 May ev'ry *Bavvus* have his *Bufo* still! 250
 So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the *Great'* for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me, For they left me GAY,
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn! 260
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
 ("To live and die is all I have to do")
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs,
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs,
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead 270
 Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light,
 Heav'n's! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
 "I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt 275
 "(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will
 "No, such a Genius never can lie still,
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first Lampoon Sir *Wul*, or *Bubo* makes 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'iv Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?
 Curst be the veise, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe, 285
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace.
 Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about, 290
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*, 295
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend,
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray,
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannon's* what was never there, 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babling blockheads in his stead
 Let *Sporus* tremble—"What? that thing of silk,
 "*Sporus*, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
 "Satire or sense alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"
 Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings, 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way,
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politicks, or tales, or lyes,
 Or spite, or smut, or rymes, or blasphemies,
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis 325
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,

The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile, be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways,
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit, 345

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad,
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed,
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350

Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own,
 The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape,
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead, 355

The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last!*

“But why insult the poor, affront the great?” 360

A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer, 365
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire,
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sapho can tell you how this man was bit
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye. 375
 To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life,
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife
 Let *Budgel* charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will,
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul and muse
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore'* 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song
 Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—"What fortune, pray?—Their own, 390
 And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age 395
 No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise,
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I 405
 O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my Friend, 415
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN
 Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n

To James Craggs, Esq, Secretary of State¹

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
 And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.
 A Face untaught to feign a judging Eye, } 5
 That darts severe upon a rising Lye,
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery }
 All this thou wert, and being this before,
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more
 Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise,
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me 15
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue,
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You

Imitations of Horace

The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace
To Augustus²

WHILE you,³ great Patron of Mankind¹ sustain
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main,
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
 At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend,
 How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
 Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And Virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,
 After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,
 Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind¹
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death

¹ Published in *Works*, July 31, 1735 Text of *Works*, 1743² Published May 25, 1737 Text of *Works*, 1751³ George II

Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
 Has satisfy'd whole poems for an age
 I lose my patience, and I own it too, 110
 When works are censur'd, not as bad but new,
 While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow? 120
 One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
 Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not, he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires
 Had ancient times conspir'd to dis-allow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?

In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd, 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd"
 Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excell,
 New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell,
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance
 Then Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form
 Lely on animated Canvas stole
 The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul 150
 No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court
 On each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate,
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws,
 Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause 160

Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
 To worship like his Fathers, was his care, 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir,
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold,
 And place, on good Security, his Gold
 Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch 170
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich
 Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lye, 175
 Not ——'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I,
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more,
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit 180

He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop,
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop,
 Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man

Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great,
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State 190
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind,
 And rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind
 Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men
 Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind, 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind
 To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter,
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet,
 And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose,
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
 And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State
 What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King, 210
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays, 215
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
 No whiter page than Addison remains
 He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art, 220
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws,
 And leave on Swirr this grateful verse engrav'd,
 The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd 225
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
 Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn
 Not but there are, who merit other palms,
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms 230
 The Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains
 How could Devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse? 235
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain,
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng, 240
 And Heav'n is won by Violence of Song
 Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain 245
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew, 250
 And Taunts alternate innocently flew
 But Times corrupt, and Nature, ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind,
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life 255
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm

At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound
 Most waip'd to Flatt'ry's side, but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms,
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms,
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265

Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow
 Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join }
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine }
 Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein 270

And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war
 Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire 275

Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, full in Otway shone
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280

The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The humbler Muse of Comedy require
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less 285

Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed
 Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how loosely does Astræa tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!
 But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun 295

O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows
 Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away
 There still remains, to mortify a Wit,

The many-headed Monster of the Pit 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd cloud,
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke. 310
 What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
 Ever the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords,
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
 The Play stands still, damn action and discourse, 315
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse,
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Herald, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn,
 The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast. 320
 With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide
 Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar, 325
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more,
 While all its throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep 330
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat,
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load
 Booth enters—hark! the Universal peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable 335
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
 Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
 Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach, 340
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
 To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns,
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art, 345
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart,
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
 But not this Part of the Poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great 350
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
 How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?

355

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
 We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)

Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd
 The season, when to come, and when to go,
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know,

360

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend,

365

Repeat unask'd, lament, the Wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,

We needs will write Epistles to the King,
 And from the moment we oblige the town,

370

Expect a place, or pension from the Crown,
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine

375

Yet think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place

380

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care,
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed,
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear

385

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,

390

Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
 What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,

395

400

Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains, 405
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains
 The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite 410
 A vile Encomium doubly ridicules
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woful likeness, and if lyes,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise "
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives; 415
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
 Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty Eight A Dialogue Something like Horace¹

FR Not twice a twelve-month you appear in Print,
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in 't
 You grow correct, that once, with Rapture writ,
 And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit 5
 Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace, Horace long before ye
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a 'Tory";
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre, 10
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."
 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice,
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice*
 Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,
 Blunt could *do Business*, H-ggins *knew the Town*; 15
 In Sappho touch the *Failing of the Sex*,
 In rev'iend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile 20

¹ This and the following piece were entitled by Warburton "Epilogue to the Satires"
 Published May 16, 1738 Text of *Horl* s, 1751

An artful Manager, that crept between
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore,
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the *Gloiy*, 'twill be only thought
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat
 Go see SIR ROBERT—

25

P See SIR ROBERT!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r,
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt,
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out

30

35

F Why yes with *Scripture* still you may be free,
 A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*,
 A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig
 A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage
 These nothing hurts, they keep their Fashion still,
 And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will

40

45

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near
 "His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"
 Why, answer, LYTTLETON, and I'll engage
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage
 But were his Verses vile, his Whispei base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case
 Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
 But well may put some Statesman in a fury

50

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes,
 These you but anger, and you mend not those
 Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more
 To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
 Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
 At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen
 Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
 And charitably comfort Knave and Fool

55

60

P Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth.
 Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
 Come, harmless Characters that no one hit,
 Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!
 The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,

65

The Flow'is of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng¹
 The gracious Due of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Couitly Sense, 70
 That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen
 O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand¹
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's* Sense,
 Or teach the Melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest¹
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave
 F Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all,
 Would you know when¹ exactly when they fall 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a King¹
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court,
 There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place 100
 But past the Sense of human Miseries,
 All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes,
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job
 P Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory, 105
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
 And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vexed,
 Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next
 Have I, in silent wonder seen such things
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings, 110
 And at a Peer or Peeress, shall I fret,
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast,
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
 Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115

Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke,
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Waïd draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?
 This, this, my Friend, I cannot, must not bear,
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*
 Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well,
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
 Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame
Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me,
 Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore,
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless,
 In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead
 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
 Dragg'd in the Dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,
 Before her dance behind her, crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!

See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves¹ 165
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law.
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry— 170
 "Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy
 Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
 Show, there was one who held it in disdain

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty Eight Dialogue II¹

FR 'Tis all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say
 P Not yet, my Friend¹ to morrow faith it may, }
 And for that very cause I print to day
 How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
 In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty-nine*¹ 5
 Vice, with such Giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain,
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising Genius sins up to my Song
 F Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash; 10
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.
 Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice
 P How, Sir¹ not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
 Come on then, Satire¹ gen'ral, unconfin'd,
 Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind 15
 Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all¹
 Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall¹
 Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F Scandal¹ name them, Who?
 P Why that's the thing you bid me not to do
 Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20
 I never nam'd, the Town's enquiring yet,
 The pois'ning Dame—F You mean—P I don't F You do
 P See, now I keep the Secret, and not you¹
 The bribing Statesman—F Hold, too high you go
 P The brib'd Elector—F There you stoop too low 25
 P I fain would please you, if I knew with what,
 Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
 Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
 Like Royal Harts be never more run down?
 Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30
 As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

¹ Published July 18, 1738 Text of *Works*, 1751

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F A Dean, Sir? no his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade 35

P If not the Tradesman who set up to day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,
Airaign no mightier Thief than wretched *W'ild*,
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
Go diench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice,
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe

Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King

F Stop! stop! P Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all

F Yes, strike that *W'ild*, I'll justify the blow
P Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago 55
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears

F What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE

F Strange spleen to S—k! P Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65
Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for *PELHAM's* Love)
The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew! 70

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert,
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love 75
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline,
Thus *SOMMERS* once, and *HALIFAX*, were mine
Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
I study'd *SHREWSBURY*, the wise and great

CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble Flame, 80
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget, 85
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own 90
 Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train,
 And if yet higher the proud List should end,
 Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.
 Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow *Virtue*, where she shines, I praise 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R
 Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave) 100
 Have still a secret Byass to a Knave
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
 F Then why so few commended? P Not so fierce,
 Find you the *Virtue*, and I'll find the Verse 105
 But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done,
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
 Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,
 For him she weeps, and him she weds agen
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground, 110
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd
 Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115
 What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain
 No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command,
 No Pow'r, when *Virtue* claims it, can withstand
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line, 120
 O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin,
 I think your Friends are out and would be in
 P If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about 125
 F They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
 P I only call those Knaves who are so now

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall*¹ aid me while I lye

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130

And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,

ST JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—

But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,

Has never made a Friend in private life,

And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Veries, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,

Oh All-accomplish'd ST JOHN¹ deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day, 140

When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt? 145

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules

Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools,

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150

To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay

But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,

Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave,

The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,

And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155

Which not at present having time to do—

F Hold Sir¹ for God's-sake where's th' Affront to you?

Against your worship when had S—k writ?

Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?

Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160

[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]

To W—le guilty of some venial sin,

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,

How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown 165

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,

Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P Faith, it imports not much from whom it came, }

Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,

Since the whole House did afterwards the same 170

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,

As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly,

If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in,
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind,
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse
 The last full fairly gives it to the *House* 180

F This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach— P So does Flatt'ry mine,
 And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is Exciement 185
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite,
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write,
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
 Without a staring Reason on his brows?
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
 The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad
 When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
 Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours 200
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense,
 Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind,
 And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind

F You're strangely proud P So proud, I am no Slave } 205
 So impudent, I own myself no Knave.
 So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave
 Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me
 Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide. 215
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall
 Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
 Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away

All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings. 225
 All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address¹

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
 A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar, 230
 Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,
 Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,
 And opes the Temple of *Eternity* 235

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave,
 Far other Stars than ~ and * * wear,

And may descend to Mordington from STAIR
 (Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)

Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings,
 Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies 245

Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law,
 Here, Last of Britons¹ let your Names be read, 250
 Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line

Fr Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

The Universal Prayer Deo Opt Max¹

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
 In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
 Who all my Sense confin'd

6

¹ Published June 22, 1738 Text of *Works*, 1751

To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind,

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill; 10
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun, 15
That, more than Heav'n pursue

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey 20

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay, 30
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd, 35
Or ought thy Goodness lent

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see,
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me 40

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot.
 All else beneath the Sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy Will be done

45

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies¹
 One Chorus let all Being raise¹
 All Nature's Incense rise¹

50

On a Certain Lady at Court¹

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent, and attend¹)
 I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
 Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
 An equal mixture of good Humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy

5

"Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver,
 When all the World conspires to praise her,
 The Woman's deaf, and does not hear

10

THOMAS PARNELL

(1679-1712-1718)

A Hymn to Contentment²

LOVELY, lasting Peace of Mind¹
 Sweet Delight of human kind¹
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
 With more of Happiness below,

5

¹ Published in *Works*, 1751 Text of 1751

² Published in Steele's *Miscellany*, 1714 Text of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1722

Than Victors in a Triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek, contented Head?
 What happy Region dost thou please
 To make the Seat of Calms and Ease? 10

Ambition searches all its Sphere
 Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
 Encreasing Avarice would find
 Thy Presence in its Gold enshrin'd 15
 The bold Advent'rer ploughs his way,
 Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea,
 To gain thy Love, and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.
 The silent Heart which Grief assails, 20
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the Vales,
 Sees Daisies open, Rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing Thought, but learns to know
 That Solitude's the Nurse of Woe 25
 No real Happiness is found
 In trailing Purple o'er the Ground.
 Or in a Soul exalted high,
 To range the Circuit of the Sky,
 Converse with Stars above, and know 30
 All Nature in its Forms below,
 The Rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And Doubts at last for Knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace appear!
 This World it self, if thou art here, 35
 Is once again with *Eden* bless'd,
 And Man contains it in his Breast

'Twas thus, as under Shade I stood,
 I sung my Wishes to the Wood,
 And lost in Thought, no more perceiv'd 40
 The Branches whisper as they wav'd.
 It seem'd, as all the quiet Place
 Confess'd the Presence of the Grace
 When thus she spoke—Go rule thy Will,
 Bid thy wild Passions all be still,
 Know God—and bring thy Heart to know, 45
 The Joys which from Religion flow
 Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its Guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest

Oh! by yonder Mossy Seat,
 In my Hours of sweet Retreat, 50
 Might I thus my Soul employ,
 With sense of Gratitude and Joy
 Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
 In heavenly Vision, Praise, and Pray'r,
 Pleasing all Men, hurting none, 55
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone
 Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
 With all the Colours of Delight,
 While silver Waters glide along,
 To please my Ear, and court my Song 60
 I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String,
 And thee, great *Source of Nature*, sing

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
 To light the World, and give the Day,
 The Moon that shines with borrow'd Light, 65
 The Stars that gild the gloomy Night,
 The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves,
 The Wood that spreads its shady Leaves,
 The Field whose Ears conceal the Grain,
 The yellow Treasure of the Plain, 70
 All of these, and all I see,
 Shou'd be sung, and sung by me
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the Tongue of Man

Go search among your idle Dreams, 75
 Your *busy*, or your *vain* Extreams,
 And find a Life of equal Bliss,
 Or own the *next* begun in *This*

Song¹

MY DAYS have been so wond'rous free,
 The little Birds that fly
 With careless ease from Tree to Tree,
 Were but as bless'd as I

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear 5
 Of mine encreas'd their Stream?
 Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
 I lent one Sigh to them?

¹ Published in Steele's *Miscellany*, 1714 Text of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1722

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught,
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire
 Are fix't upon my Thought 10

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines!
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove!
 Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds!
 Ye close Retreats of Love! 15

With all of Nature, all of Art,
 Assist the dear Design,
 O teach a young, unpractic'd Heart,
 To make my *Nancy* mine 20

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair,
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
 Is mix'd with soft Distress,
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it Less 25

An Elegy To an Old Beauty¹

IN VAIN, poor Nymph, to please our youthful sight
 You sleep in Cream and Frontlets all the Night,
 Your Face with Patches soil, with Paint repair,
 Dress with gay Gowns, and shade with foreign Hair
 If Truth in spite of Manners must be told,
 Why really *Fifty Five* is something old 5

Once you were young, or one, whose Life's so long
 She might have born my Mother, tells me wrong
 And once (since Envy's dead before you dye,)
 The Women own, you play'd a sparkling Eye,
 Taught the light Foot a modish little Trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest purple Lip— 10

To some new Charmer are the Roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy Cheek with red,
 Youth calls the *Graces* there to fix their Reign,
 And *Airs* by thousands fill their easy Train
 So parting Summer bids her flow'ry Prime 15

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1722 Text of first edition

Attend the Sun to dress some foreign Clime,
While with'ring Seasons in Succession, here,
Strip the gay Gardens, and deform the Year 20

But thou (since Nature bids) the World resign,
'Tis now thy Daughter's Daughter's time to shine
With more Address, (or such as pleases more)
She runs her Female Exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the Fan, 25
And smiles, or blushes at the Creature Man
With quicker Life, as guilded Coaches pass,
In sideling Courtesy she drops the Glass
With better Strength, on Visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty Flights of ample Stairs 30
Her Mein, her Shape, her Temper, Eyes and Tongue
Are sure to conquer—for the Rogue is young,
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty *Fanny's* way

Let Time that makes you homely, make you sage, 35
The Sphere of Wisdom is the Sphere of Age
'Tis true, when Beauty dawns with early Fire,
And hears the flatt'ring Tongues of soft Desire,
If not from Virtue, from its gravest Ways
The Soul with pleasing Avocation strays 40
But Beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise,
As Harpers better, by the loss of Eyes

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving Airs,
Haunt less the Plays, and more the publick Pray'rs,
Reject the *Mechlin* Head, and gold Brocade, 45
Go pray, in sober *Norwich* Crape array'd
Thy pendent Diamonds let thy *Fanny* take,
(Their trembling Lustre shows how much you shake,)
Or bid her wear thy Necklace row'd with Pearl,
You'll find your *Fanny* an obedient Girl 50
So for the rest, with less Incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' Life, unmingled with the young,
And view the *Shade* and *Substance* as you pass
With joint Endeavour trifling at the Glass,
Or *Folly* drest, and rambling all her Days, 55
To meet her Counterpart, and grow by *Praise* ·
Yet still sedate your self, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the Vain

'Twas thus (if Man with Woman we compare) 60
The wise *Athenian* crost a glittering Fan,
Unmov'd by Tongues and Sights, he walk'd the place,
Thro' Tape, Toys, Tinsel, Gimp, Perfume, and Lace,
Then bends from *Mais's* Hill his awful Eyes,
And *What a World I never want?* he cries,
But cries unheard For *Folly* will be free 65

So parts the buzzing gaudy Crowd, and He·
 As careless he for them, as they for him,
 He wrapt in *Wisdom*, and they whirl'd by *Whim*.

A Night-Piece on Death¹

By THE blue Tapers trembling Light,
 No more I waste the wakeful Night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er
 Their Books from Wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest Way.
 I'll seek a readier Path, and go
 Where Wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon Azure dies the Sky¹
 Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lye,
 While thro' their Ranks in silver pride
 The nether Crescent seems to glide
 The slumb'ring Breeze forgets to breathe,
 The Lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled Show
 Descends to meet our Eyes below
 The Grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the View retire·
 The Left presents a Place of Graves,
 Whose Wall the silent Water laves.
 That Steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of Night.
 There pass with melancholy State,
 By all the solemn Heaps of Fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable Dead,
Time was, like thee they Life possess,
And Time shall be, that thou shalt Rest

Those Graves, with bending Osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled Ground,
 Quick to the glancing Thought disclose
 Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose

The flat smooth Stones that bear a Name,
 The Chissels slender help to Fame,
 (Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1722 Text of first edition.

Their frequent Steps may wear away.)
A middle Race of Mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that rise on high,
 Whose Dead in vaulted Arches lye, 40
 Whose Pillars swell with sculptur'd Stones,
 Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
 These (all the poor Remains of State)
 Adorn the *Rich*, or praise the *Great*,
 Who while on Earth in Fame they live, 45
 Are senseless of the Fame they give

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
 The bursting Earth unveils the Shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with Shrouds,
 They rise in visionary Crouds, 50
 And all with sober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to dye

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
 That bathes the Charnel House with Dew,
 Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin, 65
 (Ye Ravens, cease your croaking Din,
 Ye tolling Clocks, no Time resound
 O'er the long Lake and midnight Ground)
 It sends a Peal of hollow Groans,
 Thus speaking from among the Bones 60

When Men my Scythe and Darts supply,
 How great a *King of Fears* am I!
 They view me like the last of Things
 They make, and then they dread, my Stings
 Fools! if you less provok'd your Fears, 65
 No more my Spectre-Form appears
 Death's but a Path that must be trod,
 If Man wou'd ever pass to God
 A Port of Calms, a State of Ease
 From the rough Rage of swelling Seas 70

Why then thy flowing sable Stoles,
 Deep pendent Cypress, mourning Poles,
 Loose Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
 Long Palls, drawn Herses, cover'd Steeds,
 And Plumes of black, that as they tread, 75
 Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead?

Nor can the parted Body know,
 Nor wants the Soul, these Forms of Woe:
 As Men who long in Prison dwell,
 With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell, 80
 When e'er their suffering Years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun:
 Such Joy, tho' far transcending Sense,
 Have pious Souls at parting hence 85
 On Earth, and in the Body plac't,
 A few, and evil Years, they wast
 But when their Chains are cast aside,
 See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad Wing and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the Blaze of Day. 90

ALLAN RAMSAY

(1685?-1712 1758)

The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy¹

Now wat ye wha I met Yestreen
 Coming down the Street, my Jo,
 My Mistress in her Taitan Screen,
 Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo
 My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night, 8
 That never wisht a Lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
 Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill

O KATY wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome Town a while, 10
 The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
 And a' the Summer's gawn to smile,
 The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hynd,
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park, 15
 Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burnside and play,
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow 20
 We'll pou the Dazies on the Green,

¹ Published in *Scots Songs*, 1720 Text of *Poems*, third edition, 1723

The lucken Gowans frae the Bog,
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the Velvet Fog
 There's up into a pleasant Glen,
 A wee Piecc frae my Father's Tower,
 A canny, saft and flowy Den,
 Which circling Birks has form'd a Bower
 When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love

25

30

Katy's Answer

MY MITHER's ay glowran o'er me,
 Tho she did the same before me,
 I canna get Leave
 To look to my Looove,
 Or else she'll be like to devouri me

5

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
 Sweet Sii, but I'll tine my Tocher,
 Then, SANDY, ye'll fret,
 And wyt ye'r poor KATE,
 When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffe

10

For tho my Father has Plenty
 Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco swee
 To twin wi' his Gear,
 And sae we had need to be tenty

15

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
 Be wylie in ilka Motion,
 Brag well o' ye'r Land,
 And there's my leal Hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

20

Polwart on the Green¹

AT POLWART *on the Green*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Lasses do conveen

¹ Published in *Scots Songs*, 1720 Text of *Poems*, third edition, 1723

To dance about the Thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A Lover and a Lad complete,
 The Lad and Lover you

Let dorty Dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the Sna',
 While inwardly they Bleeze,
 But I will frankly shaw my Mind,
 And yield my Heart to thee,
 Be ever to the Captive kind,
 That langs na to be free

At *Polwart* on the Green,
 Amang the new mawn Hay,
 With Sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome Day
At Night if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

Up in the Air¹

Now the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
 Beet the Ingle and snuff the Light
 In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
 And Witches wallop o'er to *France*,
 Up in the Air
 On my bonny gray Mare
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
 Up in *Ëc*

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna'
 O'er frozen Hags like a Foot Ba',
 Nae Starns keek throw the Azure Slit,
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit
 The Man i' the Moon
 Is carowsing aboon,
 D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet
 The Man, *Ëc*

¹ Published in *Scots Songs*, 1720 Text of *Poems*, third edition, 1723

Take your Glass to clear your Een,
 'Tis the *Elian* hailes the Spleen,
 Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puff's the Lover's Fire 20
 Up in the Air,
 It drives away Care,
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, Lads, yet.
 Up in *Ec*.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost, 25
 Come, *WILLY*, gi'es about ye'r Tost,
 Til't Lads and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsom Bowt
 Up wi't there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair, 30
 Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet
 Up wi't *Ec*

An Ode to Mr. F ———¹

Solvitur acris hiems,—HOR

Now Gowans sprout and Lavrocks sing,
 And welcome West-winds warm the Spring,
 O'er Hill and Dale they saftly blaw,
 And drive the Winter's Cauld awa
 The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer, 5
 Now spread their Sails and smoothly steer.
 The Nags and Nowt hate wissen'd Strae,
 And frisking to the Fields they gae,
 Nor Hynds wi' Elson and Hemp Lingle,
 Sit solling Shoon out o'er the Ingle 10
 Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boast,
 That late were clade wi' Snaw and Frost
 With her gay Train the *Paphian* Queen
 By Moon-light dances on the Green,
 She leads, while Nymphs and Graces sing, 15
 And trip around the Fairy Ring
 Mean Time poor *Vulcan* hard at Thrift,
 Gets mony a fair and heavy Lift,
 Whilst rinnen down, his haff blind Lads
 Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Gads 20
 Now leave your Fitsted on the Dew,
 And busk ye'r sell in Habit new

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1721 Text of third edition, 1723

Be gratefu' to the guiding Powers,
 And blythly spend your easy Hours. 25
 O canny F——, tutor Time,
 And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime.
 That ill-bred Death has nae Regard
 To King or Cottar, or a Laird
 As soon a Castle he'll attack, 30
 As Waws of Divots roof'd wi' Thack.
 Immediately we'll a' take Flight
 Into the mirk Realms of Night,
 As Stories gang, with Gaists to roam,
 In glowmie *Pluto's* gowsty Dome, 35
 Bid fair Good-day to Pleasure syne
 Of bonny Lasses and red Wine
 Then deem ilk little Care a Crime,
 Dares waste an Hour of precious Time;
 And since our Life's sae unco short, 40
 Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't

A Poet's Wish: An Ode¹

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? —HOR

FRAE great *Apollo*, Poet say,
 What is thy Wish, what wadst thou hae,
 When thou bows at his Shrine?
 Not *Kaiss* o' *Gowrie's* fertile Field,
 Not a' the Flocks the *Grampians* yield, 5
 That are baith sleek and fine
 Not costly Things brought frae afar,
 As Ivory, Pearl and Gems,
 Nor those fair Straths that water'd are
 With *Tay* and *Tweed's* smooth Streams, 10
 Which gently and daintily
 Eat down the flowry Braes,
 As greatly and quietly
 They wimple to the Seas
 Whaeveer by his kanny Fate 15
 Is Master of a good Estate,
 That can ilk Thing afford
 Let him enjoy't withoutten Care,

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1721 Text of third edition, 1723

And with the Wale of curious Fare
 Cover his ample Board 20
 Much dawted by the Gods is he,
 Wha to the *Indian* Plain,
 Succussfu' ploughs the wally Sea,
 And safe returns again
 With Riches, that hitches 25
 Him high aboon the rest
 Of sma' Fowk, and a' Fowk
 That are wi' Poortith prest

For me I can be well content
 To eat my Bannock on the Bent, 30
 And kitchent't wi' fresh Air
 Of Lang-kail I can make a Feast,
 And cantily had up my Crest,
 And laugh at Dishes rare
 Nought frae *Apollo* I demand, 35
 But throu' a lengthen'd Life
 My outer Fabrick firm may stand,
 And Saul clear without Strife
 May he then but gi'e then
 Those Blessings for my Skair, 40
 I'll fairly and squairly
 Quite a' and seek nae mair.

The Response of the Oracle

To keep thy Saul frae puny Strife,
 And heeze thee out of vulgai Life,
 We in a Morning-Dream, 45
 Whisper'd our Will concerning thee,
 To *Marlus* stretch'd beneath a Tree,
 Hard by a pop'ling Stream,
 He full of me shall point the Way,
 Where thou a Star shalt see, 60
 The Influence of whose bright Ray,
 Shall wing thy Muse to flee
 Mair speer na, and fear na,
 But set thy Mind to Rest
 Aspire ay still high'r ay, 55
 And always hope the best

GIVE ME A LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND¹

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither;
 Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair it maks na whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is no worth a shilling;
 But she that's rich her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

5

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash or a lump of land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

10

15

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well-tocher'd lasses or jointur'd widows.

20

Sang²

My *Peggy* is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as *May*,
 Fair as the day, and always gay
 My *Peggy* is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld

5

¹ Published in *Poems*, Edinburgh, 1728 Text of first edition See Preface

² Published in *The Gentle Shepherd*, 1734(?), Act I Text of Edinburgh edition, 1755

- My *Peggy* speaks sae sweetly,
 When'er we meet alane, 10
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My *Peggy* speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she gars a' my spirits glow 15
 At wawking of the fauld
- My *Peggy* smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown 20
 My *Peggy* smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld
- My *Peggy* sings sae saftly, 25
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best
 My *Peggy* sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald, 30
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld

WILLIAM BROOME

(1689 1712-1745)

The Rose-Bud
 To a Young Lady¹

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose,
 The Beauties of thy Leaves disclose¹
 The Winter's past, the Tempests fly,
 Soft Gales breathe gently thro' the Sky,
 The Lark sweet warbling on the Wing 5
 Salutes the gay Return of Spring
 The silver Dews, the vernal Show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy Waste of Flow'rs,

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1727 Text of first edition

The joyous Fields, the shady Woods,
 Are cloath'd with Green, or swell with Buds, 10
 Then haste thy Beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose¹

Thou, beauteous Flow'r, a welcome Guest,
 Shalt flourish on the Fair-One's Breast, 15
 Shalt grace her Hand, or deck her Hair,
 The Flow'r most sweet, the Nymph most fair,
 Breathe soft, ye Winds¹ be calm, ye Skies¹
 Arise ye flow'ry Race, arise!
 And haste thy Beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose¹ 20

But thou, fair Nymph, thy self survey
 In this sweet Offspring of a Day,
 That Miracle of Face must fail,
 Thy Charms are sweet, but Charms are frail 25
 Swift as the short-liv'd Flow'r they fly,
 At Morn they bloom, at Evening die
 Tho' Sickness yet a while forbears,
 Yet Time destroys, what Sickness spares,
 Now *Helen* lives alone in Fame,
 And *Cleopatra's* but a Name, 30
 Time must indent that heav'nly Brow,
 And thou must be, what *Helen's* now
 This Moral to the Fair disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose

ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

(1661-1713-1720)

To the Nightingale¹

EXERT thy Voice, sweet Harbinger of Spring!
 This Moment is thy Time to Sing,
 This Moment I attend to Praise,
 And set my Numbers to thy Layes
 Free as thine shall be my Song, 5
 As thy Musick, short, or long

Poets, wild as thee, were born,
 Pleasing best when unconfin'd,

¹ Published in *Miscellany Poems*, 1713 Text of first edition

When to Please is least design'd,
 Soothing but their Cares to rest, 10
 Cares do still their Thoughts molest,
 And still th' unhappy Poet's Breast,
 Like thine, when best he sings, is plac'd against a Thorn

She begins, Let all be still!
 Muse, thy Promise now fulfill! 15
 Sweet, oh! sweet, still sweeter yet
 Can thy Words such Accents fit,
 Canst thou Syllables refine,
 Melt a Sense that shall retain
 Still some Spirit of the Brain, 20
 Till with Sounds like these it join
 'Twill not be! then change thy Note,
 Let Division shake thy Throat
 Hark! Division now she tries,
 Yet as far the Muse outflies 25
 Cease then, prithee, cease thy Tune;
 Trifler, wilt thou sing till *June*?
 Till thy Bus'ness all lies waste,
 And the Time of Building's past!
 Thus we Poets that have Speech, 30
 Unlike what thy Forests teach,
 If a fluent Vein be shown
 That's transcendent to our own,
 Criticize, reform, or preach,
 Or censure what we cannot reach. 35

The Tree¹

FAIR *Tree*! for thy delightful Shade
 'Tis just that some Return be made
 Sure, some Return is due from me
 To thy cool Shadows, and to thee
 When thou to *Birds* do'st Shelter give, 5
 Thou Musick do'st from them receive,
 If *Travellers* beneath thee stay,
 'Till Storms have worn themselves away,
 That Time in praising thee they spend,
 And thy protecting Pow'r commend 10
 The *Shepherd* here, from Scorching freed,
 Tunes to thy dancing Leaves his Reed,

¹ Published in *Miscellany Poems*, 1713 Text of first edition

Whilst his lov'd Nymph, in Thanks, bestows
 Her flow'ry Chaplets on thy Boughs
 Shall I then only Silent be, 15
 And no Return be made by me?
 No, let this Wish upon thee wait,
 And still to flourish be thy Fate,
 To future Ages may'st thou stand
 Untouch'd by the rash Workman's hand; 20
 'Till that large Stock of Sap is spent,
 Which gives thy Summer's Ornament,
 'Till the fierce Winds, that vainly strive
 To shock thy Greatness whilst alive, 25
 Shall on thy lifeless Hour attend,
 Prevent the Axe, and grace thy End,
 Their scatter'd Strength together call,
 And to the Clouds proclaim thy Fall,
 Who then their Ev'ning-Dews may spare, 30
 When thou no longer art their Care,
 But shalt, like ancient Heroes, burn,
 And some bright Hearth be made thy Urn.

A Nocturnal Reverie¹

IN SUCH a *Night*, when every louder Wind
 Is to its distant Cavern safe confin'd,
 And only gentle *Zephyr* fans his Wings,
 And lonely *Philomel*, still waking, sings, 5
 Or from some Tree, fam'd for the *Owl's* delight,
 She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'rer right.
 In such a *Night*, when passing Clouds give place,
 Or thinly veil the Heav'ns mysterious Face,
 When in some River, overhung with Green, 10
 The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are seen,
 When freshen'd Grass now bears it self upright,
 And makes cool Banks to pleasing Rest invite,
 Whence springs the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble-Rose*,
 And where the sleepy *Cowslip* shelter'd grows, 15
 Whilst now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes,
 Yet chequers still with Red the dusky brakes
 When scatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,
 Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to shine,
 Whilst *Salisbury* stands the Test of every Light, 20
 In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright.
 When Odours, which declin'd repelling Day,

¹ Published in *Miscellany Poems*, 1713 Text of first edition.

Thro' temp'rate Air uninterrupted stray,
 When daiken'd Groves their softest Shadows wear,
 And falling Waters we distinctly hear,
 When thro' the Gloom more venerable shows 25
 Some ancient Fabrick, awful in Repose,
 While Sunburnt Hills their swarthy Looks conceal,
 And swelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale
 When the loos'd *Horse* now, as his Pasture leads,
 Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining Meads, 30
 Whose stealing Pace, and lengthen'd Shade we fear,
 Till torn up Forage in his Teeth we hear
 When nibbling *Sheep* at large pursue their Food,
 And unmolested Kine rechew the Cud,
 When *Curlews* cry beneath the Village-walls, 35
 And to her straggling Brood the *Partridge* calls,
 Their shortliv'd Jubilee the Creatures keep,
 Which but endures, whilst Tyrant-*Man* do's sleep,
 When a sedate Content the Spirit feels,
 And no fierce Light disturbs, whilst it reveals, 40
 But silent Musings urge the Mind to seek
 Something, too high for Syllables to speak;
 Till the free Soul to a compos'dness charm'd,
 Finding the Elements of Rage disarm'd,
 O'er all below a solemn Quiet grown, 45
 Joys in th' inferiour World, and thinks it like her Own
 In such a *Night* let Me abroad remain,
 Till Morning breaks, and All's confus'd again,
 Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renew'd,
 Or Pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd. 50

A Sigh¹

GENTLE Air, thou Breath of Lovers,
 Vapour from a secret Fire,
 Which by Thee it self discovers,
 Ere yet daring to Aspire

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish, 5
 Harmony's refined Part,
 Striking, while thou seem'st to Languish,
 Full upon the Listner's Heart

Safest Messenger of Passion,
 Stealing thro' a Crowd of Spies, 10

¹ Published in Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies*, 1714 Text of first edition

Who constrain the outward Fashion,
Close the Lips, and watch the Eyes.

Shapeless Sigh¹ we ne'er can show thee,
Fram'd but to assault the Ear
Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,
Every Nymph may read thee—Here.

13

EDWARD YOUNG

(1683-1713-1765)

The Complaint: Or Night-Thoughts
on Life, Death, and Immortality
Night the First¹

TIR'D Nature's sweet Restorèr, balmy *Sleep*¹
He, like the Wold, his ready Visit pays
Where Fortune smiles, the Wretched he forsakes.
Swift on his downy Pinion flies from Woe,
And lights on Lids unsully'd with a Tear
From short (as usual) and disturb'd Repose,
I wake How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if Dreams infest the Grave
I wake, emerging from a Sea of Dreams
Tumultuous, where my wreck'd, desponding Thought
From Wave to Wave of *fancy*'d Misery,
At random drove, her Helm of Reason lost
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only Change of Pain,
(A bitter Change!) severer for severe
The *Day* too short for my Distress¹ and *Night*,
Even in the *Zenith* of her dark Domain,
Is Sunshine, to the Colour of my Fate
Night, sable Goddess¹ from her *Ebon* Throne,
In rayless Majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden Sceptre o'er a slumb'ring World
Silence, how dead¹ and Darkness, how profound¹
Nor Eye, nor list'ning Ear an Object finds,
Creation sleeps 'Tis, as the gen'ral Pulse
Of Life stood still, and Nature made a Pause,
An awful Pause¹ prophetic of her End

6

10

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25

¹ Published in 1742 Text of the edition of 1750

And let her Prophecy be soon fulfill'd,
 Fate! drop the Curtain, I can lose no more
 Silence, and *Darkness*' solemn Sisters! Twins
 From antient *Night*, who nurse the tender Thought
 To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*, 30
 (That Column of true Majesty in Man)
 Assist me I will thank you in the Grave,
 The Grave, your Kingdom *There* this Frame shall fall
 A Victim sacred to your dreary Shrine
 But what are ye? THOU, who didst put to Flight 35
 Primæval *Silence*, when the Morning-Stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising Ball,
 O THOU! whose Word from solid *Darkness* struck
 That Spark, the Sun, strike Wisdom from my Soul,
 My Soul, which flies to thee, her Trust, her Treasure, 40
 As Misers to their Gold, while others rest
 Thro' this Opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
 This double Night, transmit one pitying Ray,
 To lighten, and to chear O lead my Mind,
 (A Mind that fain would wander from its Woe) 45
 Lead it thro' various Scenes of *Life*, and *Death*,
 And from each Scene, the noblest Truths inspire
 Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*,
 Teach my best Reason, Reason, my best Will
 Teach Rectitude, and fix my firm Resolve 50
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long Arrear
 Nor let the Phial of thy Vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted Head, be pour'd in vain
 The Bell strikes *One* We take no Note of Time,
 But from its Loss To give it then a Tongue, 55
 Is wise in Man As if an Angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn Sound If heard aright,
 It is the *Knell* of my departed Hours
 Where are they? With the Years beyond the Flood
 It is the *Signal* that demands Dispatch, 60
 How much is to be done? my Hopes and Fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er Life's narrow Verge
 Look down—on what? A fathomless Abyss,
 A dread Eternity! how surely *mine*!
 And can Eternity belong to me, 65
 Poor Pensioner on the Bounties of an Hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is Man?
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such?
 Who centred in our Make such strange Extremes? 70
 From diff'rent Natures marvelously mixt,
 Connection exquisite of distant Worlds!
 Distinguish'd *Link* in Being's endless Chain!

Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
 A Beam ethereal sully'd, and absorbt!
 Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still Divine!
 Dim Miniature of Greatness absolute!
 An Heir of Glory! a frail Child of Dust!
Helpless Immortal! Insect *infinite!*
 A Worm! a God!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! At home a Stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own* How Reason reels!
 O what a Miracle to Man is Man,
 Triumphantly distress'd! what Joy, what Dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my Life? or what destroy?
 An Angel's Arm can't snatch me from the Grave,
 Legions of Angels can't confine me There
 'Tis past Conjecture, all things rise in Proof
 While o'er my Limbs *Sleep's* soft Dominion spread,
 What, tho' my Soul phantastic Measures trod
 O'er Fairy Fields, or mourn'd along the Gloom
 Of pathless Woods, or down the craggy Steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with Pain the mantled Pool,
 Or scal'd the Cliff, or danc'd on hollow Winds,
 With antic Shapes, wild Natives of the Brain?
 Her ceaseless Flight, tho' devious, speaks her Nature
 Of subtler Essence than the trodden Clod,
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross Companion's Fall
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims my Soul *immortal*
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims eternal Day
 For human Weal, Heav'n husbands all Events,
 Dull Sleep instructs, nor sport vain Dreams in vain
 Why then *their* Loss deplore, that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched Thought their Tombs around,
 In infidel Distress? Are *Angels* there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, *Ethereal* Fire?
 They live! they greatly live a Life on Earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd, and from an Eye
 Of Tenderness, let heav'nly Pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the Dead
This is the Desert, *this* the Solitude
 How populous! how vital, is the Grave!
This is Creation's melancholy Vault,
 The Vale funereal, the sad *Cypress* Gloom;
 The Land of Apparitions, empty Shades!
 All, all on Earth is *Shadow*, all beyond
 Is *Substance*, the Reverse is Folly's *Creed*
 How solid all, where Change shall be no more?

This is the Bud of Being, the dim Dawn,
 The Twilight of our Day, the Vestibule
Life's Theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy Bar, 125
 This gross Impediment of Clay remove,
 And make us Embryos of Existence free
 From *real* Life, but little more remote
 Is *He*, not yet a Candidate for Light,
 The *future* Embryo, slumb'ring in his Sire 130
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the Shell,
 Yon ambient, azure Shell, and spring to Life,
 The Life of Gods O Transport! and of Man

Yet Man, fool Man! *here* buries all his Thoughts,
 Inters celestial Hopes without one Sigh 135
 Pris'ner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,
Here pinions all his Wishes, wing'd by Heav'n
 To fly at Infinite, and reach it there,
 Where *Seraphs* gather Immortality,
 On Life's fair Tree, fast by the Throne of God 140
 What golden Joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
 In HIS full Beam, and ripen for the Just,
 Where momentary Ages are no more!
 Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
 And is it in the Flight of threescore Years, 145
 To push Eternity from human Thought,
 And smother Souls immortal in the Dust?
 A Soul immortal, spending all her Fires,
 Wasting her Strength in strenuous Idleness,
 Thrown into Tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd, 150
 At ought this Scene can threaten, or indulge,
 Resembles *Ocean* into Tempest wrought,
 To waft a Feather, or to drown a Fly

Where falls this Censure? It o'erwhelms myself
 How was my Heart incrust'd by the World! 155
 O how self-fetter'd was my groveling Soul!
 How, like a Worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In silken Thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
 Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
 With soft Conceit of endless Comfort *here*, 160
 Nor yet put forth her Wings to reach the Skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above)
 Our *waking* Dreams are fatal How I dreamt
 Of things Impossible? (Could Sleep do more?)
 Of Joys perpetual in perpetual Change? 165
 Of stable Pleasures on the tossing Wave?
 Eternal Sunshine in the Storms of Life?
 How richly were my noon-tide Trances hung
 With gorgeous Tapestries of pictur'd Joys?

Joy behind Joy, in endless Perspective¹ 170
 Till at Death's Toll, whose restless Iron Tongue
 Calls daily for his Millions at a Meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone
 Where now my Frenzy's pompous Furniture?
 The *cobweb'd* Cottage, with its ragged Wall 175
 Of mould'ring Mud, is *Royalty* to me!
 The *Spider's* most attenuated Thread
 Is Cord, is Cable, to Man's tender Tie
 On earthly Bliss, it breaks at ev'ry Breeze. 180
 O ye blest Scenes of *permanent* Delight!
 Full, above measure¹ lasting, beyond Bound¹
 A *Perpetuity* of Bliss, is Bliss
 Could you, so rich in Rapture, fear an End,
 That ghastly Thought would drink up all your Joy, 185
 And quite unparadise the Realms of Light
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling Spheres,
 The baleful Influence of whose giddy Dance
 Sheds sad Vicissitude on all beneath
Here teems the Revolutions ev'ry Hour, 190
 And rarely for the better, or the best,
 More mortal than the common Births of Fate
 Each *Moment* has its Sickle, emulous
 Of *Time's* enormous Scythe, whose ample Sweep
 Strikes Empires from the Root, each *Moment* plays 195
 His little Weapon in the narrower Sphere
 Of sweet domestic Comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest Bloom of sublunary Bliss
 Bliss¹ sublunary Bliss¹—Proud Words, and vain¹
 Implicit Treason to divine Decree¹ 200
 A bold Invasion of the Rights of Heav'n!
 I clasp'd the Phantoms, and I found them Air
 O had I weigh'd it ere my fond Embrace¹
 What Darts of Agony had miss'd my Heart!
 Death¹ Great Proprietor of All¹ 'tis thine 205
 To tread out Empire, and to quench the Stars
 The Sun himself by thy Permission shines,
 And, one Day, thou shalt pluck him from his Sphere
 Amid such mighty Plunder, why exhaust
 Thy *partial* Quiver on a Mark so *mean*?
 Why thy *peculiar* Rancour wreck'd on *me*? 210
 Insatiate Archer¹ could not *One* suffice?
 Thy Shaft flew *thrice*, and *thrice* my Peace was slain,
 And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had fill'd her Horn
 O *Cynthia*! why so pale? Dost thou lament
 Thy wretched Neighbour? Grieve to see thy Wheel 215
 Of ceaseless Change outwhirl'd in human Life?
 How wanes my *borrow'd* Bliss¹ from Fortune's Smile,

Precarious Courtesy¹ not *Virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar*, Ray of sound Delight

In ev'ry vary'd Posture, Place, and Hour,
How widow'd ev'ry Thought of ev'ry Joy¹
Thought, busy Thought¹ too busy for my Peace¹
Thro' the dark Postern of Time long laps'd,
Led softly, by the Stilness of the Night,
Led, like a Murderer, (and such it proves¹)
Strays, wretched Rover¹ o'er the pleasing *Past*,
In quest of Wretchedness perversely strays,
And finds all desert *now*, and meets the Ghosts
Of my departed Joys, a num'rous Train¹
I rue the Riches of my former Fate,
Sweet Comfort's blasted Clusters I lament,
I tremble at the Blessings once so dear,
And ev'ry Pleasure pains me to the Heart

Yet why *complain*² or why complain for One?
Hangs out the Sun his Lustie but for me,
The *single* Man² Aie Angels all beside?
I mourn for Millions, 'Tis the common Lot,
In *this* Shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd
The Mother's Throws on all of Woman born,
Not more the Children, than sure Heirs of *Pain*

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine Broils, *Oppression* with her Heart
Wrapt up in triple Brass, besiege Mankind
God's Image disinherited of Day,
Here, plung'd in Mines, forgets a Sun was made
There, Beings deathless as their haughty Lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling Oar for Life,
And plough the Winter's Wave, and reap Despair
Some, for hard Masters, broken under Arms,
In Battle lopt away, with half their Limbs,
Beg bitter Bread thro' Realms their Valour sav'd,
If so the Tyrant, or his Minion, doom
Want, and incurable *Disease*, (fell Pair¹)

On hopeless Multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a Refuge of the Grave
How groaning *Hospitals* eject their Dead¹
What Numbers groan for sad Admission there!
What Numbeis, once in *Fortune's* Lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold Hand of Charity¹

To shock us more, solicit it in vain¹
Ye silken Sons of Pleasure¹ since in Pains
You rue more modish Visits, visit *here*,
And breathe from your Debauch *Give*, and reduce
Surfeit's Dominion o'er you, but so great
Your Impudence, you blush at what is Right¹

Happy! did Sorrow seize on *such* alone
 Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* save,
 Disease invades the chastest Temperance,
 And Punishment the Guiltless, and Alarm
 Thro' thickest Shades, pursues the fond of Peace. 270
 Man's Caution often into Danger turns,
 And his Guard falling, crushes him to Death
 Not *Happiness* itself makes good her Name,
 Our very Wishes give us not our Wish
 How distant oft the Thing we doat on most, 275
 From that for which we doat, *Felicity*?
 The *smoothest* Course of Nature has its Pains,
 And *truest* Friends, thro' Error, wound our Rest.
 Without Misfortune, what Calamities?
 And what Hostilities, without a Foe? 280
 Nor are Foes wanting to the best on Earth.
 But endless is the List of human Ills,
 And Sighs might sooner fail, than Cause to sigh
 A Part how small of the terraqueous Globe
 Is tenanted by Man! the Rest a *Waste*, 285
 Rocks, Desarts, frozen Seas, and burning Sands
 Wild Haunts of Monsters, Poisons, Stings, and Death
 Such is Earth's melancholy Map! But, far
 More sad! this Earth is a true Map of *Man*
 So bounded are its haughty Lord's *Delights* 290
 To *Woe*'s wide Empire, where deep *Troubles* toss,
 Loud *Sorrows* howl, invenom'd *Passions* bite,
 Rav'nous *Calamities* our Vitals seize,
 And threat'ning *Fate*, wide opens to devoui
 What then am I, who sorrow for *myself*? 295
 In Age, in Infancy, from others Aid
 Is all our Hope, to teach us to be *kind*
 That, Nature's *first, last* Lesson to Mankind,
 The selfish Heart deserves the Pain it feels
 More gen'rous Sorrow, while it sinks, exalts, 300
 And conscious *Virtue* mitigates the Pang
 Nor *Virtue*, more than *Prudence*, bids me give
 Swoln Thought a *second* Chancel, who divide,
 They weaken too, the Torrent of their Grief
 Take then, O World! thy much-indebted Tear, 305
 How sad a Sight is human Happiness,
 To those whose Thought can pierce beyond an Hour!
 O thou! whate'er thou art, whose Heart exults!
 Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy Fate?
 I know thou wouldst, thy Pride demands it from me, 310
 Let thy Pride pardon, what thy Nature needs,
 The salutary Censure of a Friend
 Thou happy *Wretch*! by Blindness art thou blest,

By Dotage dandled to perpetual Smiles
 Know, *Smiler*! at thy peril art thou pleas'd,
 Thy Pleasure is the Promise of thy Pain. 315

Misfortune, like a Creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her Delay,
 She makes a scourge of past Prosperity,
 To sting thee more, and double thy Distress 320

LORENZO, Fortune makes her Court to thee,
 Thy fond Heart dances, while the *Siren* sings
 Dear is thy Welfare, think me not unkind,
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys
 Think not that *Fear* is sacred to the Storm, 325
 Stand on thy guard against the *Smiles* of Fate
 Is Heaven tremendous in its Frowns? most sure,
 And in its Favours formidable too,

Its favours here are Tryals, not Rewards,
 A call to Duty, not discharge from Care, 330
 And should alarm us, full as much as Woes,
 Awake us to their *Cause*, and *Consequence*,

And make us tremble, weigh'd with our Desert,
 Awe Nature's Tumult, and chastise her Joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them, nay invert 335
 To worse than *simple* misery, then Charms
 Revolted Joys, like foes in civil war,

Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our Peace
 Beware what Earth calls Happiness, beware 340
 All joys, but joys that never can expire
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* Base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to Death

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last Sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm, the disenchanted Earth 345
 Lost all her Lustre Where, her glittering Towers?
 Her golden Mountains, where? all darken'd down
 To naked Waste, a dreary Vale of Tears,

The great Magician's dead! Thou poor, pale Piece
 Of out-cast earth, in Darkness! what a Change 350
 From yesterday! Thy darling Hope so near,
 (Long-labour'd Prize!) O how Ambition flush'd

Thy glowing Cheek! Ambition truly great,
 Of virtuous Praise Death's subtle Seed within, 355
 (Sly, treach'rous Miner!) working in the Dark,
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted Scheme, and beckon'd
 The Worm to riot on that Rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell, one Moment's Prey!

Man's Foresight is *conditionally* wise,
 LORENZO! Wisdom into Folly turns 360
 Oft, the first Instant, its Idea fair

To labouring Thought is born How dim our Eye!
 The *present* Moment terminates our Sight,
 Clouds, thick as those on Doomsday, drown the *next*,
 We penetrate, we prophesy in vain
Time is dealt out by Particles, and each,
 Ere mingled with the streaming Sands of Life,
 By Fate's inviolable Oath is sworn
 Deep Silence, "Where Eternity begins"

365

By Nature's Law, what may be, may be *now*,
 There's no Privilege in human Hours
 In human Hearts what bolder Thought can rise,
 Than Man's Presumption on To-morrow's Dawn?
 Where is To-morrow? In another World
 For Numbers this is certain, the Reverse
 Is sure to none, and yet on this *Perhaps*,
 This *Peradventure*, infamous for Lyes,
 As on a Rock of Adamant we build
 Our mountain Hopes, spin out eternal Schemes,
 As we the Fatal Sisters could out-spin,
 And, big with Life's Futurities, expire

376

375

386

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his Shroud
 Nor had He Cause, a Warning was deny'd,
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
 As sudden, tho' for Years admonisht home
 On human Ills the last Extreme beware,
 Beware, LORENZO! a *slow-sudden* Death
 How dreadful that deliberate Surprise!
 Be wise To-day, 'tis Madness to defer,
 Next Day the fatal Precedent will plead,
 Thus on, till Wisdom is push'd out of Life.

385

390

Procrastination is the Thief of Time,
 Year after Year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the Mercies of a Moment leaves
 The vast Concerns of an eternal Scene
 If not so frequent, would not This be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still

395

Of Man's miraculous Mistakes, this bears
 The Palm, "That all Men are about to live,"
 For ever on the Brink of being born
 All pay themselves the Compliment to think
 They, one Day, shall not drivel, and their Pride
 On this Reversion takes up ready Praise,
 At least, their own, their future Selves applauds,
 How excellent that Life they *ne'er* will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their *own* Hands is *Folly's* Vails,
 That lodg'd in *Fate's*, to *Wisdom* they consign,
 The Thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*,
 'Tis not in *Folly*, not to scorn a Fool,

400

405

And scarce in human *Wisdom* to do more 410
 All *Promise* is poor dilatory Man,
 And that thro' ev'ry Stage When young, indeed,
 In full Content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Un-anxious for *ourselves*, and only wish,
 As duteous Sons, our *Fathers* were more Wise. 415
 At *Thirty* Man *suspects* himself a Fool,
Knows it at *Forty*, and reforms his Plan,
 At *Fifty* chides his infamous Delay,
 Pushes his prudent Purpose to *Resolve*,
 In all the Magnanimity of Thought 420
 Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same

And why? Because he thinks himself Immortal
 All Men think all Men mortal, but Themselves,
 Themselves, when some alarming Shock of Fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded Hearts the sudden Dread, 425
 But their Hearts wounded, like the wounded Air,
 Soon close, where past the Shaft, no Trace is found
 As from the *Wing* no Scar the Sky retains,
 The parted Wave no Furrow from the *Keel*,
 So dies in human Hearts the Thought of Death 430
 Ev'n with the tender Tear which Nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their Grave
 Can I forget PHILANDER? That were strange,
 O my full Heart!—But should I give it vent,
 The longest Night, tho' longer far, would fail, 435
 And the *Lark* listen to my *Midnight* Song

The spritely *Lark's* shrill Matin wakes the Morn,
Grief's sharpest Thorn hard-pressing on my Breast,
 I strive, with wakeful Melody to chear
 The sullen Gloom, sweet *Philomel'* like Thee, 440
 And call the Stars to listen Ev'ry Star
 If deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy Lay
 Yet be not vain, there are, who thine excell,
 And charm thro' distant Ages Wrapt in Shade,
 Pris'ner of Darkness! to the silent *Hours*, 445
 How often I repeat their Rage divine,
 To lull my Griefs, and steal my Heart from Woe!
 I roll their Raptures, but not catch their Flames
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee *Mæonides'*
 Or *Milton'* thee, ah could I reach your Strain! 450
 Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our *Own*¹
Man too He sung *Immortal* Man, I sing,
 Oft bursts my Song beyond the Bounds of Life,
 What, *now*, but Immortality can please?
 O had *He* press'd his Theme, pursu'd the Track, 45b

¹ Pope

Which opens out of Darkness into Day!
 O had he mounted on his Wing of Fire,
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung *Immortal* Man!
 How had it blest Mankind, and rescu'd me?

HENRY CAREY

(1687?-1713-1743)

The Ballad of Sally in our Alley¹

OR ALL the Girls that are so smart

There's none like pretty *Sally*,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

There is no Lady in the Land,
 Is half so sweet as *Sally*,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley

Her Father he makes Cabbage-nets,
 And through the Streets does cry 'em;
 Her Mother she sells Laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em
 But sure such Folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a Girl as *Sally*!
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley

When she is by I leave my Work,
 (I love her so sincerely)
 My Master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely,
 But, let him bang his Belly-full,
 I'll bear it all for *Sally*,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley

Of all the Days that's in the Week,
 I dearly love but one Day,
 And that's the Day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday,

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1729 Text of first edition

For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,
 To walk abroad with *Sally*, 80
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley

My Master carries me to Church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch, 85
 As soon as Text is named
 I leave the Church in Sermon time,
 And slink away to *Sally*,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley 90

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have Money,
 I'll hoard it up, and Box and all
 I'll give it to my Honey
 And, would it were ten thousand Pounds, 45
 I'd give it all to *Sally*,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley

My Master and the Neighbours all
 Make game of me and *Sally*, 50
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A Slave and row a Galley
 But when my seven long Years are out,
 O then I'll marry *Sally*¹
 O then we'll wed and then we'll bed, 55
 But not in our Alley

JOHN BYROM

(1692-1714-1763)

Epigram on the Feuds between
 Handel and Bononcini¹

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini,
 That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny,

¹ Published in Swift's *Miscellanies*, 1728 Text of *Miscellaneous Poems*, Volume I, 1773

Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle
Strange all this Difference should be,
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

Contentment. or, The Happy Workman's Song¹

I AM a poor Workman as rich as a *Jew*,
A strange sort of Tale, but however 'tis true,
Come listen a while, and I'll prove it to you
So as No-body can deny, &c

I am a poor Workman, you'll easily grant,
And I'm rich as a *Jew*, for there's nothing I want,
I have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, and am hearty and cant,
Which No-body can deny, &c

I live in a Cottage, and yonder it stands,
And while I can work with these two honest Hands,
I'm as happy as they that have Houses and Lands,
Which No-body can deny, &c

I keep to my Workmanship all the Day long,
I sing and I whistle, and this is my Song,
Thank God, that has made me so lusty and strong,
Which No-body can deny, &c

I never am greedy of delicate Fare,
If he give me enough, tho' 'tis never so bare,
The more is his Love, and the less is my Care,
Which No-body can deny, &c

My Cloaths on a working Day looken but lean,
But when I can dress me—on Sundays, I mean,
Tho' cheap, they are warm, and tho' coarse, they are clean,
Which No-body can deny, &c

Folk cry'n out hard Times, but I never regard,
For I ne'er did, nor will set my Heart up o' th' Ward,
So 'tis all one to me, bin they easy or hard,
Which No-body can deny, &c

I envy not them that have thousands of Pounds,
That sport o'er the Country with Horses and Hounds,

There's nought but *Contentment* can keep within bounds,
Which No-body can deny, &c

I ne'er lose my Time o'er a Pipe, or a Pot,
 Nor cower in a Nook like a sluggardly Sot,
 But I buy what is wanting with what I have got, 35
Which No-body can deny, &c

And if I have more than I want for to spend,
 I help a poor Neighbour or diligent Friend,
 He that gives to the Poor, to the Lord he doth lend, 40
Which No-body can deny, &c

I grudge not that Gentlefolk dressen so fine,
 At their Gold and their Silver I never repine,
 But I wish all their Guts were as hearty as mine,
Which No-body can deny, &c

With Quarrels o' th' Country, and Matters of State, 45
 With *Tories* and *Whigs*, I ne'er puzzle my Pate,
 There's some that I love, and there's none that I hate,
Which No-body can deny, &c

What tho' my Condition be ever so coarse,
 I strive to embrace it for better and worse, 50
 And my Heart, I thank God, is as light as my Purse,
Which No-body can deny, &c

In short, my Condition, whatever it be,
 'Tis God that appoints it, as far as I see, 55
 And I'm sure I can never do better than he,
Which No-body can deny, &c

Careless Content¹

I AM Content, I do not care,
 Wag as it will the World for me,
 When Fuss, and Fret was all my Fare,
 It got no ground, as I could see
 So when away my Caring went, 5
 I counted Cost, and was Content

With more of Thanks, and less of Thought,
 I strive to make my Matters meet,

¹ Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, Volume I, 1773 Text of first edition

To seek what antient Sages sought,
 Physick and Food, in sour and sweet: 10
 To take what passes in good Part,
 And keep the Hiccups from the Heart

With good and gentle-humour'd Hearts,
 I choose to chat where e'er I come,
 Whate'er the Subject be that starts, 15
 But if I get among the Glum,
 I hold my Tongue to tell the Troth,
 And keep my Breath to cool my Broth

For Chance or Change, of Peace or Pain;
 For Fortune's Favour, or her Frown, 20
 For Lack or Glut, for Loss or Gain,
 I never dodge, nor up nor down.
 But swing what Way the Ship shall swim,
 Or tack about, with equal Trim

I suit not where I shall not speed, 25
 Nor trace the Turn of ev'ry Tide,
 If simple Sense will not succeed,
 I make no Bustling, but abide
 For shining Wealth, or scaring Woe,
 I force no Friend, I fear no Foe 30

Of *Ups* and *Downs*, of *Ins* and *Outs*,
 Of *they're i' th' wrong*, and *we're i' th' right*,
 I shun the Rancours, and the Routs,
 And wishing well to every Wight,
 Whatever Turn the Matter takes, 35
 I deem it all but Ducks and Drakes

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
 Nor if the Folks should flout me, faint;
 If wonted Welcome be withdrawn,
 I cook no Kind of a Complaint 40
 With none dispos'd to disagree,
 But like them best, who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the Rule
 How all my Betters should behave,
 But Fame shall find me no Man's Fool, 45
 Nor to a Set of Men a Slave
 I love a Friendship free and frank,
 And hate to hang upon a Hank

Fond of a true and trusty Tie,
 I never loose where'er I link; 50
 Tho' if a Bus'ness budges by,
 I talk thereon just as I think
 My Word, my Work, my Heart, my Hand,
 Still, on a Side, together stand

If Names or Notions make a noise, 55
 Whatever Hap the Question hath,
 The Point impartially I poise,
 And read, or write, but without Wrath;
 For should I burn, or break my Brains,
 Pray, who will pay me for my Pains? 60

I love my Neighbour as myself,
 Myself like him too, by his Leave,
 Nor to his Pleasure, Pow'r, or Pelf,
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive
 Dame Nature doubtless has design'd 65
 A Man, the Monarch of his Mind

Now taste and try this Temper, Sirs,
 Mood it, and brood it in your Breast,
 Or if ye ween, for worldly Stirrs,
 That Man does right to mar his Rest, 70
 Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am Content, I do not care

Tom the Porter¹

As *Tom* the Porter went up *Ludgate-Hill*,
 A swinging Show'r oblig'd him to stand still,
 So, in the Right-hand Passage thro' the Gate,
 He pitch'd his Burden down, just by the Grate,
 From whence the doleful Accent sounds away, 8
"Pity—the Poor—and Hungry—Debtors—pray"

To the same Garrison, from *Paul's Church-yard*,
 An half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the Guard
 Now *Tom*, it seems, the *Ludgateer*, and he 10
 Were old Acquaintance, formerly, all three,
 And as the Coast was clear, by cloudy Weather,
 They quickly fell into Discourse together

¹ Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, Volume I, 1773 Text of first edition

'Twas in *December*, when the *Highland Clans*
 Had got to *Derbyshire* from *Preston Pans*,
 And struck all *London* with a general Panic— 15
 But mark the Force of Principles *Britannic*.

The Soldier told 'em fresh the City News,
 Just piping hot from *Stockjobbers*, and *Jews*,
 Of *French Fleets* landing, and of *Dutch Neutrality*, 20
 Of Jealousies at Court amongst the Quality;
 Of *Swarston-Bridge*, that never was pull'd down,
 Of all the Rebels in full March to Town,
 And of a hundred Things beside, that made
 Lord May'r himself, and Aldermen afraid,
 Painting with many an Oath the Case in View, 25
 And ask'd the Porter—what he thought to do?

Do? says he, gravely—what I did before,
 What I have done these thirty Years, and more,
 Carry, as I am like to do, my Pack,
 Glad to maintain my Belly by my Back, 30
 If that but hold, I care not, for my Part,
 Come as come will, 't shall never break my Heart,
 I don't see Folks that fight about their Thrones,
 Mind either Soldiers Flesh, or Porters Bones,
 Whoe'er gets better, when the Battle's fought, 35
 Thy Pay nor mine will be advanc'd a Groat—
 —But to the Purpose—now we are met here,
 I'll join, if 't will, for one full Mug of Beer

The Soldier, touch'd a little with Surprise
 To see his Friend's Indifference, replies— 40
 What you say, *Tom*, I own, is very good,
 But—OUR RELIGION! (and he d—n'd his Blood)
 What will become of OUR RELIGION?—True!
 Says the Jail-Bird—and of OUR FREEDOM too?
 If the PRETENDER (rapt he out) comes on, 45
 OUR LIBERTIES AND PROPERTIES are gone!

And so the Soldier and the Pris'ner join'd
 To work up *Tom* into a better Mind,
 He staring, dumb, with Wonder struck and Pity,
 Took up his Load, and trudg'd into the City. 50

The Soul's Tendency Towards Its True Centre¹

STONES towards the Earth descend,
 Rivers to the Ocean roll,
 Every Motion has some End
 What is thine, beloved Soul?

Mine is, where my Saviour is; 5
 There with him I hope to dwell:
 Jesu is the central Bliss,
 Love the Force that doth impel

Truly, thou hast answer'd right 10
 Now may Heav'n's attractive Grace,
 Tow'rds the Source of thy Delight,
 Speed along thy quick'ning Pace¹

Thank thee for thy gen'ious Care
 Heav'n, that did the Wish inspire, 15
 Through thy instrumental Pray'r,
 Plumes the Wings of my Desire

Now, methinks, aloft I fly
 Now, with Angels bear a Part
Glory be to God on High!
Peace to ev'ry Christian Heart! 20

An Hymn on the Omnipresence²

OH LORD! thou hast known me, and searched me out,
 Thou see'st, at all Times, what I'm thinking about,
 When I rise up to Labour, or lye down to Rest,
 Thou markest each Motion that works in my Breast, 5
 My Heart has no Secrets, but what thou can'st tell,
 Not a Word in my Tongue, but thou knowest it well,
 Thou see'st my Intention before it is wrought,
 Long before I conceive it, thou knowest my Thought

Thou art always about me, go whither I will, 10
 All the Paths that I take to, I meet with thee still,
 I go forth abroad, and am under thine Eye,
 I retire to myself, and behold! thou art by,
 How is it that thou hast encompass'd me so

¹ Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, Volume II, 1773 Text of first edition
² Published in *Miscellaneous Poems*, Volume II, 1773 Text of first edition

That I cannot escape thee, wherever I go³
 Such Knowledge as this is too high to attain, 15
 'Tis a Truth which I feel, tho' I cannot explain

Whither then shall I flee from thy Spirit, O Lord?
 What Shelter can Space from thy Presence afford?
 If I climb up to Heav'n, 'tis there is thy Throne, 20
 If I go down to Hell, even there thou art known,
 If for Wings I should mount on the Mornings swift Ray,
 And remain in the uttermost Parts of the Sea,
 Even there, let the Distance be ever so wide,
 Thy Hand would support me, thy right Hand would guide

If I say, peradventure, the Dark may conceal 25
 What Distance, tho' boundless, is forc'd to reveal,
 Yet the Dark, at thy Presence, would vanish away,
 And my Covering, the Night, would be turn'd into Day
 It is I myself only who could not then see,
 Yea, the Darkness, O Lord, is no Darkness to Thee 30
 The Night, and the Day, are alike in thy Sight,
 And the Darkness, to Thee, is as clear as the Light

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1689-1716?-1762)

Farewell to Bath¹

To ALL you Ladies now at *Bath*,
 And eke, ye Beaus, to you,
 With aking heart, and wat'ry eyes,
 I bid my last adieu

Farewel ye Nymphs, who waters sip 6
 Hot reeking from the pumps,
 While music lends her friendly aid,
 To cheer you from the dumps

Farewel ye wits, who prating stand, 10
 And criticise the fair,
 Yourselves the joke of men of Sense,
 Who hate a coxcomb's air

¹ Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1731 Text of first edition

Farewel to *Deard's*, and all her toys,
 Which glitter in her shop,
 Deluding traps to girls and boys, 15
 The warehouse of the fop

Lindsay's and *Hayes's* both farewell,
 Where in the spacious hall,
 With bounding steps, and sprightly air,
 I've led up many a ball 20

Where *Somerville* of courteous mein,
 Was partner in the dance,
 With swimming *Haws*, and *Brownlow* blithe,
 And *Britton* pink of *France*

Poor *Nash*, farewell! may fortune smile,
 Thy drooping soul revive,
 My heart is full I can no more—
John, bid the Coachman drive 25

The Lover A Ballad¹

AT LENGTH, by so much importunity press'd,
 Take, C——, at once, the inside of my breast,
 This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
 Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame
 I am not as cold as a virgin in lead, 5
 Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head
 I know but too well how time flies along,
 That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
 Long years of repentance for moments of joy 10
 Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find
 Good sense and good nature so equally join'd?)
 Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine,
 Not meanly would boast, nor would lewdly design,
 Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain, 15
 For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain

No pedant, yet learned, no rake-helly gay,
 Or laughing, because he has nothing to say,
 To all my whole sex obliging and free,

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume III, 1748 Text of fourth edition, 1755

Yet never be fond of any but me,
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust,
 Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
 But not fulsomely pert, nor yet foppishly low

20

But when the long hours of publick are past,
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
 May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear,
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
 Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive

25

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can guide
 From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe,
 But till this astonishing creature I know,
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so

30

35

40

I never will share with the wanton coquet,
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart
 I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies
 And as OVID has sweetly in parable told,
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold

45

THOMAS WARTON, SR.

(1688?-1718-1745)

An American Love-Ode Taken from the Second Volume of Montagne's Essays¹

STAY, stay, thou lovely, fearful Snake,
 Nor hide thee in yon darksome Brake

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1748 Text of first edition

But let me oft thy Charms review,
 Thy glittering Scales, and golden Hue,
 From these a Chaplet shall be wove,
 To grace the Youth I dearest love

5

Then Ages hence, when thou no more,
 Shalt creep along the sunny Shore,
 Thy copy'd Beauties shall be seen,
 Thy Red and Azure mix'd with Green,
 In mimic Folds thou shalt display —
 Stay, lovely, fearful Adde! stay

10

A Runic Ode:
 Taken from the Second Volume of Sir William
 Temple's Miscellanies¹

ARGUMENT

*Regner Ladbrog, a King of one of the Northern Nations, being mortally
 stung by a Viper, before the Venom had reach'd his Vitals, broke out
 into the following Verses*

YES—'tis decreed my Sword no more
 Shall smoke and blush with hostile Gore,
 To my great Father's Feasts I go,
 Where luscious Wines for ever flow,
 Which from the hollow Sculls we drain,
 Of Kings in furious Combat slain.

5

Death, to the Brave a blest Resort,
 Brings us to awful *Odin's* Court,
 Where with old Warriors mix'd we dwell,
 Recount our Wounds, our Triumphs tell,
 Me, will they own as bold a Guest,
 As e'er in Battle bar'd my Breast

10

Another, on the same SUBJECT

At length appears the wish'd-for Night,
 When my glad Soul shall take her Flight,
 Tremble my Limbs, my Eye-balls start,
 The Venom's busy at my Heart
 Hark! how the solemn †Sisters call,
 And point aloft to *Odin's* Hall!

15

¹ Published in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1748 Text of first edition

* Call'd by the *Goths, Dysæ*

I come, I come, prepare full Bowls,
 Fit Banquet for heroic Souls
 What's Life—I scorn this idle Breath,
 I smile in the Embrace of Death!

20

JAMES THOMSON

(1700-1720-1748)

A Poem Sacred to the
 Memory of Sir Isaac Newton¹

SHALL the great soul of *Newton* quit this earth,
 To mingle with his stars, and every muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name?
 But what can man?—Even now the sons of light,
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss
 Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
 Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire
 In Nature's general symphony to join

10

And what new wonders can ye show your guest!
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
 Clouded in dust, from *Motion's* simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of *Providence*,
 Wide-working thro' this universal frame

15

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the *Suns*,
 And *Planets* to their spheres! th' unequal task
 Of humankind till then Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring Man the year, and oft disgrac'd
 The pride of schools, before their course was known
 Full in its causes and effects to him,
 All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din
 Of specious words, and tyranny of names,
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
 And with heroic patience years on years
 Deep-searching, saw at last the *System* dawn,
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone

20

25

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!

30

¹ Published in 1727 Text of *The Seasons*

And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
 In some small fray victorious! when instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
 Her every latent glory to his view

38

All intellectual eye, our *solar Round*
 First gazing thro', he by the blended power
 Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve
 From unassisted vision hid, the *Moons*

40

To chear remoter planets numerous pour'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
 He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky

45

Her every motion clear-discerning, He
 Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning, till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind

50

55

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue Infinite, and every *Star*,
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into *Suns*, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system all combin'd,
 And rul'd unerring by that single power,
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground

60

65

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
 O *Wisdom* truly perfect! thus to call
 From a few causes such a scheme of things,
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
 An universe compleat! and O belov'd
 Of heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
 The mystic veil transpiercing, only scan'd
 The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame

70

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
 The *Comet* thro' the long Elliptic curve,
 As round innumerable worlds he wound his way,

Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glaies anew, 80
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay

The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
Of whirling *Vortices*, and circling *Spheres*,
To their first great simplicity restor'd 85
The schools astonish'd stood, but found it vain
To keep at odds with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd, 90
When *Newton* rose, our philosophic sun

Th' aerial flow of *Sound* was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in
Nor could the darting *Beam*, of speed immense, 95
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye
Even *Light itself*, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day,
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze, 100
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of *Parent-Colours* First the flaming *Red*
Sprung vivid forth, the tawny *Orange* next,
And next delicious *Yellow*, by whose side 105
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing *Green*
Then the pure *Blue*, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd, and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost
While the last gleamings of refracted light 110
Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow,
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath 115
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image ought so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook! 120
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the *refractive Law*

The noiseless *Tide* of *Time*, all bearing down
To vast Eternity's unbounded sea

125

Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stem'd alone, and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide

130

Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way

But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

135

What wonder thence that his *Devotion* swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd University of things,

140

In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that *Power*
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwith-held, indulging to his friends
The vast unboriow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good,
How firm establish'd on eternal truth,

145

150

Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man

155

This, *Conduitt*, from thy rural hours we hope,
As thro' the pleasing shade, where Nature pours
Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk,
The social passions smiling at thy heart,
That glows with all the recollected sage

160

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?

170

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,

Solemn as when some awful change is come,
 Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done!—*The measure's full;*
"And I resign my charge—Ye mouldering stones,
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud 175
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worship'd name of hoar antiquity,
 Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast
 While *Newton* lifts his column to the skies, 180
 Beyond the waste of time—Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 And Elegiac song But *Newton* calls 185
 For other notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers
 O *Britain's* boast! whether with angels thou 190
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind,
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs, 195
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From *Light Himself*, Oh look with pity down
 On humankind, a frail erioneous race!
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 200
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
 And be her *Genius* call'd! her studies raise,
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth
 For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
 And glories in thy name, she points thee out 205
 To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star.
 While in expectance of the second life,
 When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

Hymn on Solitude¹

HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,

¹ Published in *Ralph's Miscellaneous Poems*, 1729 Text of *Works*, 1750, Volume II

But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools, and villains fly
 Oh! how I love with thee to walk, 5
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts
 A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please 10
 Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone philosopher you seem,
 Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
 A shepherd next, you haunt the plain, 15
 And waible forth your oaten strain,
 A lover now, with all the grace
 Of that sweet passion in your face
 Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
 The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom, 20
 As, with her MUSIDORA, she,
 (Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale
 Thine is the balmy breath of morn, 25
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born,
 And while Meridian fervours beat,
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat,
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landscape swims away, 30
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine
 Descending angels bless thy train,
 The Virtues of the sage, and swain,
 Plain Innocence in white array'd, 35
 Before thee lifts her fearless head
 Religion's beams around thee shine,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine.
 About thee sports sweet Liberty,
 And rapt *Urania* sings to thee 40
 Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
 And in thy deep recesses dwell!
 Perhaps from *Norwood's* oak-clad hill,
 When meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes 45
 Where *London's* spiry turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again

The Seasons¹Winter²

THE ARGUMENT

The Subject proposed Address to Lord WILMINGTON First Approach of Winter According to the natural Course of the Season, various Storms described Rain Wind Snow The driving of the Snows A Man perishing among them, whence Reflections on the Wants and Miseries of Human Life The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines A Winter-Evening described as spent by Philosophers, by the Country People, in the City Frost A View of Winter within the polar Circle A Thaw The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a future State

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
 Sullen, and sad with all his rising Train,
 Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms Be these my Theme,
 These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
 And heavenly Musing Welcome, kindred Gloom! 5
 Cogential Horrors, hail! with frequent Foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
 When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain, 10
 Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myself as pure,
 Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst,
 Or seen the deep fermenting Tempest brew'd,
 In the grim Evening-Sky Thus pass'd the Time,
 Till thro' the lucid Chambers of the South 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.
 To Thee, the Patron of her first Essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON¹ renews her Song
 Since has she rounded the revolving Year
 Skim'd the gay Spring, on Eagle-Pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the Summer-Blaze to rise,
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy Gale,
 And now among the Wintry Clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling Storm, she tries to soar,
 To swell her Note with all the rushing Winds, 25
 To suit her sounding Cadence to the Floods,
 As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging Ear
 With bold Description, and with manly Thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone, 30

¹ First collected edition in 1730

² Published in 1726 Text of *The Seasons*, 1744

And how to make a mighty People thrive.
 But equal Goodness, sound Integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted Soul
 Amid a sliding Age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal, 85
 A steady Spirit regularly free,
 These, each exalting each, the Statesman light
 Into the Patriot, These, the publick Hope
 And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what Envy dares not Flattery call 90

Now when the chearless Empire of the Sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted Year,
 Hung o'er the fairest Veige of Heaven, the Sun
 Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day
 Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual shoot 45
 His struggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,
 Thro' the thick Air, as cloath'd in cloudy Storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the Southern Sky,
 And soon descending, to the long dark Night,
 Wide-shading All, the prostrate World resigns 50
 Nor is the Night unwish'd, while vital Heat,
 Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake
 Mean-time, in sable Cincture, Shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds,
 And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven 55
 Involve the Face of things Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy Gloom oppressive o'er the World,
 Thro' Nature shedding Influence malign,
 And rouses up the Seeds of dark Disease 60
 The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life,
 And black with more than melancholy Views
 The Cattle droop, and o'er the furrow'd Land,
 Fresh from the Plow, the dun discolour'd Flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome Root.
 Along the Woods, along the moorish Fens, 65
 Sighs the sad *Gennus* of the coming Storm,
 And up among the loose disjointed Cliffs,
 And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook
 And Cave, presageful, send a hollow Moan,
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's Ear 70

THEN comes the Father of the Tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black Glooms First joyless Rains obscure
 Drive thro' the mingling Skies with Vapour foul,
 Dash on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods
 That grumbling wave below Th' unsightly Plane 75
 Lies a brown Deluge, as the low-bent Clouds
 Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still

Combine, and deepening into Night shut up
 The Day's fair Face The Wanderers of Heaven,
 Each to his Home, retire, save Those that love 30
 To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool
 The Cattle from th' untasted Fields return,
 And ask with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade 85
 Thither the household feathery People croud,
 The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
 Pensive, and dripping, while the Cottage-Hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening Blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple Frolick much he talks, 90
 And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble Roof

Wide o'er the Brim, with many a Torient swell'd,
 And the mix'd Ruin of its Banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up River pours along 95
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
 Tumbling thro' Locks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded Valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent, till again constrain'd, 100
 Between two meeting Hills it bursts a Way,
 Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream,
 There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro' 105

NATURE! great Parent! whose unceasing Hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy Works!
 With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
 Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you
 Where are your Stores, ye powerful Beings! say,
 Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding Terrors of the Storm
 In what far-distant Region of the Sky, 115
 Hush'd in dead Silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

When from the palid Sky the Sun descends,
 With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery Streaks
 Begin to flush around The reeling Clouds 120
 Stagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet
 Which Master to obey while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
 Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating Air, 125

The Stars obtuse emit a shivering Ray,
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze
 Snatch'd in short Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf,
 And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats 130
 With broaden'd Nostrils to the Sky upturn'd,
 The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale
 Even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,
 With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,
 The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame 135
 Foretell the Blast But chief the plummy Race,
 The Tenants of the Sky, its Changes speak
 Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
 They pick'd their scanty Fare, a blackning Train
 Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight, 140
 And seek the closing Shelter of the Grove
 Assiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl
 Plies his sad Song The Cormorant on high 145
 Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land
 Loud shrieks the soaring Hern, and with wild Wing
 The circling Sea-Fowl cleave the flaky Clouds
 Ocean, unequal press'd with broken Tide
 And blind Commotion heaves, while from the Shore, 150
 Eat into Caverns by the restless Wave,
 And Forest-rustling Mountain, comes a Voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the World prepare
 Then issues forth the Storm with sudden Buist,
 And hurls the whole precipitated Air, 155
 Down, in a Torrent On the passive Main
 Descends th' etherial Force, and with strong Gust
 Turns from its Bottom the discolour'd Deep
 Thro' the black Night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine 160
 Seems o'er a Thousand raging Waves to burn,
 Mean-time the Mountain-Billows, to the Clouds
 In dreadful Tumult swell'd, Surge above Surge,
 Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
 And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive, 165
 Wild as the Winds across the howling Waste
 Of mighty Waters now th' inflated Wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,
 The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their Heads 170
 Emerging thence again, before the Breath
 Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their Course,
 And dart on distant Coasts, if some sharp Rock,
 Or Shoal insidious break not their Career,
 And in loose Fragments fling them floating round 175

NOR less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns
 The Mountain thunders, and its sturdy Sons
 Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade
 Lone on the midnight Steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring Stranger breathless toils, 180
 And, often falling, climbs against the Blast
 Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd Honours yet remain,
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing Wind's 185
 Assiduous Fury, its gigantic Limbs
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,
 The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain,
 And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid Base
 Sleep frightened flies, and round the rocking Dome, 190
 For Entrance eager, howls the savage Blast
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,
 Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
 That utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
 Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death 195
 HUGE Uproar lords it wide The Clouds commix'd
 With Stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky
 All Nature reels Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone, 200
 And on the Wings of the careering Wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm,
 Then straight Air, Sea and Earth are hush'd at once
 As yet 'tis Midnight deep The weary Clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom
 Now while the drowsy World lies lost in Sleep, 205
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
 And *Contemplation* her sedate Compeer,
 Let me shake off th' intrusive Cares of Day,
 And lay the meddling Senses all aside
 WHERE now, ye lying Vanities of Life! 210
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
 Where are you now? and what is your Amount?
 Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse
 Sad, sickening Thought! and yet deluding Man,
 A Scene of crude disjointed Visions past, 215
 And broken Slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round
 FATHER of Light and Life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
 O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
 Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice, 220
 From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul
 With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

THE keener Tempests come and fuming dun
 From all the livid East, or piercing North, 225
 Thick Clouds ascend, in whose capacious Womb
 A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy World along,
 And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm
 Thro' the hush'd Air the whitening Shower descends, 230
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the Flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,
 With a continual Flow The cherish'd Fields
 Put on their Winter-Robe, of purest White
 'Tis Brightness all, save where the new Snow melts, 235
 Along the mazy Current Low, the Woods
 Bow their hoar Head, and, ere the languid Sun
 Faint from the West emits his Evening-Ray,
 Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling Waste, that buries wide 240
 The Works of Man Drooping, the Labourer-Ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
 The Fruit of all his Toil The Fowls of Heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around
 The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon 245
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them One alone,
 The Red-Breast, sacred to the household Gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
 In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
 His shivering Mates, and pays to trusty Man 250
 His annual Visit Half-afraid, he first
 Against the Window beats, then, brisk, alights
 On the warm Hearth, then, hopping o'er the Floor,
 Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is, 255
 Till more familiar grown, the Table Crumbs
 Attract his slender Feet The foodless Wilds
 Pour forth their brown Inhabitants The Hare,
 Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
 By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs, 260
 And more un pitying Men, the Garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless Want The Bleating Kind
 Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
 With Looks of dumb Despair, then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd Herb thro' Heaps of Snow 265
 Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens
 With Food at Will, lodge them below the Storm,
 And watch them strict for from the bellowing East,
 In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing 270
 Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains

In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapless Flocks,
 Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
 The billowy Tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,
 The Valley to a shining Mountain swells, 275
 Tipt with a Wieth, high-curling in the Sky.

As thus the Snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd An,
 In his own loose-revolving Fields, the Swain 280
 Disaster'd stands, sees other Hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless Brow, and other Scenes,
 Of horrid Prospect, shag the trackless Plain
 Nor finds the River, nor the Forest, hid
 Beneath the formless Wild, but wanders on 285
 From Hill to Dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted Heaps,
 Stung with the Thoughts of Home, the Thoughts of Home
 Rush on his Nerves, and call their Vigor forth
 In many a vain Attempt How sinks his Soul!
 What black Despair, what Horror fills his Heart! 290
 When from the dusky Spot, which Fancy feign'd
 His tufted Cottage rising thro' the Snow,
 He meets the Roughness of the middle Waste,
 Far from the Track, and blest Abode of Man. 295
 While round him Night resistless closes fast,
 And every Tempest, howling o'er his Head,
 Renders the savage Wilderness more wild
 Then throng the busy Shapes into his Mind,
 Of cover'd Pits unfathomably deep, 300
 A dire Descent! beyond the Power of Frost,
 Of faithless Bogs, of Precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with Snow, and, what is Land unknown,
 What Water, of the still unfrozen Spring,
 In the loose Marsh or solitary Lake, 305
 Where the fresh Fountain from the Bottom boils
 These check his fearful Steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the Shelter of the shapeless Drift,
 Thinking o'er all the Bitterness of Death,
 Mix'd with the tender Anguish Nature shoots 310
 Thro' the wrung Bosom of the dying Man,
 His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious Wife prepares
 The Fire fair-blazing, and the Vestment warm,
 In vain his little Children, peeping out 315
 Into the mingling Storm, demand their Sire,
 With Tears of artless Innocence Alas!
 Nor Wife, nor Children, more shall he behold,
 Nor Friends, nor sacred Home On every Nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up Sense,

And o'er his inmost Vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the Snow, a stiffen'd Corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern Blast. 320

Ah little think the gay licentious Proud,
Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless Hours in giddy Mirth, 325
And wanton, often cruel, Riot waste,
Ah little think they while they dance along,
How many feel, this very Moment, Death
And all the sad Variety of Pain!

How many sink in the devouring Flood, 330
Or more devouring Flame How many bleed,
By shameful Variance betwixt Man and Man
How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common Air, and common Use
Of their own Limbs How many drink the Cup 335
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
Of Misery Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
How many shrink into the sordid Hut
Of cheerless Poverty How many shake

With all their fiercer Tortures of the Mind, 340
Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse,
Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse

Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd, 345
How many, rack'd with honest Passions droop
In deep retir'd Distress How many stand

Around the Death-Bed of their dearest Friends,
And point the parting Anguish Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless Ills, 350
That one incessant Struggle render Life,

One Scene of Toil, of Suffering, and of Fate,
Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think,
The conscious Heart of Charity would warm, 355

And her wide Wish Benevolence dilate,
The social Tear would rise, the social Sight,
And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliss,
Refining still the social Passions work

And here can I forget the generous Band, 360
Who, touch'd with human Woe, redressive search'd
Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?

Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans
Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice 365

While in the Land of Liberty, the Land
 Whose every Street and public Meeting glow
 With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd
 Snatch'd the lean Moisel from the starving Mouth,
 Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd Weed, 370
 Even robb'd them of the last of Comforts, Sleep,
 The free-born Briton to the Dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes,
 And crush'd out Lives, by secret barbarous Ways, 375
 That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled
 O great Design! if executed well,
 With patient Care, and Wisdom-temper'd Zeal
 Ye Sons of Mercy! yet resume the Search,
 Drag forth the legal Monsters into Light, 380
 Wrench from their Hands Oppression's iron Rod,
 And bid the Cruel feel the Pains they give
 Much still untouch'd remains, in this rank Age,
 Much is the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd
 The Toils of Law, (what dark insidious Men 385
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth,
 And lengthen simple Justice into Trade)
 How glorious were the Day! that saw These broke,
 And every Man within the Reach of Right
 By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract 390
 Of horrid Mountains which the shining *Alps*,
 And wavy *Appennines*, and *Pyrenees*,
 Branch out stupendous into distant Lands,
 Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave! 395
 Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling Wolves in raging Troops descend,
 And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,
 Keen as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
 All is their Prize They fasten on the Steed, 400
 Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart
 Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
 Or shake the murdering Savages away
 Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast 405
 The godlike Face of Man avails him nought
 Even Beauty, Force divine! at whose bright Glance
 The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd Prey
 But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack, 410
 The Country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent,
 On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
 The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig

The shrouded Body from the Grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghosts, they howl 415

AMONG those hilly Regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful Vales the happy *Grisons* dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,
Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll
From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they come, 420
A wintry Waste in dire Commotion all,
And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,
And sometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,
Or Hamlets sleeping in the Dead of Night,
Are deep beneath the smothering Ruin whelm'd 425

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,
Between the groaning Forest and the Shore,
Beat by a boundless Multitude of Waves, 430
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene,

Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,
To cheer the Gloom There studious let me sit,
And hold high Converse with the MIGHTY DEAD,
Sages of antient Time, as Gods never'd, 435
As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind

With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World
Rous'd at th' inspiring Thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd Volume, and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass 440
Before my wondering Eyes First SOCRATES,

Who firmly good in a corrupted State,
Against the Rage of Tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm Reason's holy Law,
That *Voice* of GOD within th' attentive Mind, 445
Obeying, fearless, or in Life, or Death
Great Moral Teacher! *Wise*st of *Mankind*!

SOLOON the next, who built his Common-Weal
On Equity's wide Base, by *tender* Laws
A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd 450
Preserving still that quick peculiar Fire,
Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,

And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The Pride of smiling GREECE, and Human-kind
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the Force 455
Of strictest Discipline, *severely wise*,
All human Passions Following Him, I see,
As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,

The firm [†]DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by Deeds
 The hardest Lesson which the *other* taught 460
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest Front,
 Spotless of Heart, to whom th' unflattering Voice
 Of Freedom gave the noblest Name of *Just*,
 In pure majestic Poverty rever'd,
 Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal 465
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty [†]*Rival's* Fame
 Rear'd by his Care, of softer Ray, appears
 CIMON sweet-soul'd, whose Genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the Load of young Debauch, abroad 470
 The Scourge of *Persian* Pride, at home the Friend
 Of every Worth and every splendid Art,
 Modest, and simple, in the Pomp of Wealth.
 Then the last Worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late-call'd to Glory, in *unequal* Times, 475
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* Boast,
 TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled
 And, equal to the Best, the [‡]THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose Virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd, 480
 Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* Honour sunk,
 And left a Mass of sordid Lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public Life severe,
 To Virtue still inexorably firm, 485
 But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his Brow,
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
 And He, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' Sons,
 The generous Victim to that vain Attempt, 490
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile Avarice sunk.
 The two *Acharian* Heroes close the Train.
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the Soul
 Of fondly-lingering Liberty in GREECE 495
 And He her Darling as her latest Hope,
 The *gallant* PHILOPEMON, who to Arms
 Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain,
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the Field 500
 Or rougher Front, a mighty People come!
 A Race of Heroes! in those virtuous Times
 Which knew no Stain, save that with partial Flame

[†] LEONIDAS

[†] THEMISTOCLES

[‡] PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS

Their *dearest* Country they *too fondly* lov'd
 Her *better Founder* first, the Light of ROME, 505
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious Sons
 SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the solid Base
 On which o'er Earth the *vast Republic* spread
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise
 The 'PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd, 510
 As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad
 He, whom his thankless Country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her Foes.
 FABRICIUS, Scorner of all-conquering Gold
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the Plow. 515
 Thy †WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command
 SCIPIO, the *gentle Chief*, humanely brave, 520
 Who soon the Race of spotless Glory ran,
 And, warm in Youth, to the *Poetic Shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd
 TULLY, whose powerful Eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* Fate of rushing ROME. 525
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*
 And thou, unhappy BBUTUS, kind of Heart,
 Whose steady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy *Friend*
 Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse 530
 Demand, but who can count the Stars of Heaven?
 Who sing their Influence on this lower World?
 BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober State,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun
 'Tis *Phæbus*' self, or else the MANTUAN SWAIN! 535
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring Wing,
Parent of Song! and *equal* by his Side,
 The BRITISH MUSE, join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame
 Nor absent are those Shades, whose skilful Hand 540
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd Heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE
 FIRST of your Kind! Society divine!
 Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring Soul to Thoughts like yours
 Silence, thou lonely Power! the Door be thine,

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS

† REGULUS

See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen Friends, that sometimes deign
 To bless my humble Roof, with Sense refin'd, 550
 Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
 Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay
 Or from the Muses' Hill will POPE descend,
 To raise the sacred Hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social Spirit warm the Heart. 555
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his Life the more endearing Song

WHERE art Thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling Pride
 The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng!
 Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime 560
 Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our Hope so soon?
 What now avails that noble Thirst of Fame,
 Which stung thy fervent Breast? That treasur'd Store 565
 Of Knowledge, early gain'd? That eager Zeal
 To serve thy Country, glowing in the Band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her Name?
 What now, alas! that Life-diffusing Charm
 Of sprightly Wit? That Rapture for the Muse, 570
 That Heart of Friendship, and that Soul of Joy,
 Which bade with softest Light thy Virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond Pursuits,
 And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain! 575

THUS in some deep Retirement would I pass,
 The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of pliant Soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless Frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the Void of Night, 580
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND,
 It's Springs, it's Laws, it's Progress, and it's End
 Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous Whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds,
 And each diffusive Harmony unite, 585
 In full Perfection, to th' astonish'd Eye
 Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher Order, fitted, and impell'd,
 By WISDOM's finest Hand, and issuing all 590
 In general Good The sage Historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the Deeps of Time:
 Shew us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd States, what makes the Nations smile,

Improves their Soul, and gives them double Suns,
 And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies, 595
 In Nature's richest Lap As thus we talk'd,
 Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That Portion of Divinity, that Ray
 Of purest Heaven, which lights the public Soul
 Of Patriots, and of Heroes But if doom'd, 600
 In powerless humble Fortune, to repress
 These ardent Risings of the kindling Soul,
 Then, even superior to Ambition, we
 Would learn the private Virtues, how to glide
 Thro' Shades and Plains, along the smoothest Stream 605
 Of rural Life or snatch'd away by Hope,
 Thro' the dim Spaces of Futurity,
 With earnest Eye anticipate those Scenes
 Of Happiness, and Wonder, where the Mind,
 In endless Growth and infinite Ascent 610
 Rises from State to State, and World to World
 But when with These the serious Thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for Relief, would play the Shapes
 Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
 Those rapid Pictures, that assembled Train 615
 Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay Surprise,
 Or Folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every Nerve.

MEAN-TIME the Village rouses up the Fire, 620
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-Story round,
 Till superstitious Horror creeps o'er all
 Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake 625
 The rural Gambol Rustic Mirth goes round
 The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
 Easily pleas'd, the long loud Laugh, sincere,
 The Kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long Maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep
 The Leap, the Slap, the Haul, and, shook to Notes 630
 Of native Music, the respondent Dance
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night

THE City swarms intense The public Haunt,
 Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse, 635
 Hums indistinct The Sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose Stream of false enchanted Joy,
 To swift Destruction On the rankled Soul
 The gaming Fury falls, and in one Gulph
 Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,
 Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong sink 640
 Up-springs the Dance along the lighted Dome,

Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways
 The glittering Court effuses every Pomp,
 The Circle deepens beam'd from gaudy Robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes,
 A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves
 While, a gay Insect in *his* Summer-shine,
 The Fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy Wings

64b

DREAD o'er the Scene, the Ghost of HAMLET stalks;

650

OTHELLO rages, poor MONIMIA mourns,
 And BELVIDERA pours her Soul in Love
 Deep-thrilling Terror shakes, the comely Tear
 Steals o'er the Cheek or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the World a Picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial Laugh
 Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes
 Of beauteous Life, whate'er can deck Mankind,
 Or charm the Heart, in generous *BEVIL shew'd

655

O THOU, whose Wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose Patriot-Virtues, and consummate Skill
 To touch the finer Springs that move the World,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating Fire,

660

Give Thee, with pleasing Dignity, to shine
 At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy,
 Of polish'd Life, permit the *Rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with Thee her Song¹

665

Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond Ambition, in thy Train,
 (For every Muse has in thy Train a Place)

670

To mark thy various full-accomplish'd Mind
 To mark that Spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,
 Rejects th' Allurements of corrupted Power,
 That elegant Politeness, which excels

675

Even in the Judgement of presumptuous *France*,
 The boasted Manners of her shining Court,
 That Wit, the vivid Energy of Sense,

680

The Truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* Point,
 And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects.

685

Or, rising thence with yet a brighter Flame,
 O let me hail Thee on some glorious Day,
 When to the listening Senate, aident, croud
 BRITANNIA'S Sons to hear her pleaded Cause
 Then drest by Thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again

* *A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS*, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE

Her own enlighten'd Thoughts, call'd from the Heart,
Th' obedient Passions on thy Voice attend,
And even reluctant Party feels a while 690
Thy gracious Power as thro' the vary'd Maze
Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood
To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Days, 695
Frosty, succeed, and thro' the blue Serene,
For Sight too fine, th' ethereal Niter flies,
Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air
Storing afresh with elemental Life
Close crouds the shining Atmosphere, and binds 700
Our strengthen'd Bodies in it's cold Embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our Blood,
Refines our Spirits, thro' the new-strung Nerves,
In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain,
Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool, 705
Bright as the Skies, and as the Season keen
All Nature feels the renovating Force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless Eye
In Ruin seen The Frost-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable Soul, 710
And gathers Vigour for the coming Year
A stronger Glow sits on the lively Cheek
Of ruddy Fire and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow, their sullen Deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze, 715
And murmur hoarser at the fixing Frost
WHAT art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen Stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even th' illusive Fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent Energy, unseen, 720
Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' Water, Earth, and Ether? Hence at Eve,
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
With the fierce Rage of Winter deep suffus'd, 725
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool
Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
Arrests the bickering Stream The loosen'd Ice,
Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,
Rustles no more, but to the sedgy Bank 730
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,
A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,
The whole imprison'd River growls below
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects 735

A double Noise, while, at his evening Watch,
 The Village Dog deters the nightly Thief,
 The Heifer lows, the distant Water-fall
 Swells in the Breeze, and, with the hasty Tread 740
 Of Traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain
 Shakes from afar The full ethereal Round,
 Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,
 Shines out intensely keen, and, all one Cope
 Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole
 From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls, 745
 Thio' the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast It freezes on,
 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,
 Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous Then appears
 The various Labour of the silent Night 750
 Pione from the dripping Eave, and dum Cascade,
 Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant Icicle; the Frost-Work fair,
 Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise,
 Wide spouted o'er the Hill, the frozen Brook, 755
 A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn,
 The Forest bent beneath the plummy Wave,
 And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks 760
 His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends
 On blithsome Frolics bent, the youthful Swains,
 While every Work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the River crowd, in various Sport 765
 And Revelry dissolv'd, where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the Train! the raptur'd Boy
 Lashes the whirling Top Or, where the *Rhine*
 Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
 From every Province swarming, void of Care, 770
Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
 On sounding Skates, a thousand different Ways,
 In circling Poise, swift as the Winds, along,
 The *then* gay Land is madden'd all to Joy
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow, 775
 Pour a new Pomp Eager, on rapid Sleds,
 Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel
 The long-resounding Course Meantime, to raise
 The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
 Flush'd by the Season, *Scandinavia's* Dames, 780
 Or *Russia's* buxom Daughters glow around
 Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome Day;
 But soon elaps'd The horizontal Sun,

Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff
 His azure Gloss the Mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble Touch Perhaps the Vale
 Relents a while to the reflected Ray,
 Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow,
 Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
 Gave-twinkle as they scatter Thick around
 Thunders the Sport of Those, who with the Gun,
 And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,
 Worse than the Season, desolate the Fields,
 And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd Game
 But what is This? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his Grandeur, should our Eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*,
 Where, for relentless Months, continual Night,
 Holds o'er the glittering Waste her starry Reign
 THERE, thro' the Prison of unbounded Wilds,
 Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Escape,
 Wide-roads the *Russian* Exile Nought around
 Strikes his sad Eye, but Desarts lost in Snow,
 And heavy-loaded Groves, and solid Floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary Vast,
 Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main,
 And cheerless Towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when it's annual Course the Caravan
 Bends to the golden Coast of rich *Cathay*,
 With News of Human-kind Yet there Life glows,
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining Waste,
 The fury Nations harbour tip'd with Jet,
 Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press,
 Sables, of glossy Black, and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled Hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly Pride of Courts
 Their, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen Snows, and, scarce his Head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white Abyss
 Nor Dogs, nor Toils, he wants, nor with the Dread
 Of sounding Bows the ruthless Hunter drives
 The fearful-flying Race, with ponderous Clubs,
 As weak against the Mountain-Heaps they push
 Their beating Breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd Snows,
 And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home

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There thro' the piny Forest half-absorpt,
 Rough Tenant of these Shades, the shapeless Bear,
 With dangling Ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the Storms increase,
 He makes his Bed beneath th' inclement Drift,
 And, with stern Patience, scorning weak Complaint,
 Hardens his Heart against assailing Want

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WIDE o'er the spacious Regions of the North,
 That see *Bootes* urge his tardy Wain,
 A boisterous Race, by frosty '*Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little Pleasure know, and fear no Pain,
 Prolific swarm 'They once relum'd the Flame
 Of lost Mankind in polish'd Slavery sunk,
 Drove martial †Horde on Horse, with dreadful Sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South,
 And gave the vanquish'd World another Form.
 Not such the Sons of *Lapland*: wisely 'They
 Despise th' insensate barbarous Trade of War,
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
 They love their Mountains, and enjoy their Storms.
 No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,
 Disturb the peaceful Current of their Days;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd Maze
 Of Pleasure, or Ambition, bid it rage
 Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents,
 Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth
 Supply, their wholesome Fare, and chearful Cups
 Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe
 Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse
 Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep
 With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd
 By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens,
 And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
 With doubled Lustre from the radiant Waste,
 Even in the Depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous Day enough to light the Chace,
 Or guide their daring Steps to *Finland-Fairs*
 Wish'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome Sun just verging up at first,
 By small Degrees extends the swelling Curve,
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing Months,
 Still round and round his spiral Course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,

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* *The North-West Wind*

† *The wandering Scythian-Clans*

Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky
 In that glad Season, from the Lakes and Floods,
 Where *pure *Niemi's* fairy Mountains rise, 885
 And fring'd with Roses †*Tenglio* rolls his Stream,
 They draw the copious Fry With these, at Eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their Tents repair,
 Where, all Day long in useful Cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd Wives the Fire prepare 890
 Thrice happy Race¹ by Poverty secur'd
 From legal Plunder and rapacious Power
 In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
 The Seeds of Vice, whose spotless Swains ne'er knew
 Injurious Deed, nor blasted by the Breath 895
 Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornêa's* Lake,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a Waste of Snow,
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the Pole itself,
 Where failing gradual Life at length goes out, 900
 The Muse expands her solitary Flight,
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,
 Beholds new Seas beneath ‡another Sky.
 Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing Court, 905
 And thro' his airy Hall the loud Misrule
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard
 Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath,
 Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost,
 Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows, 910
 With which he now oppresses half the Globe

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* Coast,
 She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main,
 Where undissolving, from the First of Time,
 Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky, 915
 And icy Mountains, high on Mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the Surge,
 Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down, 920
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the Deep, and shake the solid Pole
 Ocean itself no longer can resist

* M de Maupertuis, in his *Bool* on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland, says—"From this Height we had Occasion several times to see those Vapours rise from the Lake which the People of the Country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains We had been frighted with Stories of Bears that haunted this Place, but saw none It seem'd rather a Place of Resort for Fairies and Gnomi than Bears"

† The same Author observes—"I was surprized to see upon the Banks of this River, (the *Tenglio*) Roses of as lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens"

‡ The other Hemisphere

The binding Fury, but, in all it's Rage 925
 Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost,
 Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more a bleak Expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, chearless, and void
 Of every Life, that from the dreary Months 930
 Flies conscious southward Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,
 Take their last Look of the descending Sun,
 While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,
 The long long Night, incumbent o'er their Heads, 935
 Falls horrible Such was the *BRITON's Fate,
 As with *first* Prow, (What have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the Passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal Bars 940
 In these fell Regions, in *Arzina* caught,
 And to the stony Deep his idle Ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless Crew,
 Each full exerted at his several Task,
 Froze into Statues, to the Cordage glued 945
 The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm

HARD by these Shores, where scarce his freezing Stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the Last of Men,
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants, 950
 Here Human Nature wears it's rudest Form
 Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,
 Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous Chear,
 They waste the tedious Gloom Immers'd in Furs,
 Doze the gross Race Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song, 955
 Nor Tenderness they know, nor aught of Life,
 Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without
 Till Morn at length, her Roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,
 And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace 960

WHAT cannot active Government perform, 960
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these Shores,
 A People savage from remotest Time,
 A huge neglected Empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd 965
 Immortal PETER! First of Monarchs! He
 His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,
 Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons,
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted Soul he rais'd the *Man*

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the North-East Passage

Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd
 Thro' long successive Ages to build up
 A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once
 The Wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!
 Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty Shadow of unreal Power,
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful Pomp of Courts;
 And roaming every Land, in every Port,
 His Scepter laid aside, with glorious Hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool,
 Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of useful Arts,
 Of Civil Wisdom, and of Martial Skill.
 Charg'd with the Stores of *Europe* home he goes!
 Then Cities rise amid th' illumin'd Waste,
 O'er joyless Desarts smiles the rural Reign,
 Far-distant Flood to Flood is social join'd,
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
 Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd
 With daring Keel before, and Armies stretch
 Each Way their dazzling Files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the North,
 And awing there stern *OTHMAN's* shrinking Sons.
Sloth flies the Land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old Dishonour proud, it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the Whole,
 One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of rising Trade
 For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd
 MUTTERING, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South Subdu'd,
 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw
 Spotted the Mountains shine, loose Sleet descends,
 And floods the Country round. The Rivers swell,
 Of Bonds impatient Sudden from the Hills,
 O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed Torrents shoot at once,
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain
 Is left one slimy Waste Those sullen Seas,
 That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North,
 But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave——
 And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted Deep at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds
 Ill fares the Bark with trembling Wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating Fragments, moors
 Beneath the Shelter of an icy Isle,
 While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks

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More horrible Can human Force endure
 'Th' assembled Mischiefs that besiege them round? 1020
 Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness,
 The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Crush of Ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder Rage,
 And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main
 More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan 1025
 And his unwieldy Train, in dreadful Sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro' the Gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable Shore,
 Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl
 Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting Wrecks. 1030
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking Eye*,
 Looks down with Pity on the feeble Toil
 Of Mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all his dreary Labyrinth of Fate
 'Tis done!—dread WINTER spreads his latest Glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year 1035
 How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His melancholy Empire Here, fond Man!
 Behold thy pictur'd Life, pass some few Years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength, 1040
 Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the Scene Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those Dreams of Greatness! those unsolid Hopes
 Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame? 1045
 Those restless Cares? those busy bustling Days?
 Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,
 Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man, 1050
 His Guide to Happiness on high—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth
 Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating Word*, and starts to Life,
 In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death 1055
 For ever free *The great eternal Scheme*,
 Involving All, and in a *perfect Whole*
 Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind Presumptuous! now, 1060
 Confounded in the Dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd see now the Cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected why the good Man's Share
 In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul 1065

Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
 In staring Solitude, while Luxury,
 In Palaces, lay straining her low Thought,
 To form unreal Wants why Heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks 1074
 Of Superstition's Scouige why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss Ye good Distrest!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath Life's Pressure, yet a little While, 1075
 And what your bounded View, which only saw
 A little Part, deem'd *Evil* is no more
 The Storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle All

Autumn¹

THE ARGUMENT

The Subject propos'd Address'd to Mr ONSLOW A Prospect of the Fields ready for Harvest Reflexions in praise of Industry rais'd by that View Reaping A Tale relative to it A Harvest Storm Shooting and Hunting, their Barbarity A ludicrous Account of Foxhunting A View of an Orchard Wall-Fruit A Vineyard A Description of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn whence a Digression, enquiring into the Rise of Fountains and Rivers Birds of Season considered, that now shift their Habitation The prodigious Number of them that cover the northern and western Isles of SCOTLAND Hence a View of the Country A Prospect of the discoloured, fading Woods After a gentle dusky Day, Moon-light Autumnal Meteors Morning to which succeeds a calm, pure, Sun-shiny Day, such as usually shuts up the Season The Harvest being gathered in, the Country dissolv'd in Joy The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a Philosophical Country Life

CROWN'D with the Sickle, and the wheaten Sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow Plain,
 Comes jovial on, the *Doric* Reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune Whate'er the wintry Frost
 Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring 5
 Put in white Promise foith, and Summer-Suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to View,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious Theme
 ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy Name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her Song, 10
 Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle Ear
 A while engage Thy noble Cares she knows,

¹ Published in 1730 Text of *The Seasons* 1744

The Patriot-Virtues that distend thy Thought,
 Spread on thy Front, and in thy Bosom glow,
 While listening Senates hang upon thy Tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the Maze of Eloquence
 A Rowl of Periods, sweeter than her Song
 But she too pants for public Virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of Power yet strong in aident Will,
 Whene'er her Country rushes on her Heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder Note, and fondly tries
 To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's Flame

WHEN the Bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous Days,
 And *Libia* weighs in equal Scales the Year,
 From Heaven's high Cope the fierce Effulgence shook 25
 Of parting Summer, a serener Blue,
 With golden Light enliven'd wide invests
 The happy World Attemper'd Suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid Clouds
 A pleasing Calm, while broad, and brown, below, 30
 Extensive Harvests hang the heavy Head
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand, for not a Gale
 Rolls its light Billows o'er the bending Plain,
 A Calm of Plenty¹ till the ruffled Air
 Falls from its Poise, and gives the Breeze to blow 35
 Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the Sky,
 The Clouds fly different, and the sudden Sun
 By Fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd Field,
 And black by Fits the Shadows sweep along
 A gayly-checker'd Heart-expanding View, 40
 Far as the circling Eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a Flood of Corn

THESE are thy Blessings, INDUSTRY¹ rough Power¹
 Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain,
 Yet the kind Source of every gentle Art, 45
 And all the soft Civility of Life
 Raiser of Human Kind¹ by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the Woods,
 And Wilds, to rude inclement Elements,
 With various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite, but idle all
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious Breast,
 Slept the lethargic Powers, Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal Hand 55
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage Year
 And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With Beasts of Prey, or for his Acorn-Meal
 Fought the fierce tusky Boar, a shivering Wretch¹
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North, 60

With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempest fly,
 Hail, Rain, and Snow, and bitter-breathing Frost
 Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled,
 And the wild Season, sordid, pin'd away
 For Home he had not, Home is the Resort 65
 Of Love, of Joy, of Peace and Plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd Friends,
 And dear Relations mingle into Bliss
 But this the rugged Savage never felt,
 Even desolate in Crouds, and thus his Days, 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along,
 A Waste of Time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable Sloth
 His Faculties unfolded, pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing Hand 75
 Of Art demanded, shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble Force by the mechanic Powers,
 To dig the Mineral from the vaulted Earth,
 On what to turn the piercing Rage of Fire,
 On what the Torrent, and the gather'd Blast, 80
 Gave the tall antient Forest to his Ax,
 Taught him to chip the Wood, and hew the Stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd Fabric rose,
 Tore from his Limbs the Blood-polluted Fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly Vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy Silk, and flowing Lawn,
 With wholesome Viands fill'd his Table, pour'd
 The generous Glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The Life-refining Soul of decent Wit
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare Necessity, 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To Pomp, to Pleasure, Elegance, and Grace,
 And, breathing high Ambition thro' his Soul,
 Set Science, Wisdom, Glory, in his View,
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below 95
 THEN gathering Men their natural Powers combin'd
 And form'd a *Public*, to the general Good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all
 For This the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*, 100
 For This they plann'd the holy Guardian-Laws,
 Distinguish'd Orders, animated Arts,
 And with joint Force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the Helm, yet still
 To them accountable nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling Millions must resign their Weal,
 And all the Honey of their Search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd

HENCE every Form of cultivated Life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into Perfection wrought Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy Nuse of Art! the City rear'd
 In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled Head;
 And, stretching Street on Street, by Thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody Haunts, or the tough Yew
 To Bows strong-straining, her aspiring Sons.

THEN Commerce brought into the public Walk
 The busy Merchant, the big Ware-House built,
 Rais'd the strong Crane, choak'd up the loaded Street
 With foreign Plenty, and thy Stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods! 125
 Than whom no River heaves a fuller Tide,
 Chose for his grand Resort On either hand,
 Like a long wintry Forest, Groves of Masts
 Shot up their Spires, the bellying Sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy Void, the sooty Hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on, the splendid Barge along
 Row'd, regular, to Harmony, around,
 The Boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary Wings,
 While deep the various Voice of fervent Toil
 From Bank to Bank increas'd, whence ribb'd with Oak, 135
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring Vessel rush'd into the Main

THEN too the pillar'd Dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample Roof, and Luxury within
 Pour'd out her glittering Stores the Canvas smooth, 140
 With glowing Life protuberant, to the View
 Embodied rose, the Statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into Flesh, beneath the Touch
 Of forming Art, Imagination flush'd.

ALL is the Gift of INDUSTRY, whate'er 145
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders Life
 Delightful Pensive Winter chear'd by him
 Sits at the social Fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded Tempest idly rave along,
 His harden'd Fingers deck the gaudy Spring, 150
 Without him Summer were an arid Waste,
 Nor to th' autumnal Months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable Stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering Song.

Soon as the Morning trembles o'er the Sky, 155
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading Day,
 Before the ripen'd Field the Reapers stand,
 In fair Array, each by the Lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher Part, and mitigate

By nameless gentle Offices her Toil 160
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty Sheaves,
 While thro' their chearful Band the rural Talk
 The rural Scandal and the rural Jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious Time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away 165
 Behind the Master walks, builds up the Shocks,
 And conscious, glancing oft on every Side
 His sated Eye, feels his Heart heave with Joy
 The Gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after Spike, their sparing Harvest pick 170
 Be not too narrow, Husband-men! but fling
 From the full Sheaf, with charitable Stealth,
 The liberal Handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the God or HARVEST is to you,
 Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields, 175
 While these unhappy Partners of your Kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the Fowls of Heaven,
 And ask their humble Dole The various Turns
 Of Fortune ponder, that your Sons may want 180
 What now, with hard Reluctance, faint, ye give
 THE lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends,
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth
 For in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
 Of every Stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 185
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old
 And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
 Among the Windings of a woody Vale,
 By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
 But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd 190
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
 From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride
 Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed,
 Like the gay Birds that sung them to Repose, 195
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's Fare
 Her Form was fresher than the Morning Rose,
 When the Dew wets it's Leaves, unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the Lily, or the Mountain Snow
 The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes, 200
 Still on the Ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers
 Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
 Of what her faithless Fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
 Of Evening, shone in Tears A native Grace 205
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple Robe, their best Attire,

Beyond the Pomp of Diess, for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most 210
 Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's Self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods
 As in the hollow Breast of *Appennine*,
 Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,
 A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye, 215
 And breathes it's balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA till at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
 With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went 220
 To glean PALEMON's Fields The Pride of Swains
 PALEMON was, the Generous, and the Rich,
 Who led the rural Life in all it's Joy,
 And Elegance, such as *Arcadian* Song
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted Times, 225
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the Mode
 He then, his Fancy with Autumnal Scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his Reaper-Train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA diw his Eye, 230
 Unconscious of her Power, and turning quick
 With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The Charms her down-cast Modesty conceal'd.
 That very Moment Love and chaste Desire 235
 Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown,
 For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
 Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field
 And thus in secret to his Soul he sigh'd 240

WHAT pity! that so delicate a Form,
 By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 And more than vulgar Goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude Embrace
 Of some indecent Clown? She looks, methinks, 245
 Of old Acasto's Line, and to my Mind
 Recalls that Patron of my happy Life,
 From whom my liberal Fortune took its rise,
 Now to the Dust gone down, his Houses, Lands,
 And once fair-spreading Family dissolv'd 250
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure Retreat,
 Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent Pride,
 Far from those Scenes which knew their better Days,
 His aged Widow and his Daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find 255

Romantic Wish, would this the Daughter were!

WHEN, strict enquiring, from himself he found
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak
 The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart, 260
 And thro' his Nerves in shivering Transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd Flame, avow'd, and bold,
 And as he view'd Her, aident, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden Tears, 265
 Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
 And thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul

AND art thou then ACASTO's dear Remains?
 She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought, 270
 So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
 The soften'd Image of my noble Friend,
 Alive, his every Feature, every Look,
 More elegantly touch'd Sweeter than Spring!
 Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root, 275
 That nourish'd up my Fortune, say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd Desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest Aspect of delighted Heaven?
 Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 Tho' Poverty's cold Wind, and crushing Rain, 280
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender Years?
 O let me now, into a richer Soil,
 'Transplant thee safe! where vernal Suns, and Showers,
 Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence,
 And of my Garden be the Pride, and Joy! 285
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 ACASTO's Daughter, his, whose open Stores,
 Tho' vast, were little to his ample Heart,
 The Father of a Country, thus to pick
 The very Refuse of those Harvest-Fields, 290
 Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy
 Then throw that shameful Pittance from thy Hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged Task,
 The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine,
 If to the various Blessings which thy House 295
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that Bliss,
 That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing Thee!

HERE ceas'd the Youth yet still his speaking Eye
 Express'd the sacred Triumph of his Soul,
 With conscious Virtue, Gratitude, and Love, 300
 Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd
 Nor waited he Reply Won by the Charm
 Of Goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet Disorder lost, she blush'd Consent 305
 The News immediate to her Mother brought,
 While pierc'd with anxious Thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely Moments for LAVINIA's Fate,
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright Gleam 310
 Of setting Life shone on her Evening-Hours
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender Bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the Grace of all the Country round. 315

DEFEATING oft the Labours of the Year,
 The sultry South collects a potent Blast
 At first, the Groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling Tops, and a still Murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining Fields of Corn 320
 But as th' aerial Tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty Stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited Atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding World,
 Strain'd to the Root, the stooping Forest pouis 325
 A rustling Shower of yet untimely Leaves
 High-beat, the circling Mountains eddy in,
 From the bare Wild, the dissipated Storm,
 And send it in a Torrent down the Vale
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost Rage, 330
 Thro' all the Sea of Harvest rolling round,
 The billowy Plain floats wide, nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the Blast, its seizing Force;
 Or whirl'd in Air, or into vacant Chaff
 Shook waste And sometimes too a Burst of Rain, 335
 Swept from the black Horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous Flood Still over head
 The mingling Tempest weaves it's Gloom, and still
 The Deluge deepens, till the Fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid Wave 340
 Sudden, the Ditches swell, the Meadows swim
 Red, from the Hills, innumerable Streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its Banks
 The River lift, before whose rushing Tide,
 Herds, Flocks, and Harvests, Cottages, and Swains, 345
 Roll mingled down, all that the Winds had spar'd,
 In one wild Moment ruin'd, the big Hopes,
 And well-earn'd Treasures of the painful Year
 Fled to some Eminence, the Husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable Wreck 350
 Driving along, his drowning Ox at once
 Descending, with his Labours scatter'd round,

He sees, and instant o'er his shivering Thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a Train
 Of clamant Children dear Ye Masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious Hand, 355
 That sinks you soft in Elegance and Ease,
 Be mindful of those Limbs, in Russet clad,
 Whose Toil to yours is Warmth, and graceful Pride,
 And oh be mindful of that sparing Board,
 Which covers yours with Luxury profuse, 360
 Makes your Glass sparkle, and your Sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep Rains,
 And all-involving Winds have swept away

HERE the rude Clamour of the Sportsman's Joy,
 The Gun fast-thundering, and the winded Horn, 365
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game*
 How, in his Mid-career, the Spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted Gale, with open Nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent Prey, 370
 As in the Sun the circling Covey bask
 Their varied Plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough Stubble turn the secret Eye
 Caught in the meshy Snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle Wings, intangled more and more 375
 Nor on the Surges of the boundless Air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe, the Gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the Fowler's Eye,
 Overtakes their sounding Pinions, and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the towering Wing, 380
 Dead to the Ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the Wind

THESE are not Subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless Song, 385
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd Animal-Creation round
 Alive, and happy 'Tis not Joy to Her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous Game of Death,
 This Rage of Pleasure, which the restless Youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming Morn, 390
 When Beasts of Prey retire, that all Night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the Dark,
 As if their conscious Ravage shun'd the Light,
 Asham'd Not so the steady Tyant Man,
 Who with the thoughtless Insolence of Power 395
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate Wrath
 Of the worst Monster that e'er roam'd the Waste
 For Sport alone pursues the cruel Chace,
 Amid the Beamings of the gentle Days

Ye ravening Tribes, upbraid our wanton Rage
 For Hunger kindles you, and lawless Want,
 But lavish fed, in Nature's Bounty roll'd,
 To joy at Anguish, and delight in Blood,
 Is what your horrid Bosoms never knew.

400

Poor is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare!
 Scar'd from the Corn, and now to some lone Seat
 Retir'd the rushy Fen, the ragged Furz,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony Heath the Stubble chapt,
 The thistly Lawn; the thick entangled Broom,
 Of the same friendly Hue, the wither'd Fern.

405

410

The fallow Ground laid open to the Sun,
 Concoctive, and the nodding sandy Bank,
 Hung o'er the Mazes of the Mountain-Brook
 Vain is her best Precaution, tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded Ears, unsleeping Eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' Horizon in,
 And Head couch'd close betwixt her hairy Feet,

415

In Act to spring away The scented Dew
 Betrays her early Labyrinth, and deep,
 In scatter'd sullen Openings, far behind,

420

With every Breeze she hears the coming Storm
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing Gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage Soul of Game is up at once.

425

The Pack full-opening, various, the shrill Horn,
 Resounded from the Hills, the neighing Steed,
 Wild for the Chace, and the loud Hunter's Shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying Creature, all
 Mix'd in mad Tumult, and discordant Joy

430

THE Stag too, singled from the Herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching Monarch of the Shades,
 Before the Tempest drives At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his Faith, and, Fear-arous'd,
 Gives all his swift aerial Soul to flight

435

Against the Breeze he darts, that Way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous Cry behind
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the Winds
 Blown o'er the keen-an'd Mountain by the North,
 He bursts the Thickets, glances thro' the Glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest Wood

440

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the Track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again
 Th' inhuman Rout, and from the shady Depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every Shift

445

He sweeps the Forest oft, and sobbing sees
 The Glades, mild-opening to the golden Day,
 Where, in kind Contest, with his butting Friends

He wont to struggle, or his Loves enjoy
 Oft in the full-descending Flood he tries
 To lose the Scent, and lave his burning Sides, 450
 Oft seeks the Herd, the watchful Herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish Care avoid a Brother's Woe
 What shall he do? His once so vivid Nerves,
 So full of buoyant Spirit, now no more
 Inspire the Course, but fainting breathless Toil, 455
 Sick, seizes on his Heart he stands at Bay,
 And puts his last weak Refuge in Despair
 The big round Tears run down his dappled Face,
 He groans in Anguish, while the growling Pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutted Chest, 460
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd Sides with Gore.

Or this enough But if the silvan Youth
 Whose fervent Blood boils into Violence,
 Must have the Chace, behold, despising Flight,
 The rous'd-up Lion, resolute, and slow, 465
 Advancing full on the protended Spear,
 And Coward-Band, that circling wheel aloof
 Slunk from the Cavern, and the troubled Wood,
 See the grim Wolf, on him his shaggy Foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the Ruffian die 470
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled Boar
 Grins fell Destruction, to the Monster's Heart
 Let the Dart lighten from the nervous Arm

THESE BRITAIN knows not, give, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive Fury, pityless, to pour 475
 Loose on the nightly Robber of the Fold
 Him, from his craggy winding Haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the Thunder of the Chace pursue
 Throw the broad Ditch behind you, o'er the Hedge
 High-bound, resistless, nor the deep Morass 480
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking Wilderness
 Pick your nice Way, into the perilous Flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging Instinct full,
 And as you ride the Torrent, to the Banks
 Your Triumph sound sonorous, running round, 485
 From Rock to Rock, in circling Echo tost,
 Then scale the Mountains to their woody Tops,
 Rush down the dangerous Steep, and o'er the Lawn,
 In Fancy swallowing up the Space between,
 Pour all your Speed into the rapid Game, 490
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling Chace,
 Has every Maze evolv'd, and every Guile
 Disclos'd, who knows the Merits of the Pack,
 Who saw the Villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without Complaint, tho' by an hundred Mouths 495

Relentless torn O glorious he, beyond
 His daring Peers' when the retreating Horn
 Calls them to ghostly Halls of grey Renown,
 With woodland Honours grac'd, the Fox's Fur,
 Depending decent from the Roof, and spread
 Round the drear Walls, with antick Figures fierce,
 The Stag's large Front he then is loudest heard,
 When the Night staggers with severer Toils,
 With Feats *Thessalian* Centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated Wonders shake the Dome

500

505

BUT first the fuel'd Chimney blazes wide,
 The Tankards foam, and the strong Table groans
 Beneath the smoaking Sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side, in which, with desperate Knife,
 They deep Incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's Glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow Vigour or amain
 Into the Pasty plung'd, at Intervals,
 If Stomach keen can Intervals allow,
 Relating all the Glories of the Chace

510

515

Then sated *Hunger* bids his Brother *Thirst*
 Produce the mighty Bowl, the mighty Bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery Juice, steams liberal round
 A potent Gale, delicious as the Breath
 Of *Mara*, to the love-sick Shepherdess,
 On Violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting Shepherd stealing to her Arms
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect, from his dark Retreat
 Of thirty Years, and now his honest Front
 Flames in the Light refulgent, nor afraid
 Even with the Vineyard's best Produce to vie
 To cheat the thirsty Moments, Whisk a while
 Walks his dull Round, beneath a Cloud of Smoak,
 Wreath'd fragrant from the Pipe, or the quick Dice,
 In Thunder leaping from the Box, awake
 The sounding Gammon while Romp-loving Miss
 Is haul'd about, in Gallantry robust

520

525

530

At last these puling Idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry Divan
 Close in firm Circle, and set, ardent, in
 For serious Drinking. Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober Shift, is to the puking Wretch
 Indulg'd apart, but earnest, brimming Bowls
 Lave every Soul, the Table floating round,
 And Pavement, faithless to the fuddled Foot
 Thus as they swim in mutual Swill, the Talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty Tongues,

535

540

Reels fast from Theme to Theme, from Horses, Hounds,
 To Church or Mistress, Politicks or Ghost, 545
 In endless Mazes, intricate, perplex'd
 Mean-time, with sudden Interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient Catch bursts from the joyous Heart
 That Moment touch'd is every kindred Soul,
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of Joy, 550
 The Laugh, the Slap, the jocund Curse goes round,
 While from their Slumbers shook, the kennel'd Hound
 Mix in the Music of the Day again
 As when the Tempest, that has vex'd the Deep
 The dark Night long with fainter Murmurs falls: 555
 So gradual sinks their Mirth Their feeble Tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous Word,
 Lie quite dissolv'd Before their maudlin Eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double Tapers dance,
 Like the Sun wading thro' the misty Sky 560
 Then, sliding soft, they drop Confus'd above,
 Glasses and Bottles, Pipes and Gazetteers,
 As if the Table even itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken Scene, and wide, below,
 Is heap'd the social Slaughter where astride
 The *lubber Power* in filthy Triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from Side to Side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent Sleep till Morn 570
 Perhaps some Doctor, of tremendous Paunch,
 Awful and deep, a black Abyss of Drink,
 Out-lives them all, and from his bury'd Flock
 Retiring, full of Ruminat'ion sad,
 Laments the Weakness of these latter Times 575
 But if the rougher Sex by this fierce Sport
 Are hurry'd wild, let not such horrid Joy
 E'er stain the Bosom of the BRITISH FAIR
 Far be the Spirit of the Chace from them!
 Uncomely Courage, unbeseeming Skill, 580
 To spring the Fence, to rein the prancing Steed,
 The Cap, the Whip, the masculine Attire,
 In which they roughen to the Sense, and all
 The winning Softness of their Sex is lost
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at Woe, 585
 With every Motion, every Word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling Cheek the ready Blush,
 And from the smallest Violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their Fears 590
 And by this silent Adulation, soft,
 To their Protection more engaging Man
 O may their Eyes no miserable Sight,
 Save weeping Lovers, see! a nobler Game,

Thro' Love's enchanting Wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In Chace ambiguous May their tender Limbs
 Float in the loose Simplicity of Dress!
 And, fashion'd all to Harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated Soul,
 In Rapture waibled from Love-breathing Lips;
 To teach the Lute to languish, with smooth Step,
 Disclosing Motion in its every Charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy Dance,
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy Lawn,
 To guide the Pencil, turn the tuneful Page;
 To lend new Flavour to the fruitful Year,
 And heighten Nature's Dainties, in their Race
 To rear their Graces into second Life,
 To give Society its highest Taste,
 Well-order'd Home Man's best Delight to make,
 And by submissive Wisdom, modest Skill,
 With every gentle Care-eluding Art,
 To raise the Virtues, animate the Bliss,
 Even charm the Pains to something more than Joy,
 And sweeten all the Toils of human Life
 This be the female Dignity, and Praise

YE Swains now hasten to the Hazel-Bank,
 Where, down yon Dale, the wildly-winding Brook
 Falls hoarse from Steep to Steep In close Array,
 Fit for the Thickets, and the tangling Shrub,
 Ye Virgins, come For you their latest Song
 The Woodlands raise, the clustring Nuts for you
 The Lover finds amid the secret Shade,
 And, where they burnish on the topmost Bough,
 With active Vigour crushes down the Tree,
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning Husk,
 A glossy Shower, and of an ardent Brown,
 As are the Ringlets of MELINDA's Hair
 MELINDA form'd with every Grace compleat,
 Yet These neglecting, above Beauty wise
 And far transcending such a vulgar Praise

HENCE from the busy Joy-resounding Fields,
 In chearful Error, let us tread the Maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
 The Breath of Orchard big with bending Fruit.
 Obedient to the Breeze, and beating Ray,
 From the deep-loaded Bough a mellow Shower,
 Incessant melts away The juicy Pear
 Lies, in a soft Profusion, scatter'd round
 A various Sweetness swells the gentle Race,
 In Species different, but in Kind the same,
 By Nature's all-refining Hand prepar'd.

Of temper'd Sun, and Water, Earth, and Air,
 In ever-changing Composition mixt
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller Night, 645
 The fragrant Stores, the wide-projected Heaps
 Of Apples, with the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing Orchard shakes.
 A various Spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid Pores, and, active, points 650
 The piercing Cyder for the thirsty Tongue
 Thy *Native* Theme, and boon Inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* Bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in Rhyme-unfetter'd Verse,
 With BRITISH Freedom sing the BRITISH Song, 655
 How, from *Silurian* Vats, high-sparkling Wines
 Foam in transparent Floods, some strong, to cheer
 The wintry Revels of the labouring Hind,
 And tasteful some, to cool the Summer-Hours
 In this glad Season, while his sweetest Beams 660
 The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd Day,
 Oh lose me in the green delightful Walks
 Of, DORINGTON! thy Seat, serene and plain,
 Where simple Nature reigns, and every View,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* Downs, 665
 In boundless Prospect, yonder shagg'd with Wood,
 Here rich with Harvest, and there white with Flocks.
 Mean time the Grandeur of thy lofty Dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd Eye
 New Beauties rise with each revolving Day, 670
 New Columns swell, and still the fresh Spring finds
 New Plants to quicken, and new Groves to green
 Full of thy Genius all! the Muses' Seat,
 Where in the secret Bower, and winding Walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and Thee they twine the Bay 675
 Here wandring oft, fir'd with the restless Thirst
 Of thy Applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring Breeze, and meditate the Book
 Of Nature, ever open, aiming thence,
 Warm from the Heart, to learn the moral Song 680
 And, as I steal along the sunny Wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with Fruit empurpled deep
 My pleasing Theme continual prompts my Thought,
 Presents the downy Peach, the shining Plumb,
 With a fine bluish Mist of Animals 685
 Clouded, the ruddy Nectarine, and dark,
 Beneath his ample Leaf, the luscious Fig
 The Vine too here her curling Tendrils shoots,
 Hangs out her Clusters, glowing to the South,
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer Sky 690

TURN we a Moment Fancy's rapid Flight
 To vigorous Soils, and Climes of fair Extent,
 Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
 The Vineyard swells refulgent on the Day, 695
 Spreads o'er the Vale, or up the Mountain climbs,
 Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny Rocks,
 From Cliff to Cliff increas'd, the heighten'd Blaze
 Low bend the weighty Boughs The Clusters clear,
 Half thro' the Foliage seen, or ardent flame, 700
 Or shine transparent, while Perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent Film the living Dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted Juice,
 Touch'd into Flavour by the mingling Ray,
 The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the Field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal Prime, 705
 Exulting rove, and speak the Vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing Swain, the Country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mashy Flood,
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd Nations pours the Cup of Joy 710
 The Claret smooth, red as the Lip we press,
 In sparkling Fancy, while we drain the Bowl,
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy, and quick,
 As is the Wit it gives, the gay Champaign 715
 Now, by the cool declining Year condens'd,
 Descend the copious Exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle Sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling Fogs around the Hill
 No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime, 720
 Who pours a Sweep of Rivers from his Sides,
 And high between contending Kingdoms rears
 The rocky long Division, fills the View
 With great Variety, but in a Night
 Of gathering Vapour, from the baffled Sense, 725
 Sinks dark and dreary Thence expanding far,
 The huge Dusk, gradual, swallows up the Plain.
 Vanish the Woods. The dim-seen River seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty Wave
 Even in the Height of Noon oppress, the Sun 730
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted Ray,
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd Orb,
 He frights the Nations Indistinct on Earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid Air, beyond the Life,
 Objects appear, and, wilder'd, o'er the Waste
 The Shepherd stalks gigantic Till at last 735
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper Circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general Fog
 Unbounded o'er the World, and, mingling thick,

A formless grey Confusion covers all
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 740
Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd
It's Infant Way, nor Order yet had diawn
His lovely Train from out the dubious Gloom

THESE roving Mists, that constant now begin
To smoak along the hilly Country, These, 745
With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows,
The Mountain-Cisterns fill, those ample Stores
Of Water, scoop'd among the hollow Rocks,
Whence gush the Streams, the ceaseless Fountains play,
And their unfailing Wealth the Rivers draw 750
Some Sages say, that, where the numerous Wave
For ever lashes the resounding Shore,

Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every Way,
The Waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise,
Amid whose Angles infinitely strain'd, 755
They joyful leave their jaggy Salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.

Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still
Tho' oft amid th' irriguous Vale it springs,
But to the Mountain courted by the Sand, 760
That leads it darkling on in faithful Maze,

Far from the Parent-Main, it boils again
Fresh into Day, and all the glittering Hill
Is bright with spouting Rills But hence this vain
Amusive Dream! why should the Waters love 765
To take so far a Journey to the Hills,

When the sweet Valleys offer to their Toil
Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?

Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop 770
Among the broken Mountain's rushy Dells,
And, ere they gain it's highest Peak, desert
Th' attractive Sand that charm'd their Course so long?

Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts
The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak 775
Their secret Channels, or, by slow Degrees,
High as the Hills protrude the swelling Vales
Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous Globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid Bed,
And brought *Deucalion's* watry Times again 780

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,
That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
From mortal Eye, yet with their lavish Stores
Refresh the Globe, and all it's joyous Tribes? 785
O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyss,

O lay the Mountains baie¹ and wide display
 Their hidden Structure to th' astonish'd View!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny Load, 790
 The huge Incumbrance of horrid Woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaus* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar*'s sullen Bounds!
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching Eye,
 And high **Olympus* pouring many a Stream!¹ 795
 O from the sounding Summits of the North,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen Main,
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by Those 800
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil,
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the †*stony Girdle* of the World,
 And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely Floods, 805
 O sweep th' eternal Snows! Hung o'er the Deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding Base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping Heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean Wonders spread¹ unveil
 The myny Caverns, blazing on the Day,
 Of *Abyssinia*'s Cloud-compelling Cliffs, 810
 And of the bending ‡*Mountains of the Moon*!
 O'ertopping all these Giant-Sons of Earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy Seas that thunder round
 The southern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold¹ 815
 Amazing Scene! Behold! the Glooms disclose
 I see the Rivers in their infant Beds!
 Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd,
 The gaping Fissures to receive the Rains, 820
 The melting Snows, and ever-dripping Fogs
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands,
 The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
 Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,
 The gutter'd Rocks and mazy running Clefts, 825
 That, while the stealing Moisture they transmit,
 Retard it's Motion, and forbid it's Waste
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these Drains,
 I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd Chalk, 830
 Or stiff compacted Clay, capacious form'd

* The Mountain called by that Name in the lesser Asia

† The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Crimenypois*, that is, the great stony Girdle, because they suppose them to encompass the whole Earth

‡ A Range of Mountains in Africa that surround almost all Monomotapa

O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores,
 The crystal Treasures of the liquid World,
 Thro' the stirr'd Sands a bubbling Passage burst,
 And welling out, around the middle Steep, 837
 Or from the Bottoms of the bosom'd Hills,
 In pure Effusion flow United, thus,
 Th' exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air,
 The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd
 These Vapours in continual Current draw, 840
 And send them, o'er the fan-divided Earth,
 In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again,
 A social Commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted Harmony of Things

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing Gleams, 847
 Wain'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The Swallow-People, and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm Sky, in Convolution swift,
 The feather'd Eddy floats rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry Slumbers they retire, 850
 In Clusters clung, beneath the mouldring Bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by Frost, the Cavern sweats
 Or rather into warmer Climes convey'd,
 With other kindred Birds of Season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal Months 855
 Invite them welcome back for, thronging, now
 Innumerable Wings are in commotion all

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic Force
 In *Belgian* Plains, won from the raging Deep,
 By Diligence amazing, and the strong 860
 Unconquerable Hand of Liberty,
 The Stork-Assembly meets, for many a Day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous Voyage thro' the liquid Sky
 And now their Rout design'd, their Leaders chose, 865
 Their Tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous Wings,
 And many a Circle, many a short Essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in Congregation full,
 The figur'd Flight ascends, and, riding high
 Th' aerial Billows, mixes with the Clouds 870

OR where the *Northern* Ocean, in vast Whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy Isles
 Of farthest *Thulé*, and th' *Atlantic* Surge
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*, 875
 Who can recount what Transmigrations there
 Are annual made? What Nations come and go?
 And how the living Clouds on Clouds arise?
 Infinite Wings! till all the Plume-dark Air,
 And rude resounding Shore are one wild Cry

HERE the plain harmless Native his small Flock, 880
 And Herd diminutive of many Hues,
 Tends on the little Island's verdant Swell,
 The Shepherd's sea-girt Reign, or, to the Rocks
 Due-clinging, gathers his ovarious Food, 885
 Or sweeps the fishy Shore; or treasures up
 The Plumage, rising full, to form the Bed
 Of Luxury And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean Scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic View.
 Her airy Mountains, from the waving Main, 890
 Invested with a keen diffusive Sky,
 Breathing the Soul acute, her Forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's Hand
 Planted of old, her azure Lakes between, 895
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry Wealth
 Full, winding deep, and green, her fertile Vales,
 With many a cool translucent brimming Flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-Stream*,
 Whose pastoral Banks first wak'd my *Doric* Reed, 900
 With, silvan *Jed*, thy tributary Brook)
 To where the North-inflated Tempest foams
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubrum's* highest Peak
 Nurse of a People, in Misfortune's School
 Train'd up to hardy Deeds, soon visited 905
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* Rage
 She took her western Flight A manly Race,
 Of unsubmitting Spirit, wise, and brave,
 Who still thro' bleeding Ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great Patriot-Heroe! ill-requited Chief!) 910
 To hold a generous undiminish'd State
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal Bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting Glory borne
 O'er every Land, for every Land their Life 915
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing Genius plan'd,
 And swell'd the Pomp of Peace their faithful Toil
 As from their own clear North, in radiant Streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*
 OH is there not some Patriot, in whose power 920
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing Thousands, Thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late Posterity? some, large of Soul,
 To cheer dejected Industry? to give
 A double Harvest to the pining Swain? 925
 And teach the labouring Hand the Sweets of Toil?
 How, by the finest Art, the native Robe
 To weave, how, white as Hyperboean Snow,

To form the lucid Lawn, with venturous Oar,
 How to dash wide the Billow, nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* Fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny Swarms,
 That heave our Friths, and croud upon our Shores;
 How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous Sail, from every growing Port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled Globe,
 And thus, in Soul united as in Name,
 Bid BRITAIN reign the Mistress of the Deep

YES, there are such And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her Hope, her Stay, her Darling, and her Boast,
 From her first Patriots and her Heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her Eye.
 In thee with all a Mother's Triumph, sees
 Her every Virtue, every Grace combin'd,
 Her Genius, Wisdom, her engaging Turn,
 Her Pride of Honour and her Courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very Throat
 Of sulphurous War, on *Temer's* dreadful Field
 Nor less the Palm of Peace inwreathes thy Brow
 For, powerful as thy Sword, from thy rich Tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high Debate,
 While mix'd in thee combine the Charm of Youth,
 The Force of Manhood, and the Depth of Age
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every Worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in Silence great,
 Thy Country feels thro' her reviving Arts,
 Plan'd by thy Wisdom, by thy Soul inform'd,
 And seldom has she felt a Friend like thee

BUT see the fading many-colour'd Woods,
 Shade deepening over Shade, the Country round
 Imbrown, a crouded Umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every Hue, from wan declining Green
 To sooty Dark These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown Walks,
 And give the Season in its latest View

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober Calm
 Fleeces unbounded Ether, whose least Wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle Current while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,
 And thro' their lucid Veil his soften'd Force
 Shed o'er the peaceful World Then is the Time,
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud,
 And soar above this little Scene of Things,

To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet,
 To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace,
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent Walks

Thus solitary, and in pensive Guise, 980
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet Mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd Grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying Strain, to chear the Woodman's Toil
 Haply some widow'd Songster pours his Plaint, 985
 Far, in faint Warblings, thro' the tawny Copse
 While congregated Thrushes, Linnets, Larks,
 And each wild Throat, whose artless Strains so late
 Swell'd all the Music of the swarming Shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful Souls, now shivering sit 990
 On the dead Tree, a dull despondent Flock!
 With not a Brightness waving o'er their Plumes,
 And nought save chattering Discord in their Note
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman Eye,
 The Gun the Music of the coming Year 995
 Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting Harm,
 Lay the weak Tribes, a miserable Prey,
 In mingled Murder, fluttering on the Ground!

The pale descending Year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler Mood inspires, for now the Leaf 1000
 Incessant rustles from the mournful Grove,
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving Air.
 But should a quicker Breeze amid the Boughs
 Sob, o'er the Sky the leafy Deluge streams,
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary Shower, 1005
 The Forest-Walks, at every rising Gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd Waste, and whistle bleak
 Fled is the blasted Verdure of the Fields,
 And, shrunk into their Beds, the flowery Race
 Their sunny Robes resign Even what remain'd 1010
 Of bolder Fruits falls from the naked Tree,
 And Woods, Fields, Gardens, Orchards, all around
 The desolated Prospect thrills the Soul

He comes! he comes! in every Breeze the Power 1015
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
 His near Approach the sudden-starting Tear,
 The glowing Cheek, the mild dejected Air,
 The soften'd Feature, and the beating Heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous Pang, declare 1020
 O'er all the Soul his sacred Influence breathes,
 Inflames Imagination, thro' the Breast
 Infuses every Tenderness, and far
 Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling Thought
 Ten thousand thousand fleet Ideas, such

As never mingled with the vulgar Dream, 1025
 Croud fast into the Mind's creative Eye
 As fast the correspondent Passions rise,
 As varied, and as high Devotion rais'd
 To Rapture, and divine Astonishment,
 The Love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief, 1030
 Of Human Race, the large ambitious Wish,
 To make them blest, the Sigh for suffering Worth,
 Lost in Obscurity, the noble Scorn,
 Of Tyrant Pride, the fearless great Resolve, 1035
 The Wonder which the dying Patriot draws,
 Inspiring Glory thro' remotest Time,
 Th' awaken'd Throb for Virtue, and for Fame,
 The Sympathies of Love, and Friendship dear,
 With all the *social Offspring of the Heart* 1040
 Oh bear me then to vast embowering Shades!
 To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales!
 To weeping Grottoes, and prophetic Gloom!
 Where Angel-Forms athwart the solemn Dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along, 1045
 And Voices more than human, thro' the Void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic Ear
 Or is this Gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers,
 That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful Land 1050
 In countless Numbers blest BRITANNIA sees,
 O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,
 The fair Majestic Paradise of Stowe!
 Not *Persian Cyrus*, on *Ioma's* Shore,
 E'er saw such silvan Scenes, such various Art 1055
 By Genius fir'd, such ardent Genius tam'd
 By cool judicious Art, that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone
 And there, O *Pier*, thy Country's early Boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd Slopes, 1060
 Or in that *Temple* where, in future Times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd Name,
 And, with thy Converse blest, catch the last Smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods
 While there with Thee th' enchanted Round I walk, 1065
 The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in Thought the Groves of *Attic Land*,
 Will from thy standard Taste refine her own,
 Correct her Pencil to the purest Truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd Shades 1070
 Forsaking, raise it to the human Mind
 O if hereafter she, with *juster* Hand,

* *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens*

Shall draw the Tragic Scene, instruct Her thou,
 To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,
 What every decent Character requires, 1076
 And every Passion speaks O thro' her Strain
 Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant Lightning throws, 1080
 And shakes Corruption on her venal Throne
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh escapes
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant Files
 Of order'd Trees shouldst here inglorious range, 1085
 Instead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field,
 And long-embattled Hosts! When the proud Foe
 The faithless vain Disturber of Mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the World to War,
 When keen, once more, within their Bounds to press
 Those polish'd Robbers, those ambitious Slaves, 1090
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise Command,
 Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill
 THE Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day,
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,
 In her chill Progress, to the Ground condens'd 1095
 The Vapours throws Where creeping Waters ooze,
 Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled Lawn Mean-while the Moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd Clouds, 1100
 Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East
 Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk,
 Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
 And Oceans roll, as optic Tube describes, 1105
 A smaller Earth, gives all his Blaze again,
 Void of it's Flame, and sheds a softer Day
 Now thro' the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime
 Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd Mountain to the shadowy Vale, 1110
 While Rocks and Floods reflect the quivering Gleam,
 The whole Air whitens with a boundless Tide
 Of silver Radiance, trembling round the World
 But when half-blotted from the Sky her Light,
 Fainting, permits the starry Fires to burn, 1115
 With keener Lustre thro' the Depth of Heaven,
 Or quite extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless White,
 Oft in this Season, silent from the North
 A Blaze of Meteors shoots ensweeping first 1120

The lower Skies, they all at once converge
 High to the Crown of Heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All Ether coursing in a Maze of Light. 1125

From Look to Look, contagious thro' the Croud,
 The Pannic runs, and into wondrous Shapes
 Th' Appearance throws Armies in meet Array,
 Throng'd with aerial Spears, and Steeds of Fire,
 Till the long Lines of full-extended War 1130
 In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood
 Rolls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven
 As thus they scan the visionary Scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious Din,
 Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks 1135
 Of Blood and Battle, Cities over-tuin'd,
 And late at night in swallowing Earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending Flame,
 Of sallow Famine, Inundation, Storm,
 Of Pestilence, and every great Distress, 1140
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 Th' unalterable Hour even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time
 Not so the Man of philosophic Eye,
 And Inspect sage, the waving Brightness he 1145
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this Appearance beautiful, and new

Now black, and deep, the Night begins to fall,
 A Shade immense Sunk in the quenching Gloom, 1150
 Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth
 Order confounded lies, all Beauty void,
 Distinction lost, and gay Variety
 One universal Blot such the fair Power
 Of Light, to kindle and create the Whole 1155
 Drear is the State of the benighted Wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the Dark,
 Full of pale Fancies, and Chimeras huge,
 Nor visited by one directive Ray,
 From Cottage-streaming, or from airy Hall 1160
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the Root of slimy Rushes, blue,
 The Wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A Length of Flame deceitful o'er the Moss,
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic Blaze, 1165
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and Horse, amid the miry Gulph
 While still, from Day to Day, his pining Wife,

And plaintive Children his Return await,
 In wild Conjecture lost. At other Times, 1170
 Sent by the *better Genuis* of the Night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the Horse's Mane,
 The Meteor sits, and shews the narrow Path,
 That winding leads thro' Pits of Death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous Ford 1175
 THE lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy Beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal Day
 And now the mounting Sun dispels the Fog,
 The rigid Hoar-Frost melts before his Beam, 1180
 And hung on every Spray, on every Blade
 Of Grass, the myriad Dew-Drops twinkle round
 AN see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that Pit,
 Lies the still heaving Hive! at Evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the Cloud of Guilt-concealing Night, 1185
 And fix'd o'er Sulphur while, not dreaming Ill,
 The happy People, in their waxen Cells,
 Sat tending public Cares, and planning Schemes
 Of Tempeance, for Winter poor, rejoic'd
 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious Stores 1190
 Sudden the dark oppressive Steam ascends,
 And, us'd to milder Scents, the tender Race,
 By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd Domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the Dust
 And was it then for This you roam'd the Spring 1195
 Intent from Flower to Flower? for This you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-Heats away?
 For This in Autumn search'd the blooming Waste,
 Nor lost one sunny Gleam? for this sad Fate?
 O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long, 1200
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your Rage,
 Awaiting Renovation? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial Food
 Can you not borrow, and, in just Return,
 Afford them Shelter from the wintry Winds, 1205
 Or, as the sharp Year pinches, with their Own
 Again regale them on some smiling Day?
 See where the stony Bottom of their Town
 Looks desolate, and wild, with here and there
 A helpless Number, who the ruin'd State 1210
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to Death.
 Thus a proud City, populous and rich,
 Full of the Works of Peace, and high in Joy,
 At Theater or Feast, or sunk in Sleep,
 (As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is seiz'd 1215
 By some dread Earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,

Sheer from the black Foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a Gulph of blue sulphureous Flame

HENCE every harsher Sight¹ for now the Day,
O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high, 1220
Infinite Splendor¹ wide investing All

How still the Breeze¹ save what the filmy Threads
Of Dew evaporate brushes from the Plain

How clear the cloudless Sky¹ how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar Blue¹ th' ethereal Arch 1225

How swell'd immense¹ amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant Sun how gay¹ how calm below

The gilded Earth¹ the Harvest-Treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the Rage of Storms, 1230
Sure to the Swain, the circling Fence shut up,

And instant Winter's utmost Rage defy'd
While, loose to festive Joy, the Country round

Laughs with the loud Sincerity of Mirth,
Shook to the Wind their Cares The Toil-strung Youth 1235
By the quick Sense of Music taught alone,

Leaps wildly graceful in the lively Dance

Her every Charm abroad, the Village-Toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native Beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning Looks, and, where her Eye 1240
Points an approving Smile, with double Force,

The Cudgel rattles, and the Wrestler twines
Age too shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The Feats of Youth Thus they rejoice, nor think

That, with to-morrow's Sun, their annual Toil
Begins again the never-ceasing Round 1245

ON knew he but his Happiness, of Men

The happiest he¹ who far from public Rage,
Deep in the Vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure Pleasures of the RURAL LIFE 1250

What tho' the Dome be wanting, whose proud Gate,
Each Morning, vomits out the sneaking Croud
Of Flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?

Vile Intercourse¹ What tho' the glittering Robe,
Of every Hue reflected Light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy Gold, 1255

The Pride and Gaze of Fools¹ oppress him not?
What tho', from utmost Land and Sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary Life

Bleeds not, and his insatiate Table heaps
With Luxury, and Death? What tho' his Bowl 1260
Flames not with costly Juice, nor sunk in Beds,

Oft of gay Care, he tosses out the Night,

Or melts the thoughtless Hours in idle State?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastick Joys,
 That still amuse the Wanton, still deceive, 1265
 A Face of Pleasure, but a Heart of Pain,
 Their hollow Moments undelighted all?
 Sure Peace is his, a solid Life, estrang'd
 To Disappointment, and fallacious Hope
 Rich in Content, in Nature's Bounty rich, 1270
 In Herbs and Fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
 When Heaven descends in Showers, or bends the Bough,
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the Wint'ry Glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest Sap 1275
 These are not wanting, nor the milky Drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing Vale,
 Nor bleating Mountains, nor the Chide of Streams,
 And Hum of Bees, inviting Sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless Breast, beneath the Shade, 1280
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant Hay
 Nor aught besides of Prospect, Grove, or Song,
 Dim Grottos, gleaming Lakes, and Fountain clear
 Here too dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
 Unsully'd Beauty, sound unbroken Youth, 1285
 Patient of Labour, with a Little pleas'd,
 Health ever-blooming, unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease
 LET others brave the Flood, in Quest of Gain,
 And beat, for joyless Months, the gloomy Wave 1290
 Let such as deem it Glory to destroy
 Rush into Blood, the Sack of Cities seek,
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the Widow's Wail,
 The Virgin's Shriek, and Infant's trembling Cry
 Let some, far-distant from their native Soil, 1295
 Urg'd or by Want or harden'd Avarice,
 Find other Lands beneath another Sun
 Let This thro' Cities work his eager Way,
 By legal Outrage, and establish'd Guile,
 The social Sense extinct, and That ferment 1300
 Mad into Tumult the seditious Herd,
 Or melt them down to Slavery Let These
 Insnare the Wretched in the Toils of Law,
 Fomenting Discord, and perplexing Right,
 An iron Race! and Those of fairer Front, 1305
 But equal Inhumanity, in Courts,
 Delusive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight,
 Wreathe the deep Bow, diffuse the lying Smile,
 And tread the weary Labyrinth of State

While He, from all the stormy Passions free
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human Tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious Peace The Fall of Kings,
The Rage of Nations, and the Crush of States,
Move not the Man, who from the World escap'd,
In still Retreats, and flowery Solitudes,
To Nature's Voice attends, from Month to Month,
And Day to Day, thro' the revolving Year,
Admiring, sees Her in her every Shape,
Feels all her sweet Emotions at his Heart,
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting Gems,
Marks the first Bud, and sucks the healthful Gale
Into his freshen'd Soul, her genial Hours
He full enjoys, and not a Beauty blows,
And not an opening Blossom breathes in vain
In Summer he, beneath the living Shade,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of These
Perhaps, has in immortal Numbers sung,
Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an Eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous Year
When Autumn's yellow Lustre gilds the World,
And tempts the sickled Swain into the Field,
Seiz'd by the general Joy, his Heart distends
With gentle Throws, and, thro' the tepid Gleams
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his Song
Even Winter wild to him is full of Bliss
The mighty Tempest, and the hoary Waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd Earth,
Awake to solemn Thought At Night the Skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining Frost,
Pour every Luster on th' exalted Eye
A Friend, a Book the stealing Hours secure,
And mark them down for Wisdom With swift Wing,
O'er Land and Sea Imagination roams,
Or Truth, divinely breaking on his Mind,
Elates his Being, and unfolds his Powers,
Or in his Breast heroic Virtue burns
The Touch of Kindred too and Love he feels,
The modest Eye, whose Beams on His alone
Extatic shine, the little strong Embrace
Of prattling Children, twin'd around his Neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental Soul Nor Purpose gay,
Amusement, Dance, or Song, he sternly scorns,
For Happiness and true Philosophy

Are of the social still, and smiling Kind
 This is the Life which those who siet in Guilt,
 And guilty Cities, never knew, the Life,
 Led by primeval Ages, uncorrupt,
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

1369

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the Knowledge of thy Works!
 Snatch me to Heaven, thy rolling Wonders there,
 World beyond World, in infinite Extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the void Immense,
 Shew me, their Motions, Periods, and their Laws,
 Give me to scan, thro' the disclosing Deep
 Light my blind Way the mineral *Strata* there,
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable World,
 O'er that the rising System, more complex,
 Of Animals, and higher still, the Mind,
 The vary'd Scene of quick-compounded Thought,
 And where the mixing Passions endless shift,
 These ever open to my ravish'd Eye
 A Search, the Flight of Time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal, if the Blood,
 In sluggish Streams about my Heart, forbid
 That *best* Ambition, under closing Shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly Brook,
 And whisper to my Dreams From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my Song:
 And let me never never stray from THEE!

1365

1370

1375

1380

A Hymn¹

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,
 Are but the *varied* God The rolling Year
 Is full of Thee Forth in the pleasing Spring
 THY Beauty walks, THY Tenderness and Love
 Wide-flush the Fields, the softening Air is Balm,
 Echo the Mountains round, the Forest smiles,
 And every Sense, and every Heart, is Joy
 Then comes THY Glory in the Summer-Months,
 With Light and Heat refulgent Then THY Sun
 Shoots full Perfection thro' the swelling Year
 And oft THY Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks,
 And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
 By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales

5

10

¹ Published in *The Seasons*, 1730 Text of *The Seasons*, 1744

THY Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common Feast for all that lives 15
 In Winter awful THOU' with Clouds and Storms
 Around THEE thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,
 Majestic Darkness' on the Whirlwind's Wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the World adore,
 And humblest Nature with THY northern Blast 20

MYSTERIOUS Round' what Skill, what Force divine,
 Deep-felt, in These appear' a simple Train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art,
 Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd, 25
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into Shade,
 And all so forming an harmonious Whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious Gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand, 30
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres,
 Works in the secret Deep, shoots, steaming, Thence
 The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day,
 Feeds every Creature, hurls the Tempest forth,
 And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves, 35
 With Transport touches all the Springs of Life

NATURE, attend' join every living Soul,
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
 In Adoration join, and, ardent, raise
 One general Song' To HIM, ye vocal Gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your Freshness breathes
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary Glooms'
 Where, o'er the Rock, the scarcely-waving Pine
 Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe
 And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage
 His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills,
 And let me catch it as I muse along
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound, 50
 Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the Vale, and thou, majestic Main,
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
 Sound HIS stupendous Praise, whose greater Voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall 55
 Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
 In mingled Clouds to HIM, whose Sun exalts,
 Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints,
 Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to HIM,
 Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart, 60

As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon
 Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,
 Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
 Amid the spangled Sky, the Silver Lyre
 Great Source of Day! best Image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
 On Nature write with every Beam his Praise
 The Thunder rolls—be hush'd the prostrate World,
 While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn
 Bleat out afresh, ye Hills, ye mossy Rocks.
 Retain the Sound—the broad responsive Low,
 Ye Valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,
 And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come
 Ye Woodlands all, awake—a boundless Song
 Burst from the Groves, and when the restless Day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
 Sweetest of Birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening Shades, and teach the Night his Praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles,
 At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn! in swarming Cities vast,
 Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
 The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn Pauses, thro' the swelling Base,
 And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
 In one united Ardor rise to Heaven
 Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
 And find a Fane in every sacred Grove;
 There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
 Still sing the God of SEASONS, as they roll
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray
 Russets the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
 Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat!

SHOULD Fate command me to the farthest Verge
 Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous Climes,
 Rivers unknown to Song, where first the Sun
 Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles, 'tis nought to me,
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void Waste as in the City full,
 And where HE vital spreads there must be Joy

When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,
 I chearful will obey There, with new Powers, 110
 Will rising Wonders sing I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Suns,
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
 In infinite Progression ——— But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE¹
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse HIS Praise

Rule Britannia¹

WHEN *Britain* first, at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian Angels sung *this* strain 5
 "Rule, *Britannia*, rule the waves,
 "*Britons* never will be slaves"

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all 10
 "Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak 15
 "Rule, &c

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown 20
 "Rule, &c

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine 25
 "Rule, &c

¹ Published in *Alfred A Masque*, Act II, 1740 Text of first edition.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair
 Blest isle¹ with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair
 "Rule, *Britannia*, rule the waves,
 "*Britons* never will be slaves"

30

The Castle of Indolence¹

CANTO I

*The Castle light of Indolence,
 And its false Luxury,
 Where for a little Time, alas!
 We liv'd right jollily*

I

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate,
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an antient date
 And, certes, there is for it reason great,
 For, thou sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale

5

II

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half prank't with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

10

15

III

Was nought around but images of rest
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,²

20

¹ Published in 1748 Text of small octavo edition, 1748

² C1st

From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen
 Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every-where their waters sheen,
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

25

IV

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale,
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale,
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep

30

35

V

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As *Idless* fancy'd in her dreaming mood
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood,
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow

40

45

VI

A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it was
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh,
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

50

VII

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees

55

That half shut out the beams of Phoebus bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night.
 Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

60

VIII

Thither continual pilgrims crouded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by.
 For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh,
 'Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody,
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung.

65

70

IX

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
 "See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay.
 "See her bright robes the butterfly unfold.
 "Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May.
 "What youthful bride can equal her array?
 "Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
 "From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 "From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 "Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky

75

80

X

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 "The swarming songsters of the careless grove.
 "Ten thousand throats! that, from the flowering thorn
 "Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
 "Such grateful kindly raptures them emove
 "They neither plough, nor sow, ne, fit for flail,
 "E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove,
 "Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 "Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

85

90

XI

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
 "Of bitter-dropping sweat, or sweltiy pain,
 "Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,

"And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 "That all proceed from savage thirst of gain: 95
 "For when hard-hearted *Interest* first began
 "To poison earth, *Astrea* left the plain,
 "Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 "And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII

"Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life 100
 "Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
 "You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 "Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
 "And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 "For-ever vain come, and, withouten fee, 105
 "I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 "Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
 "Of full delight O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 "To pass the joyless day in various stounds ³ 110
 "Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 "And sell fair honor for some paltiy pounds,
 "Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 "To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
 "Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds, 115
 "Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
 "In venal senate thief, or rob on broad high-way.

XIV

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 "From village on to village sounding clear,
 "To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall, 120
 "No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear,
 "No hammers thump, no horrid blacksmith fear,
 "Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
 "With sounds that are a misery to hear
 "But all is calm, as would delight the heart 125
 "Of *Sybarite* of old, all nature, and all art

XV.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
 "Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down

³ Misfortunes, pangs

"They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
 "On others' ways they never squint a frown, 130
 "Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town
 "Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
 "With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 "Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
 "For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence. 135

XVI.

"What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind?
 "A pure ethereal calm! that knows no storm,
 "Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 "Above those passions that this world deform, 140
 "And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
 "But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 "And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
 "A quicker sense of joy, as breezes stray
 "Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose, 145
 "They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
 "Where the soul sows, and gradual rancour grows,
 "Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day
 "Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray, 150
 "The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 "From a base world at last have stolen away.
 "So *Scipio*, to the soft *Cumæan* shore
 "Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before

XVIII.

"But if a little exercise you chuse, 155
 "Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here
 "Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 "Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
 "Or softly stealing, with your watry gear,
 "Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry 160
 You may delude the whilst, amus'd, you hear
 "Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,
 "Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun;

"When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 "And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
 "With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 "To those who mock you gone to *Pluto's* reign,
 "There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
 "But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 ' To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain "

XX

He ceas'd But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song,
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slip'd along
 In silent ease as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream

XXI

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began
 Though some there were who would not further pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han⁴
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can,
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh

XXII

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait,
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate,
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate
 Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
 Who sought to pull high *Jove* from regal state,
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue

XXIII

For whomso'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,

⁴ Have

As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
 So when a maiden fain, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is seized in some losel's⁵ hot embrace, 205
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV

Wak'd by the croud, slow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose, 210
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep,
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep.
 Then taking his black staff he call'd his man, 215
 And ous'd himself as much as ouse himself he can

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded nought at all, 220
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber page to all performed it. 225

XXVI

Mean time the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd,
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs, 230
 And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns
 O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace This done, right fain
 Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again

XXVII

Thus easy-rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw 235

⁵ A loose idle fellow

A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew
 It was a fountain of *Nepenthe* rare 240
 Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care,
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair

XXVIII

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made 245
 "Ye sons of INDOLENCE, do what you will,
 "And wander where you list, through hall or glade
 "Be no man's pleasure for another's staid,
 "Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 "And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade! 250
 "Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy,
 "He little merits bliss who others can annoy

XXIX

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found, 255
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way
 Wide o'er this ample courts blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray,
 While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd 260
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd

XXX

As when a shepherd of the *Hebrind-Isles*,
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign 265
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean *Phæbus* dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show. 270

XXXI

Ye Gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,

And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string?
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
 In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering?
 Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

277

XXXII

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celestial fire!
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of BRITAIN will inspire;
 Of antient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

280

285

XXXIII

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand
 The pride of *Turkey* and of *Persia* land?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch around in seemly band,
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

290

295

XXXIV

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Even undemanded, by a sign or sound,
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

300

305

XXXV

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy,
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,

Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall 310
 For why? there was but one great rule for all,
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, 'he muses might inspire. 315

XXXVI

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* vale
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale, 320
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,
 Or, looking tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart,
 While flocks, woods, streams, around repose and peace impart

XXXVII

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand, 325
 Depainted was the patriarchal age,
 What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage
 Toil was not then Of nothing took they heed, 330
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed
 Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls, 335
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landships rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes,
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies,
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies, 340
 Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* drew

XXXIX

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease

Aerial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares

345

350

XL

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
 Full easily obtain'd Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument inclin'd,
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
 The God of winds drew sounds of deep delight
 Whence, with just cause, *The harp of Æolus* it hight.

355

360

XLI

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fan'd, now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart
 Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

365

XLII

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
 Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris'* shore,
 In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore
 When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
 Chear'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore,
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

370

375

XLIII

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,

380

And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
 (So work'd the wizaïd) winty stoims to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together mell
 At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

385

XLIV

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face
 Not *Titian's* pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

390

395

XLV

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
 My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
 She has no colours that like you can glow,
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' *Arabian heaven* upon our nights,
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

400

405

XLVI

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
 Even feigning virtue, skilful to unite
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight,
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
 Down down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep

410

XLVII

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom!

415

Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom!
 Evoke the sacred shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And let them virtue with a look impart!
 But chief, a while O lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart

420

XLVIII

O! are you sportive—B.d the morn of youth
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
 To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways
 What transport! To retrace our boyish plays,
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
 Of the wild brooks—But, fondly wandering wide,
 My muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

425

430

XLIX

One great amusement of our houshold was,
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill earth, where constantly
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry
 Run bustling too and fro with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
 Or which obtain'd the catiffs dare not taste
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

435

440

L

Of vanity the mirror this was call'd
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie,
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
 A penny saved is a penny got
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

445

450

LI

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,

All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care,
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share
His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

465

LII

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a *Thespian* rage,
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly store.

460

465

LIII

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the prowling crew,
See! how they dash along from wall to wall,
At every door, hark! how they thundering call
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why? On each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night

470

475

LIV

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder, then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set
No sooner *Lucifer* recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret,
When lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs

480

485

LV

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,

In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
 Most christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour.
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
 They sit them down just where they were before,
 Till for new scenes of woe, peace shall their force restore

459

463

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
 An useless were, and else an endless task.
 From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
 To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bawl
 Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
 With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
 For place or pension, laid in decent row;
 But these I passen by, with nameless numbers more.

509

LVII

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
 There was a man of special grave remark
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark,
 As sootⁿ this man could sing as morning-lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart
 But these his talents were ybury'd stark,
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
 Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art,

505

518

LVIII

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
 Where the wild thyme and camomil are found.
 There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
 Sauntering and slow So had he passed many a day.

515

520

LIX

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd

ⁿ Sweet

Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd,
Oft as he travers'd the Cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind,
But with the clouds they fled, and left no track behind

LX

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is done"

LXI

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen,
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linnen was not very clean,
Through secret loop-hole, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took,
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mein,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look

LXII

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight,
Him the wild wave of pleasure higher drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night,
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been

LXIII

But not even pleasure to excess is good,
What most elates then sinks the soul as low,

From every quarter hither made resort,
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

635

LXXII

Their only labour was to kill the time;
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
 Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow,
 This soon too rude an exercise they find,
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

640

645

LXXIII

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
 But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn,
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseases'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan,
 For of these wretches taken was no care
 Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were

650

655

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where sickness tost away.
 Here *Lethargy*, with deadly sleep opprest,
 Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day,
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withoutten pain and strife to yield the breath.

660

665

LXXV

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy*

Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply, 670
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry
 And here a moping mystery did sit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit,
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit 675

LXXVI

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
 She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the 'spitals know, 680
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro,
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why

LXXVII

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd, 685
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings,
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling wings,
 The sleepless *Gout* here counts the crowing cocks, 690
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings,
 Whilst *Apoplexy* cramm'd intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox

DAVID MALLET

(1705-1720-1765)

William and Margaret¹

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet,
 In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM's feet

¹ Published in the *Plain Dealer*, July 24, 1724 Text of *Works*, 1759.

Her face was like an *April* morn, £
Clad in a wintry cloud.
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her sable shroud

So shall the fairest face appear, 10
When youth and years are flown
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew, 15
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view

But *Love* had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek, 20
She dy'd before her time

Awake! *she* cry'd, thy *True Love* calls,
Come from her midnight grave,
Now let thy *Pity* hear the maid,
Thy *Love* refus'd to save

This is the dumb and dreary hour, 25
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yauning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault, 30
Thy pledge, and broken oath
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep? 35
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake? 40
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?

And why did I, young witless maid¹
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair, 45
Those lips no longer red
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled

The hungry *worm* my *sister* is,
This *winding-sheet* I wear 50
And cold and weary lasts our *night*,
Till that *last morn* appear

But hark!—the *cock* has warn'd me hence,
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false *man*, how low *she* lies, 55
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb, 60
And raving left his bed

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARGARET's body lay
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name, 65
And thrice he wept full sore
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

(1658-1724-1735)

Chloe¹

I SAID to my Heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild Thing, that ever art leaping or aching,

¹ Published in the *Universal Journal*, January 1, 1724 Text of first edition.

For the Black, for the Fair: In what Clime, in what Nation,
Hast thou not felt a Fit of Pitapatation?

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this serious Reply, 5
See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Celia* pass by,
Not the Beauty she has, nor the Wit that she borrows,
Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows

When our *Sappho* appears, whose Wit's so refined, 10
I am forced to admire with the rest of Mankind.
Whatever she says is with Spirit and Fire,
Every Word I attend, but I only admire.

Prudentia, as vainly too, puts in her Claim, 15
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man is her Aim
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes
Those Stars of the World are too good for the Skies

But my *Chloe*, so lovely, so easy, so fair, 20
Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care,
When she comes in my Way, Oh! the Motion and Pain,
The Leapings and Achings, they return all again

Thou wonderful Creature! A Woman of Reason!
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season!
When so easy to guess, who this Angel should be,
Would one think that my *Chloe* ne'er thought it was she

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR

(1704-1724-1754)

The Braes of Yarrow,
To Lady Jane Home, in Imitation of the Ancient
Scottish Manner¹

A Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony brude,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony brude,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow

¹ Published in *The Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724 Text of Poems on Several Occasions, 1760

B Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winsome mariow?
A. I gat her where I dae na well be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 5

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow, 10
Nae let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow

B Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome mariow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen 20
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow

For she has tint her luvver luvver deat,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red? 25
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow!

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow! 30
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow, 35
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise, 40
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow

Did I not warn thee not to, not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger aim
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair fair indeed thy lue,
In floury bands thou him did'st fetter,
Tho' he was fair and weil beluv'd again,
Than me, he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C How can I busk a bony bony bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my lue on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my lue,
My lue, as he had not been a lover

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day,
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang e'er night the spear was floun
That slew my luve, and left me mourning

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud, 90
With ciuel, and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luvèr nailed in his coffin

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me, 95
My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar ye bridal maids the door, 100
Let in the expected husband lover

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter, -
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down, 105
O lay his cold head on my pillow,
Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd, 110
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lye all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter, 115
And lye all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after

A Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,

Thy luvèr heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

128

WILLIAM SOMERVILE

(1675 1725-1742)

Presenting to a Lady a White Rose
and a Red, on the Tenth of June¹

IF THIS pale Rose offend your Sight,
It in your Bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn *Lancastrian* there

But, *Celia*, should the Red be chose,
With gay Vermilion bright,
'Twou'd sicken at each Blush that glows,
And in Despair turn White

5

Let Politicians idly prate,
Their *Babels* build in vain;
As uncontrollable as Fate,
Imperial Love shall reign

10

Each haughty Faction shall obey,
And Whigs, and Tories join,
Submit to your Despotick Sway,
Confess your Right Divine

15

Yet this (my gracious Monarch) own,
They're Tyrants that oppress,
'Tis Mercy must support your Throne,
And 'tis like Heav'n to Bless

20

¹ Published in *Occasional Poems*, 1727 Text of first edition

An Address to His Elbow-Chair, New-Cloath'd¹

MY DEAR companion, and my faithful friend¹
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend,
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall,
 Why should'st not *thou* attend my humble lays,
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?

True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau,
 But what are trappings, and external show?
 To real worth alone I make my court,
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.

Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey,
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse,
 Derided, shun'd, the lumber of my house!
 Thy robe, how chang'd from what it was before!
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore!
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round,
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd,
 I knew thy worth, my friend in rags I lov'd!
 I lov'd thee, *more*, nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd

With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd,
 And every wayward appetite obey'd
 But sage experience taught me how to prize
 Myself, and how, this world she bade me rise
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race
 Of factious emmets, pointed where to place
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
 And, patiently, what heav'n has sent, endure
 From all the futile cares of business free,
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*
 Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past,
 And seriously prepare, to meet the last

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
 And all the malice of the storm defies
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
 Pities the restless crew he left behind,
 Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
 On his great voyage, to the world unknown

¹ Published in the *Student*, 1750 Text of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume V, 1755

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON, LORD MELCOMBE

(1691-1726-1762)

Ode¹

Love thy Country, wish it well,
 Not with too intense a care,
 'Tis enough, that when it fell,
 Thou, it's ruin, didst not share.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise, 6
 With unmov'd Indifference, view;
 Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze,
 With unerring Virtue's clue

Void of strong Desires, and Fear, 10
 Life's wide Ocean trust no more;
 Strive thy little Bark to steer,
 With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy shorten'd sail
 Shall, whene'er the winds encrease, 15
 Seizing each propitious gale,
 Waft thee to the Port of Peace

Keep thy conscience from offence,
 And tempestuous passions, free,
 So, when thou art call'd from hence, 20
 Easy shall thy passage be,

Easy shall thy passage be,
 Cheerfull, thy allotted stay,
 Short th' account twixt God and Thee,
 Hope shall meet thee, on the way,

Truth shall lead thee to the gate, 25
 Mercy's self shall let thee in,
 Where it's never-changing state
 Full perfection shall begin

¹ Written in 1761. Published in Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1820. Text of first edition.

JOHN DYER

(1700-1726-1758)

Grongar Hill¹

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye¹
 Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things, 5
 While the yellow linet sings,
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale,
 Come with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse, 10
 Now while Phœbus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky¹
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landskip bright and strong,
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells 15
 Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells,
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill, 20
 Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
 With my hand beneath my head,
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towry's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill, 25
 'Till Contemplation had her fill
 About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day 30
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,
 As circles on a smooth canal
 The mountains round, unhappy fate¹
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies, 35
 And lessen as the others rise
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,

¹ Published in 1726 Text of *Poems*, 1761

Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill 40
 Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landskip lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene 45
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow!
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.
 Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies! 50
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads! 55
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks
 And glitters on the broken rocks!
 Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue, 60
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love! 65
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood, 70
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below,
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;
 So both a safety from the wind 75
 On mutual dependence find
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad,
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds } 80
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds,
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow, 85

Has seen this broken pile compleat, }
 Big with the vanity of state,
 But transient is the smile of fate! }

A little rule, a little sway,

A sun beam in a winter's day,

90

Is all the proud and mighty have

Between the cradle and the grave

And see the rivers how they run,

Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,

95

Wave succeeding wave, they go

A various journey to the deep,

Like human life to endless sleep!

Thus is nature's vesture wrought,

100

To instruct our wand'ring thought,

Thus she dresses green and gay,

To disperse our cares away

Ever charming, ever new,

When will the landskip tire the view!

105

The fountain's fall, the river's flow,

The woody vallies, warm and low,

The windy summit, wild and high,

Roughly rushing on the sky!

The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,

110

The naked rock, the shady bow'r;

The town and village, dome and farm, }

Each give each a double charm, }

As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm }

See on the mountain's southern side, }

115

Where the prospect opens wide, }

Where the evening gilds the tide, }

How close and small the hedges lie!

What streaks of meadows cross the eye!

A step methinks may pass the stream,

120

So little distant dangers seem,

So we mistake the future's face,

Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glass;

As yon summits soft and fair

Clad in colours of the air,

125

Which to those who journey near,

Barren, brown, and rough appear,

Still we tread the same coarse way,

The present's still a cloudy day

O may I with myself agree,

130

And never covet what I see

Content me with an humble shade,

My passions tam'd, my wishes laid,

For while our wishes wildly roll,

We banish quiet from the soul
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air, 135
 And misers gather wealth and care
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie,
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings, 140
 While the waters murmur deep,
 While the shepherd charms his sheep,
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with musick fill the sky, }
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high } 145
 Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
 Search for Peace with all your skill
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain you search, she is not there, 150
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side 155
 And often, by the murm'ring rill, }
 Hears the thrush, while all is still, }
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill }

ROBERT BLAIR

(1699-1728-1746)

*From The Grave*¹

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
 Their aims as various, as the roads they take
 In journeying thro' life,—the task be mine,
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the Tomb, 5
 Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
 These travellers meet—Thy succours I implore,
 Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of hell and death—The GRAVE, dread thing!
 Men shiver when thou'rt named Nature appall'd, 10

¹ Published in 1743 Text of the edition of 1736

Shakes off her wonted firmness — Ah! how dark
 Thy long extended realms, and rueful wastes!
 Where nought but Silence reigns, and Night, dark Night,
 Dark as was CHAOS, ere the infant sun
 Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams 15
 Athwart the gloom profound — The sickly taper,
 By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 (Furi'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,)
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome 20
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty YEW,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan, cold moon (as fame reports) 25
 Embod'y'd thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine

SEE yonder hallow'd Fane;—the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were, 30
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead
 The wind is up — hark! how it howls! — Methinks,
 'Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud, the gloomy aisles 35
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead — Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise, 40
 Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of Night
 Again the screech-owl shrieks — ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more — it makes one's blood run chill

QUITE round the pile, a row of reverend elms 45
 (Coeval near with that), all ragged shew,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks, others so thin at top,
 That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here, 50
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd about,
 And the great bell has toll'd unring, untouch'd
 (Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night) 55

Ort in the lone Church-yard at night I've seen,

By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
 The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up, 60
 And lightly tipping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skited, and with moss o'ergrown,)

That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or *thinks* he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels, 65
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 'Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid APPARITION tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand 70
 O'er some new-open'd grave, and (strange to tell!)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock

HERE all the mighty TROUBLERS OF THE EARTH,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood, 210
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest, now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert 215
 Vain thought' to hide thee from the general scorn,
 That haunts and doggs them like an injured ghost
 Implacable—Here, too, the PETTY TYRANT,
 Whose scant domains GEOGRAPHER ne'er notic'd,
 And, well for neighbouring grounds, of aim as short, 220
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of Misery,
 (As if a SLAVE was not a shred of nature, 225
 Of the same common nature with his LORD,)

Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman,
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright Under ground,
 PRECEDENCY's a jest, Vassal and Lord, 230
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume

WHEN self-esteem, or other's adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The *Grave* gainsays the smooth-complection'd flattery, 235
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are

HENRY FIELDING

(1707-1728-1754)

The Roast Beef of Old England¹

WHEN mighty rost Beef was the *Englishman's* Food,
 It enobled our Hearts, and enriched our Blood,
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers, were good
 Oh the Rost Beef of Old *England*,
 And Old *England's* Rost Beef!

5

Then, *Britons*, from all nice Dainties refrain,
 Which effeminate *Italy, France, and Spain*,
 And mighty Rost Beef shall command on the Main.
 Oh the Rost Beef, &c

Hunting Song²

THE dusky Night rides down the Sky,
 And ushers in the Morn,
 The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,
 The Huntsman winds his Horn
And a Hunting we will go

5

The Wife around her Husband throws
 Her Arms, and begs his Stay,
 My Dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
 You will not hunt to-day
But a Hunting we will go

10

A brushing Fox in yonder Wood,
 Secure to find we seek,
 For why, I carry'd sound and good
 A Cartload there last Week
And a Hunting we will go

15

Away he goes, he flies the Rout,
 Their Steeds all spur and switch,

¹ Published in *Don Quixote in England*, 1733, Act I Text of first edition² Published in *Don Quixote in England*, 1733 Act II Text of first edition

Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in the Ditch
But a Hunting we will go

20

At length his Strength to Faintness worn,
 Poor *Reynard* ceases Flight,
 Then hungry, homeward we return,
 To feast away the Night
Then a Drinking we will go

25

A Letter to Sir Robert Walpole¹

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
 Our nation's envy and its pride,
 While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
 And justly all your counsels praise,
 Which, in contempt of faction's force,
 Steer, tho' oppos'd, a steady course,
 Wou'd you not wonder, Sir, to view
 Your bard a greater man than you?
 And yet the sequel proves it true

5

You know, Sir, certain ancient fellows
 Philosophers, and others tell us,
 That no alliance e'er between
 Greatness and happiness is seen,
 If so, may heaven still deny
 To you, to be as great as I.

10

15

Besides, we're taught, it does behove us,
 To think those better who're above us
 Another instance of my glory,
 Who live above you twice two story,
 And from my garret can look down,
 As from an hill, on half the town

20

Greatness by poets still is painted,
 With many followers acquainted
 This too does in my favour speak,
 Your levée is but twice a week,
 From mine I can exclude but one day,
 My door is quiet on a Sunday

25

The distance too at which they bow,
 Does my superior greatness shew
 Familiar you to admiration,

30

¹ Published in *Miscellanyes*, Volume I, 1743 Text of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume V, 1758

May be approach'd by all the nation,
 While I, like Great Mogul in Indo,
 Am never seen but at a window
 The family that dines the latest,
 Is in our street esteem'd the greatest, 35
 But greater him we surely call,
 Who hardly deigns to dine at all
 If with my greatness you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended
 You have it, Sir, within your power 40
 To take your humble servant lower

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, BARON LYTTTELTON

(1709-1728-1773)

Ode. In Imitation of Pastor Fido
 (O *primavera gioventu del anno.*)
 Written Abroad, in 1729¹

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing
 Again dost thou return, but not with thee 5
 Return the smiling hours I once possess,
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest
 Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine, 10
 But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine
 Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
 Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,
 Harsh is the musick, joyless is the scene, 15
 The odour faint, for Delia is not there
 Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove,

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1748 Text of *Works*, ed Ayscough second edition, 1775

Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love

20

Song. Written in the Year 1732¹

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

5

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove.
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

10

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove.
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

15

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

20

Written at Mr. Pope's House at Twickenham, which
He Had Lent to Mrs. G——lle. In August, 1735²

Go, THAMES, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,

5

¹ Published in *British Musical Miscellany*, Volume I, 1734 Text of *Works*, ed Ayscough, second edition, 1775

² Published in *Works*, ed Ayscough, 1775 Text of second edition, 1775

With every smile of nature giac'd,
 With every art compleat

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
 Enchants us here no more, 10
 Their darling glory lost too long
 Thy once-lov'd shades deplore

Yet still, for beauteous G——lle's sake,
 The Muses here remain,
 G——lle, whose eyes have power to make 15
 A Pope of every swain

ROBERT DODSLEY

(1703-1729-1764)

Song¹

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
 Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
 Seeing false, or seeing double,
 Who wou'd trust to such weak eyes? 5
 Yet presuming on his senses,
 On he goes most wond'rous wise
 Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
 Lost in error, lives and dies

The Kings of Europe
 A Jest²

Why pray, of late, do Europe's kings
 No jester in their courts admit?
 They're grown such stately solemn things
 To bear a joke they think not fit

But tho' each court a jester lacks, 5
 To laugh at monarchs to their face,
 All mankind behind their backs
 Supply the honest jester's place

¹ Published in *Trifles*, 1745 Text of first edition² Published in *Trifles*, 1745 Text of first edition

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

(1702-1730-1751)

Hymn¹

YE GOLDEN Lamps of Heav'n, farewell,
 With all your feeble Light
 Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,
 Pale Empress of the Night

And thou refulgent Orb of Day 5
 In brighter Flames array'd,
 My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,
 No more demands thine Aid

Ye Stars are but the shining Dust 10
 Of my divine Abode,
 The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts,
 Where I shall reign with God

The Father of eternal Light
 Shall there his Beams display,
 Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix 15
 With that unvaried Day

No more the Drops of piercing Grief
 Shall swell into mine Eyes,
 Nor the Meridian Sun decline 20
 Amidst those brighter Skies

There all the Millions of his Saints
 Shall in one Song unite,
 And Each the Bliss of all shall view
 With infinite Delight

¹ Published in *Hymns*, 1755 Text of first edition

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1731-1784)

Prologue Spoken by Mr. Garrick
at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, 1747¹

WHEN Learning's Triumph o'er her baib'rous Foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR rose,
Each Change of many-colour'd Life he drew,
Exhausted Worlds, and then imagin'd new
Existence saw him spurn her bounded Reign, 5
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain
His pow'rful Strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the Breast

Then JOHNSON came, instructed from the School,
To please in Method, and invent by Rule, 10
His studious Patience, and laborious Art,
By regular Approach essay'd the Heart,
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring Bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd praise
A Mortal born he met the general Doom, 15
But left, like *Egypt's* Kings, a lasting Tomb

The Wits of *Charles* found easier Ways to Fame,
Nor wish'd for JOHNSON's Art, or SHAKESPEAR's Flame,
Themselves they studied, as they felt, they writ,
Intrigue was Plot, Obscenity was Wit 20
Vice always found a sympathetick Friend,
They pleas'd their Age, and did not aim to mend
Yet Bards like these aspir'd to lasting Praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future Days
Their Cause was gen'ral, their Supports were strong, 25
Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was long,
Till Shame regain'd the Post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid

Then crush'd by Rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For Years the Pow'r of Tragedy declin'd, 30
From Bard, to Bard, the frigid Caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd, while Passion slept
Yet still did Virtue deign the Stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled
But forc'd at length her antient Reign to quit, 35
She saw great *Faustus* lay the Ghost of Wit

¹ Published in 1747 Text of first edition

Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful Day,
And Pantomime, and Song, confirm'd her Sway.

But who the coming Changes can presage,
And mark the future Periods of the Stage?— 40
Perhaps if Skill could distant Times explore,
New *Behns*, new *Durseys*, yet remain in Store
Perhaps, where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* dy'd,
On flying Cars new Sorcerers may ride
Perhaps, for who can guess th' Effects of Chance? 45
Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance

Hard is his Lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild Vicissitudes of Taste,
With ev'ry Meteor of Caprice must play, 50
And chase the new-blown Bubbles of the Day.
Ah! let not Censure term our Fate our Choice,
The Stage but echoes back the publick Voice
The Drama's Laws the Drama's Patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live. 55

Then prompt no more the Follies you decry,
As Tyrants doom their Tools of Guilt to die,
'Tis yours this Night to bid the Reign commence
Of rescu'd Nature, and reviving Sense,
To chase the Charms of Sound, the Pomp of Show, 60
For useful Mirth, and salutary Woe,
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising Age,
And Truth diffuse her Radiance from the Stage.

The Vanity of Human Wishes The Tenth Satire of Juvenal, Imitated¹

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru,
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crouded life, 5
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good 10
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,

¹ Published January, 1749 Text of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume IV, 1755

When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, 15
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness 'elocution flows,
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death. 20

But scarce observ'd the knowing and the bold,
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold,
 Wide-wasting pest^l that rages unconfin'd,
 And crouds with crimes the records of mankind, 25
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws,
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord,
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35
 Tho' confiscation's vulturs hover round

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
 Increase his riches and his peace destroy, 40
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief 45

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales,
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth, 50
 With chearful wisdom and instructive mirth,
 See motly life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece, 55
 Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd,
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride,
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state,
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause, 60
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,

Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
 Attentive truth and nature to decry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty shew,
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain

65

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on humankind;
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r

70

Unnumber'd suppliants croud Prefect's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 'They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall
 On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshiper no more.

75

80

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
 And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold,
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine
 The form distorted justifies the fall,

85

90

And detestation rids th' indignant wall

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal,
 Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles and controuling kings,
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes,
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail

95

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r,
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,

100

105

His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame,
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head
 Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat,
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day,
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright,
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain,
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart,
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade,
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise,
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just, 160
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes, 165
 See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent,
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock, 170
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe, 175
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail
 Such bribes the 'rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world,
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine, 180
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine,
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name, 185
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt,
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide, 190
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire,
 O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain, 195
 No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field,
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign,
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,
 "Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain, 200
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky"
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait,
 Stein Famine guards the solitary coast, 205

And Winter barricades the realms of Frost,
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay,—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands, 210
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound? 215
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand,
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale 220
 All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey, 225
 And starves exhausted regions in his way,
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more,
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind, 230
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god,
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe,
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains, 235
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains,
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host
 The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cesarean pow'r, 240
 With unexpected legions buists away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway,
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms,
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze 245
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise,
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of ravage croud the war,
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom, 250
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame
 Enlarge my life with multitude of days,

In health, in youth, when the gay season's prime;
 Hides from himself his state, and his condition,
 That life protracted is protracted youth;
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to depart,
 And shuts up all the pleasures of his youth;
 In vain their gift the bounteous season brings,
 The fruit autumnal, and the verdant spring;
 With listless eye the dotard views the scene;
 He views, and wonders that they please him so;
 Now pall the taste, meat, and jest are vain;
 And Luxury with sigh her banquet quits;
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the golden strain,
 And yield the tuneful lentive of your pipe;
 No sounds alas would touch th' unresponsive ear,
 Though dancing mountains water'd Orpheus sing;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend;
 Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his thoughts,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong;
 The still returning tale, and long-drawn sigh,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pumpled nurse;
 While growing hopes scarce ave the pathos sweet,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to bear,
 The watchful guests still hunt the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with teach'ron skill,
 And mould his passions till they rule his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life and press the dire blockade,
 But unextinguish'd Advice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains,
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands,
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest Innocence away,
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend
 Such age there is, and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,

Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away,
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage, 305
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of fate 310
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
 From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow, 315
 And Swift expires a div'ler and a show

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king 320
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom Joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art, 325
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines 330
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls,
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain
 In croud at once, where none the pass defend, 335
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd,
 By Int'rest, Prudence, and by Flatt'ry, Pride
 Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest 340

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? 345
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
 Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,

But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice. 350
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires, 355
 And strong dévotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd,
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
 For patience sov'reign o'er transmuted ill, 360
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain,
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind 365
 And makes the happiness she does not find

On the Death of Mr. Robert Levet¹

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away

 Well tried through many a varying year, 5
 See LEVET to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend

 Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind, 10
 Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd

 When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vig'rous remedy display'd 15
 The power of art without the show.

 In misery's darkest caverns known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die 20

¹ Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1783 Text of first edition

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
 The modest wants of ev'ry day
 The toil of ev'ry day supplied

His virtues walk'd their narrow round, 25
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
 And sure th' Eternal Master found
 The single talent well employ'd

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by, 30
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain, 35
 And freed his soul the nearest way

MATTHEW GREEN

(1696-1732?-1737)

From The Spleen
 An Epistle to Mr C—— J——¹

THIS motly piece to you I send,
 Who always were a faithful friend.
 Who, if disputes should happen hence,
 Can best explain the author's sense,
 And, anxious for the publick weal, 5
 Do, what I sing, so often feel
 The want of method pray excuse,
 Allowing for a vapour'd muse,
 Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
 Hedge in by rules a roving mind 10
 The child is genuine, you can trace
 Throughout, the sire's transmitted face
 Nothing is stol'n my muse, tho' mean,
 Draws from the spring she finds within,

¹ Published in 1737 Text of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume I, fourth edition, 1755

Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells, 15
 Poetick buckets for dry wells
 School-helps I want, to climb on high,
 Where all the antient treasures lie,
 And there unseen commit a theft
 On wealth, in Greek exchequers left 20
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the modeins deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won 25
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief,
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurel'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware, 30
 And theft detects of theft beware,
 From Moore so lash'd, example fit,
 Shun petty larcency in wit
 First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the Spleen, 35
 Nor to prescribe, when nerves convulse,
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas 40
 Men prove mere suicides in ease,
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene
 When by it's magick lantern Spleen
 With frightful figures spread life's scene, 45
 And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
 A stranger to the luck of heirs,
 Reason, some quiet to restore,
 Shew'd part was substance, shadow more,
 With Spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown, 50
 In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
 But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
 Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope
 I always choose the plainest food
 To mend viscosity of blood 55
 Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
 Of easy access to the poor,
 Thy help love's confessors implore,
 And doctors secretly adore
 To thee I fly, by thee dilute,
 Thro' veins my blood doth quicker shoot, 60
 And by swift current throws off clean
 Prolifick particles of Spleen

I never sick by drinking grow,
 Nor keep my self a cup too low,
 And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
 Thrifty of spirits, which I want 65

Hunting I reckon very good
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;
 But after no field-honours itch,
 Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch 70
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
 Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,

Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
 And jovial cry awake the morn
 These see her from her dusky plight, 75
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
 With rosal wash redeem her face,

And prove herself of Titan's race,
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies 80
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
 Exulting at the Hark-away,

And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field-notes resound
 Then, as St George the dragon slew, 85
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
 While all the spirits are on wing,
 And woods, and hills, and vallies ring

To cure the mind's wrong biass, Spleen,
 Some recommend the bowling-green, 90
 Some, hilly walks, all, exercise,

Fling but a stone, the giant dies,
 Laugh, and be well Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the spleen,
 And kitten, if the humour hit, 95
 Has harlequin'd away the fit

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
 At some partic'lars let us laugh
 Witlings, brisk fools curs'd with half sense, 100
 That stimulates their impotence,
 Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
 Err with their wings for want of eyes,

Poor authors worshiping a calf,
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh, 105
 A strict dissenter saying grace,

A lect'rer preaching for a place,
 Folks, things prophetick to dispense,
 Making the past the future tense,
 The popish dubbing of a priest, 110
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,

Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,
 A miser starving to be rich,
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech, 115
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
 Two Jews disputing tête à tête,
 New almanacks compos'd by seers,
 Experiments on felons cars,
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply 120
 The superb muscle of the eve,
 A coquet's April-weather face,
 A Queenb'tough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military shew,
 Are sov'reign for the case in view. 125
 If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day, }
 I clear my ev'ning with a play, }
 Or to some concert take my way. }
 The company, the shine of lights, }
 The scenes of humour, musick's flights, } 130
 Adjust and set the soul to rights }
 Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To other's griefs attention raise
 Here, while the tragick fictions glow,
 We borrow joy by pitying woe, 135
 There gaily comick scenes delight,
 And hold true mirrors to our sight
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
 Calling the passions to her aid,
 When moral scenes just actions join, 140
 Takes shape, and shews her face divine
 Musick has charms, we all may find,
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind
 When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
 To musick's pipe the passions dance, 145
 Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
 Tarantulated by a tune
 Many have held the soul to be
 Nearly ally'd to harmony
 Her have I known indulging grief,
 And shunning company's relief, 150
 Unveil her face, and looking round, }
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound, }
 The consanguinity of sound }
 In rainy days keep double guard,
 Or Spleen will surely be too hard, 155
 Which, like those fish by sailors met,
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet
 In such dull weather, so unfit

To enterprize a work of wit,
 When clouds one yaid of azure sky, 160
 That's fit for simile, deny,
 I dress my face with studious looks,
 And shorten tedious hours with books.
 But if dull fogs invade the head,
 That mem'ry minds not what is read, 165
 I sit in window dark as ark,
 And on the drowning world remark
 Or to some coffee-house I stray
 For news, the mana of a day,
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather, 170
 That politicks go by the weather
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
 And play at cards, but for small sums,
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh, 175
 Or drink a joco-serious cup
 With souls who've took their freedom up,
 And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heav'n to be serene, 180
 Pain, hell, and purgatory, Spleen
 Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit,
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence, 185
 Nor think, nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins,
 Talk of unusual swell of waist
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
 And beauty borrr'wing Spanish red, 190
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame,
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
 By grave pretence to go to church) 195
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
 Like Will and Mary on the coin
 And thus in modish manner we
 In aid of sugar sweeten tea
 Permit, ye fair, your idol form 200
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
 May with its beauties grace my line,
 While I bow down before its shrine,
 And your throng'd altars with my lays
 Perfume, and get by giving praise 205
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien

You excommunicate the spleen,
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magick ring
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing. 210
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
 We look, we listen, and approve
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss,
 By Celia's pat on their report 215
 The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
 Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
 And loves the floral game, to romp
 But who can view the pointed rays,
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze? 220
 Love on his throne of glory seems
 Encompass'd with Satellite beams
 But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
 Diffuse benignly humid light,
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves, 225
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,
 And raptur'd fix in such a face,
 Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow,
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow, 230
 And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
 Blood long congealed liquifies,
 True miracle, and fairly done
 By heads, which are ador'd while on
 But oh, what pity 'tis to find 235
 Such beauties both of form and mind,
 By modern breeding much debas'd,
 In half the female world at least!
 Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
 Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone; 240
 And han't by vent'ring on a wife,
 Yet run the greatest risk in life
 Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
 Your impious pains to form the fair,
 Not lay out so much cost and art, 245
 But to deflow'r the virgin heart,
 Of ev'ry folly-fost'ring bed
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
 Desist, and give us nature wild, 250
 Delighted with a hoyden soul,
 Which truth and innocence controul
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,
 Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts,
 Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,

You shew so plain, you strive to kill
 In love the artless catch the game,
 And they scarce miss, who never aim

275

The world's great Author did create

The sex to fit the nuptial state,
 And meant a blessing in a wife

260

To solace the fatigues of life,
 And old inspired times display,
 How wives could love, and yet obey.
 Then truth, and patience of controul,
 And housewife-arts adorn'd the soul,
 And charms, the gift of nature, shone,
 And jealousy, a thing unknown

265

Veils were the only masks they wore,
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo

270

Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
 Then compliment their pow'r away
 But lest, by frail desires misled,
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,
 Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall,
 But we haw-haws, that shew them all,
 Thus we at once solicit sense,
 And charge them not to break the fence.

275

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
 What I avoid to gain my end

280

I never am at Meeting seen,
 Meeting, that region of the Spleen,
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,
 The inward call, on Spleen depend

285

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
 To which vacation is disease,

A gypsy diction scarce known well
 By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
 I shun, nor let it breed within

290

Anxiety, and that the Spleen,
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex
 The mazes, and the brambles vex,
 Where its twelve verd'ers every day
 Are changing still the publick way,

295

Yet if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur,
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

300

I never game, and rarely bet,
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt
 No compter-writs me agitate,

Who moralizing pass the gate,
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn. 805
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,
 And forces folly thro' the grate
 Her panegyrick to repeat
 This view, profusely when inclin'd, 810
 Enters a caveat in the mind
 Experience join'd with common sense,
 To mortals is a providence
 Passion, as frequently is seen, 815
 Subsiding settles into Spleen
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I run away from party-strife
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame, 820
 And priest, as stoker, very free
 To throw in peace and charity
 That tribe, who practicals decree
 Small-beer the deadliest heresy,
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive 825
 From the most noted whore alive,
 Who own wine's old prophetick aid,
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,
 Forbid the faithful to depend
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend, 830
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face
 We read good-living more than grace
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,
 Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mein, 835
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
 To the state's mellow forms prefer,
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
 And samples of heart-chested grace 840
 Expose to shew-glass of the face,
 Did never me as yet provoke,
 Either to honour band and cloak,
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak }
 I rail not with mock-patriot grace 845
 At folks, because they are in place,
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
 Serve the ear-lechery of men,
 And to avoid religious jars,
 The laws are my expositors, 850

Which in my doubting mind create
 Conformity to church and state.
 I go, pursuant to my plan,
 To Mecca with the caravan,
 And think it right in common sense
 Both for diversion and defence

355

Reforming schemes are none of mine,
 To mend the world's a vast design,
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While, to defeat their labour'd end,
 At once both wind and stream contend
 Success herein is seldom seen,
 And zeal when baffled, turns to Spleen.

360

365

Happy the man, who, innocent,
 Grives not at ills he can't prevent,
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide,
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
 And when he can't prevent foul play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray

370

* * *

Contentment, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face,
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple chuse my heart
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire,
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find,
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress
 To feign a joy, and hide distress,
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose,
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly;
 Nor, meddling with the gods' affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares,
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd

605

610

615

620

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blythsome goddess soothes my care,
 I feel the deity inspire

625

And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made, 63^r
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own,
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow, 63^r
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
 A chief of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys,
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece: 64^r
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate, 64^r
 Display benevolence, not state
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land,
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim, 65^o
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet,
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air,
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground, 65^r
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song,
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale, 66^o
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills thro' plains in dusk array 66^o
 Extended far repel the day
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate, 67^r
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle thro' the mind
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,

While Pan melodious pipes away, 675
In measur'd motions frisk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green,
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep, 680
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray
And Naiads on the margin play, 685
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm thro' life,
See faction, safe in low degree, 690
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy, 695
As can possess, but not enjoy,
Debar'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile, 700
And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour, 705
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage, 710
And slowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gath'ring gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again 715
But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know
Th' enthusiast's hopes, and raptures wild
Have never yet my reason foil'd
His springy soul dilates like air, 720
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditations deep,

Slides into dreams, as when asleep
 Then, fond of new discov'ries grown, 725
 Proves a Columbus of her own,
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
 And thro' the wilds of endless space,
 Born up on metaphysick wings,
 Chases light forms, and shadowy things 730
 And in the vague excursion caught,
 Brings home some rare exotick thought
 The melancholy man such dreams.
 As brightest evidence, esteems,
 Fain would he see some distant scene 735
 Suggested by his restless Spleen,
 And Fancy's telescope applies
 With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes
 Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
 I close examine by the light, 740
 For who tho' brib'd by gain to lie,
 Dare sun-beam written truths deny,
 And execute plain common sense
 On faith's mere hearsay evidence?
 That superstition mayn't create, 745
 And club its ills with those of fate,
 I many a notion take to task,
 Made dreadful by its visor-mask
 Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
 Is cur'd, and certainty I find, 750
 Since optick reason shews me plain,
 I dreaded spectres of the brain,
 And legendary fears are gone,
 Tho' in tenacious childhood sown
 Thus in opinions I commence 755
 Freeholder in the proper sense,
 And neither suit nor service do,
 Nor homage to pretenders shew,
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll,
 Lords of the manor of the soul, 760
 Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
 To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair
 To thee, Creator uncreate,
 O Entium Ens! divinely great!—
 Hold, muse, nor melting pinions try, 765
 Nor near the blazing glory fly,
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
 Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
 Thro' fields unknown nor madly stray,
 Where no ideas mark the way, 770
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,

And trembling hands forbear to paint
 Who features veil'd by light can hit?
 Where can, what has no outline, sit?
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know. 775
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
 Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,
 On quicksands swallow'd shipwreck'd thought,
 But, conscious of his distance, gives 780
 Mute praise, and humble negatives
 In one, no object of our sight,
 Immutable and infinite,
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust, 785
 To him my past and present state
 I owe, and must my future fate.
 A stranger into life I'm come,
 Dying may be our going home,
 Transported here by angry fate, 790
 The convicts of a prior state
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
 On matters, I can never know,
 Thro' life's foul ways, like vagrant pass'd,
 He'll grant a settlement at last, 795
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
 Of life no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come, 800
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave
 An endless series to receive,
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate
 We ballance in another state, 805
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create, 810
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate,
 And do an act, which rage infers,
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs
 Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail 815
 On even keel with gentle gale,
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,

Philosophy puts forth her lights, 820
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid.
 And once in seven years I'm seen, 825
 At Bath, or Tunbridge to careen
 Tho' pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way,
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef, 830
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul.
 I make (may heav'n propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd nor over-blown, 835
 Life's voyage to the world unknown

JOHN WESLEY

(1703-1733-1791)

Hymn¹

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Only I sigh for thy repose,
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be 5
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee

 Thy secret voice invites me still,
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove.
 And vain I would but tho' my will
 Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove; 10
 Yet I wander stray all the way,
 I love at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

 Thy mercy all that thou hast brought
 My soul to seek for peace in thee,
 Yet still I feel but find thee not, 15

¹ Hymn 100, *Wesley's Hymns*, 1740. Text of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, 1911, 20.

No peace my wand'ring soul shall see,
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend'

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share? 20
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there,
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee

O hide this self from me, that I 25
No more, but Christ in me may live,
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive,
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee 30

O Love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there 35
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry'

Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame, 40
O help that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love'

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call
Speak to my inmost soul, and say, 45
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

(1694-1733-1773)

Verses Written in a Lady's Sherlock
"Upon Death"¹

MISTAKEN fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For, whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master,
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

6

To live's to love, to bless, be bless'd
With mutual inclination,
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion

10

But if thus bless'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me, at least, your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die

15

Advice to a Lady in Autumn²

Asses milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before,
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more
At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone,
There's no pleasure in bed —MARY, bring me my gown
Slip on that ere you rise, let your caution be such,
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much
Your pinner set right, your twitcher ty'd on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done,

5

¹ Published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1733 Text of first edition

² Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1748 Text of fourth edition, 1755,
Volume I

Retire to some author, improving and gay,
 And with sense like your own, set your mind for the day 10
 At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,
 The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear
 But mark in the meadows the ruin of time,
 Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime
 Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed, 15
 For beauty like yours, no assistance can need
 With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
 Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit
 Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round,
 As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound 20
 After dinner two glasses at least, I approve,
 Name the first to the king, and the last to your love
 Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
 And calm with your joys gently glide thro' the day
 The dews of the evening most carefully shun, 25
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun
 Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along
 All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind,
 And those you may end, when you please to be kind 30

ANONYMOUS

'The Vicar of Bray'¹

IN GOOD King *Charles's* golden days,
 When Loyalty no harm meant,
 A Furious High-Church Man I was,
 And so I gain'd Preferment
 Unto my Flock I daily Preach'd, 5
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And Damn'd are those who dare resist,
 Or touch the Lord's Anointed
 And this is Law, I will maintain
 Unto my Dying Day, Sir, 10
 That whatsoever King shall Reign,
 I will be Vicar of *Bray*, Sir¹

When Royal *James* possess the Crown,
 And Popery grew in fashion,

¹ Published in *The British Musical Miscellany*, Volume I, 1734 Text of first edition See Preface

The Penal Law I houted down, 15
 And read the Declaration
 The Church of *Rome*, I found would nî
 Full well my Constitution,
 And I had been a Jesuit, 20
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is Law, &c.

When *William* our Deliverer came,
 To heal the Nation's Grievance,
 I turned the Cat in Pan again, 25
 And swore to him Allegiance.
 Old Principles I did revoke,
 Set Conscience at a distance,
 Passive Obedience is a Joke,
 A Jest is Non-resistance 30
 And this is Law, &c.

When glorious *Ann* became our Queen,
 The Church of *England's* Glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory 35
 Occasional Conformists base,
 I Damn'd, and Moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was,
 From such Prevarication.
 And this is Law, &c.

When *George* in Pudding time came o'er, 40
 And Moderate Men looked big, Sir,
 My Principles I chang'd once more,
 And so became a Whig, Sir
 And thus Preferment I procur'd, 45
 From our Faith's Great Defender,
 And almost every day abjur'd
 The Pope, and the Pretender.
 And this is Law, &c

The Illustrious House of *Hannover*, 50
 And Protestant Succession,
 To these I lustily will swear,
 Whilst they can keep possession.
 For in my Faith, and Loyalty,
 I never once will falter, 55
 But *George*, my Lawful King shall be,
 Except the Times shou'd alter
 And this is Law, &c

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

(1714-1737-1763)

The School-Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser¹

*Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo* Virg

ADVERTISEMENT

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works

AH ME¹ full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise¹ 5
Lend me thy clarion, goddess¹ let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire, 10
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame,
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent, 15
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree, 20
Which learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe,
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low, 25
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view

¹ Published in *Poems upon Various Occasions*, 1737 Text of *Works*, 1764 (much revised)

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast,
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast:
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display,
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound.
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field
 And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Eol's train,
 Libs, Notus, Auster these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fate or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air,
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare,
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare,

For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth, 75
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear,
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere
For never title yet so mean could prove, 80
But there was eke a mind which did that title love

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came, 85
Such favour did her past deportment claim
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found 90

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gawdy streak,
But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew 95
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung, 100
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found, 105
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume

And here trim rosmarine, that whilom crown'd 110
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear

Oh wassel days, O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere 115
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete, 120
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
 But in her garden found a summer seat
 Sweet melody¹ to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat, 125
 All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,
 Up hung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed,
 And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore 130
 The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed,
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn: 135
 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd, 140
 The matron sate, and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride¹)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry, 145
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays 150
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command¹
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair, 155

Their books of stature small they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St George's high achievements does declare, 160
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
 As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream, 165
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stuipling's late delight!
 And down they drop, appears his dainty skin, 170
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin

O ruthless scene! when from a nook obscure,
 His little sister doth his peril see
 All playful as she sate, she grows demure,
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee, 175
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye. 180

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command,
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear! 185
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace? 190
 Or what device his loud laments explain?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame, 195
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stoke proclaim

The other tribe, aghast, with soie dismay,
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care 200
 By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey,
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware,
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share,
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair, 205
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And ginger-bread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
 And in beseemly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he 210
 Abhoireth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair,
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair,)
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest, 215
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r 220
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame 225

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary catiff! pines,
 Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns, 230
 And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines,
 And many a sullen look ascanse is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs,
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be! 235
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
 Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat, 240

The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit

Yet nuis'd with skill, what dazling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show 245
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespear, names that ne'er shall dye!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low, 250
Nor weeting how the muse shou'd soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper-kite may fly

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline, 255
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field,
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer, 260
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phoebus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbais her prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er 265
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar,
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun 270

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours 275
In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs
O vain! to seek! delight! in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs,
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king

See in each sprite some various bent appear! 280
These rudely carol most incondite lay,
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way,

Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play,
 Th'ink to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend. 285

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been, 290
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green,
 And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
 Fine pear^l as lovely for thy juice, I ween 295
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care^l

See^l cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round, 300
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
 And must be bought, tho' penury betide
 The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
 And here each season, do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own, 305
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admir'd Salopia^l that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave 310
 Ah^l midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display^l
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
 Who chearless o'er her darkling region stray,
 'Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way. 315

Ode to a Young Lady,
 Somewhat too Sollicitous about Her Manner
 of Expression¹

SURVEY, my fair^l that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray,
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way?

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Vol IV, 1755 Text of *Works*, 1764

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow.
 Not all thy art, not all thy care
 Can there one single grace bestow.

5

Survey again that verdant hill,
 With native plants enamel'd o'er;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

10

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose

15

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
 Can every study'd grace excel,
 Let art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well?

20

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd!
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind

A Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts Written 1743¹

Arbusta humilesque myricæ Virg.

I Absence

YE SHEPHERDS so chearful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find,
 None once was so watchful as I
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind

5

Now I know what it is, to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire,

10

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Vol IV, 1755 Text of *Works*, 1764

What it is, to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire
 Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel,
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn 15
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine,
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine. 20
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain? 25
 Why wander thus pensively here?
 Oh! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown, 30
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so— 35
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew,
 My path I could hardly discern,
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return. 40

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine 45
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go

II Hope

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep, 50

My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow,
My fountains all border'd with moss, 55
Where the hare-bells and violets grow

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around 60
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold

One would think she might like to retire 65
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear,
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay! 70
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow? 75
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign 80

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd, 85
Who could rob a poor bird of its young
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove 90
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love

But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

85

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?¹
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise?
 Dear regions of silence and shade!¹
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught, in her absence, could please

100

But where does my Phyllida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

105

110

III Solitude

Why will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free,
 With her modesty pleases the grave,
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me

115

120

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while,
 Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile

125

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!¹

130

In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is be-studded around,
 And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound. 135

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 "How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold?" 140
 How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie,
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs, and die "

To the grove or the garden he strays, 145
 And pillages every sweet,
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet
 "O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r!" 150
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
 What is eglantine, after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white,
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
 Then the violets die with despatch, 155
 And the wood-bines give up their perfume "
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer,
 —Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear 160

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise,
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes
 The language that flows from the heart 165
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue,
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song

IV Disappointment

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay, 170
 And take no more heed of my sheep
 They have nothing to do, but to stray,
 I have nothing to do, but to weep

Yet do not my folly reprove,
 She was fair—and my passion begun,
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone

175

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire.
 It banishes wisdom the while,
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

180

She is faithless, and I am undone,
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree.
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair, and how fickle they be

185

Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose
 Yet time may diminish the pain
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me

190

200

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme
 High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own,
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phyllis had known

205

O ye woods, spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly,
 I would hide with the beasts of the chace,
 I would vanish from every eye
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun,

210

How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
Was faithless, and I am undone!¹

215

Song II. The Landskip¹

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!¹
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landskip round!¹
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

5

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career

10

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Then wonted charms I see
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me

15

Written at an Inn at Henley²

To THEE, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din,
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign,
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne,
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn

5

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!¹
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!

10

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume V, 1758 Text of *Works*, 1764

² Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume V, 1758 Text of *Works*, 1764

Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings at an inn

Here, waiter¹ take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win,
It buys, what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom, at an inn

15

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn

20

Elegy XI

He Complains how Soon the Pleasing Novelty
of Life Is Over. To Mr. J ———¹

AH ME, my friend¹ it will not, will not last¹
This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm dissolves, th' aerial music's past,
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home¹

5

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain¹
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey

10

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply,
Since, not the miser so caress'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh

15

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace,
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place

20

And you, ye works of art¹ allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone

¹ Richard Jago Published in *Works*, 1764 Text of first edition

"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, heav'n and fate deny,
 "Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil, 25
 The wreath, the gailand, fire the poet's pride,
 I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
 But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,
 To grace my native scenes, my rural home, 30
 To see my trees express their planter's care,
 And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
 A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul.
 A fond aspiring candidate no more, 35
 I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely blest!
 Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind,
 Of health neglectful, yet by health carest,
 Careless of favour, yet secure to find 40

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair,
 More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing,
 Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring

Not all the force of manhood's active might, 45
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures! transports void of care!
 Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu! 50
 And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of snow!
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey 55
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race
 A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chace 60

MARK AKENSIDE

(1721-1737-1770)

Hymn to Science¹

SCIENCE¹ thou fair effusive ray
 From the great source of mental Day,
 Free, generous, and refin'd¹
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
 And bless my lab'ring mind

5

But first with thy resistless light,
 Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
 Those mimic shades of thee,
 The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
 The visionary bigot's rant,
 The monk's philosophy

10

O! let thy powerful charms impart
 The patient head, the candid heart,
 Devoted to thy sway,
 Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
 Which still with dauntless steps proceed
 Where Reason points the way.

15

Give me to learn each secret cause,
 Let number's, figure's, motion's laws
 Reveal'd before me stand,
 These to great Nature's scenes apply,
 And round the globe, and thro' the sky,
 Disclose her working hand

20

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
 The busy, restless, human mind
 Thro' ev'ry maze pursue,
 Detect Perception where it lies,
 Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view

25

30

Say from what simple springs began
 The vast, ambitious thoughts of man,
 Which range beyond controul,

¹ Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1739 Text of first edition

Which seek Eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of space, 35
And strain to grasp THE WHOLE.

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours drest, 40
While prompt her sallies to controul,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To Truth's severest test

Then launch thro' Being's wide exten'
Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
And cautious steps, be trod, 45
And from the dead, corporeal mass,
Thro' each progressive order pass
To Instinct, Reason, God

There, *Science*' veil thy daring eye,
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high, 50
In that divine abyss,
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriend
And light her way to bliss

Then downwards take thy flight agen, 55
Mix with the policies of men,
And social nature's ties
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interest and its pow'rs relate, 60
Its fortunes and its rise

Thro' private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
And means and motives weigh
Put tempers, passions in the scale, 65
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway

That last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious pow'r! impart 70
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death, 75
And all in life that's mean

Still true to reason be my plan,
 Still let my action speak the man,
 Thro' every various scene

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth,
 Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth,
 Sweet refuge of distress
 In business, thou! exact, polite,
 Thou giv'st Retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace

Of wealth, pow'r, freedom, thou! the cause;
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,
 Of arts inventress, thou!
 Without thee what were human kind?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
 Their joys how mean! how few!

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
 Let others spread the daring sail,
 On Fortune's faithless sea,
 While undeluded, happier I
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with Thee.

From The Pleasures of Imagination¹

Book III

OH! BLEST of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
 Or sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' inviv'd soul! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life, tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state,
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his Whate'er adorns

The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing maibles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim, 585
 His tuneful breast enjoys For him, the spring
 Distills her dew, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn, 590
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain 595
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs, 600
 Becomes herself harmonious wont so long
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love, 605
 This fair-inspir'd delight her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form where negligent of all 610
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalt her daring eye, then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler Would the forms 615
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620
 And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons all declare
 For what th' eternal maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine he tells the heart 625
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being, to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself 630

Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
 And form to his the relish of their souls.

Ode I Allusion to Horace¹

———*Ego, apud Matinæ*

More, modoque, &c Lib iv Od ii

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
 Where yonder limes behold their shade
 Along the glassy stream,
 With HORACE and his tuneful ease
 I'll rest from crouds, and care's disease,
 And summer's piercing beam

5

Behold the busy, wand'ring BEE!
 From bloom to bloom, from tree to tree
 She sweeps mellifluous dew,
 For her the silken gems arise,
 For her display their shining dyes,
 Their balmy breath diffuse

10

Sweet Murmurer! may no rude storm
 This pleasurable scene deform
 To check thy gladsome toils,
 Still may the buds unsullied spring,
 Still show'rs and sunshine court thy wing
 To these ambrosial spoils

15

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
 Her fellow-lab'rer thus to hail,
 And lucky be the strains!
 For long ago did nature frame
 Your seasons and your arts the same,
 Your pleasures and your pains

20

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
 And river-banks and fruitful greens
 Delights my vagrant song,
 Nor strives by soaring high in air,
 Tho' swans and eagles triumph there,
 To draw the giddy throng

25

30

¹ Published in *Odes on Several Subjects*, 1745 Text of first edition

Nor where the raven, where the owl
 By night their hateful orgies howl,
 Will she her cares employ,
 But flies from ruins and from graves,
 From ghostly cells and monkish caves
 To day-light and to joy. 35

Nor will she tempt the barren waste,
 Nor deigns th' ungrateful stores to taste
 Of any noxious thing,
 But leaves with scorn to others' use
 The bitter hemlock's baneful juice,
 The nettle's sordid sting 40

From all which nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her mingled wealth,
 And when the lovely task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health 45

Inscription For a Grotto¹

To ME, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were plac'd by Glycon He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber here my clustering fruits I tend,
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious Enter-in,
 O stranger, undismay'd Nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion chiefly, if thy name
 Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own 15

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection*, Volume VI, 1758 Text of first edition

Ode to the Evening Star¹

To-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
 With young Endymion stays.
 And now to Hesper is it given
 Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
 Till she shall to her lamp supply
 A stream of brighter rays

5

O Hesper, while the starry throng
 With awe thy path surrounds,
 Oh listen to my suppliant song,
 If haply now the vocal sphere
 Can suffer thy delighted ear
 To stoop to mortal sounds

10

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
 Thee still invoke to shine
 So may the bride's unmarried train
 To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
 Still that his lucky torch may glow
 With lustre pure as thine

15

Far other vows must I prefer
 To thy indulgent power
 Alas, but now I paid my tear
 On fair Olympia's virgin tomb
 And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
 Of Philomela's bower

20

Propitious send thy golden ray,
 Thou purest light above
 Let no false flame seduce to stray
 Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm
 But lead where music's healing charm
 May sooth afflicted love

25

30

To them, by many a grateful song
 In happier seasons vow'd,
 These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong.
 Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
 Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
 Beneath yon copses stood

35

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs
 That roofless tower invade,

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1772 Text of first edition

We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held 40
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade

But hark, I hear her liquid tone
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown, 45
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat

See the green space on either hand
Inlarg'd it spreads around 50
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

Hark, how through many a melting note 55
She now prolongs her lays
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends
The stars shine out the forest bends
The wakeful heifers gaze 60

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power, 65
Of man's uncertain lot

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise
What ruin waits on kingly rage
How often virtue dwells with woe 70
How many griefs from knowledge flow
How swiftly pleasure flies

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive, 75
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own

Ode XVII
On a Sermon against Glory. MDCCXLVII¹

I.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

5

II

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the pass-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me,
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

10

15

CHARLES WESLEY

(1707-1739²-1788)For Christmas-Day²

HARK, how all the welkin rings,
"Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,

5

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1772 Text of first edition² Published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739 Text of *Poems*, New York, 1866

Universal nature say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord 10
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to appear 15
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings 20

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die.
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth

Come, Desire of nations, come, 25
Fix in us Thy humble home,
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head

Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore, 30
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thy image in its place 35
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love

Let us Thee, though lost, regain
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man
O, to all Thyself impart, 40
Formed in each believing heart.

For Easter-Day¹

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
 Sons of men and angels say
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won.
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! He sets in blood no more

5

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ has burst the gates of hell!¹
 Death in vain forbids His rise
 Christ has opened Paradise

10

Lives again our glorious King,
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Dying once, He all doth save,
 Where thy victory, O Grave?

15

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies!¹

20

What though once we perished all,
 Partner in our parents' fall.
 Second life we all receive,
 In our heavenly Adam live

Risen with Him, we upward move,
 Still we seek the things above,
 Still pursue, and kiss the Son,
 Seated on His Father's throne

25

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
 Dead to all we leave below
 Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
 Hid our life with Christ in God

30

Hid, till Christ our Life appear,
 Glorious in His members here

¹ Published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739 Text of *Poems*, New York, 1866

Joined to Him, we then shall shine
All immortal, all divine

35

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

40

King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love

A Morning Hymn¹

CHRIST, whose Glory fills the Skies,
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the Shades of Night:
Day-spring from on High, be near
Day-star, in my Heart appear

5

Dark and Cheerless is the Morn
Unaccompanied by Thee,
Joyless is the Day's Return,
Till thy Mercy's Beams I see,
Till they Inward Light impart,
Glad my Eyes, and warm my Heart

10

Visit then this Soul of mine,
Pierce the Gloom of Sin, and Grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my Unbelief,
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the Perfect Day

15

Wrestling Jacob²

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,

¹ Published in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1740 Text of *The Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse*

² Published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742 Text of *The Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse*

My Company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee,
 With Thee all Night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the Break of Day 5

I need not tell Thee who I am,
 My Misery, or Sin declare,
 Thyself hast call'd me by my Name,
 Look on thy Hands, and read it there, 10
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou,
 Tell me thy Name, and tell me now?

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my Hold
 Art Thou the Man that died for me? 15
 The Secret of thy Love unfold,
 Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable Name? 20
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell,
 To know it Now resolv'd I am;
 Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know

'Tis all in vain to hold thy Tongue, 25
 Or touch the Hollow of my Thigh
 Though every Sinew be unstrung,
 Out of my Arms Thou shalt not fly,
 Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know 30

What tho' my shrinking Flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long,
 I rise superior to my Pain,
 When I am weak then I am strong, 35
 And when my All of Strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail

My Strength is gone, my Nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy weighty Hand,
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
 I fall, and yet by Faith I stand, 40
 I stand, and will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know

Yield to me Now—for I am weak,
 But confident in Self-despair.
 Speak to my Heart, in Blessings speak, 45
 Be conquer'd by my Instant Prayer,
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me, if thy Name is LOVE

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! Thou diedst for Me,
 I hear thy Whisper in my Heart 50
 The Morning breaks, the Shadows flee
 Pure UNIVERSAL LOVE Thou art,
 To me, to All thy Bowels move,
 Thy Nature, and thy Name is LOVE

My Prayer hath Power with God, the Grace 55
 Unspeakable I now receive,
 Thro' Faith I see Thee Face to Face,
 I see Thee Face to Face, and live
 In vain I have not wept, and strove,
 Thy Nature, and thy Name is LOVE. 60

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 JESUS the feeble Sinner's Friend,
 Nor wilt Thou with the Night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the End, 65
 Thy Mercies never shall remove,
 Thy Nature, and thy Name is LOVE

The Sun of Righteousness on Me
 Hath rose with Healing in his Wings,
 Wither'd my Nature's Strength, from Thee
 My Soul its Life and Succour brings, 70
 My Help is all laid up above,
 Thy Nature, and thy Name is LOVE

Contented now upon my Thigh
 I halt, till Life's short Journey end,
 All Helplessness, all Weakness I, 75
 On Thee alone for Strength depend,
 Nor have I Power, from Thee, to move,
 Thy Nature, and thy Name is LOVE

Lame as I am, I take the Prey,
 Hell, Earth, and Sin with Ease o'ercome, 80
 I leap for Joy, pursue my Way,
 And as a bounding Hart fly home,
 Thro' all Eternity to prove
 Thy Nature, and thy Name is LOVE

In Temptation¹

JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last

Other refuge have I none
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. 10
 Leave, ah leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring, 15
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! 20
 Lo, on Thee I cast my care
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
 While I of Thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live! 25

Thou, O Christ, art all I want, 25
 More than all in Thee I find
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name, 30
 I am all unrighteousness
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin 35
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within
 Thou of Life the Fountain art
 Freely let me take of Thee
 Spring Thou up within my heart, 40
 Rise to all eternity

¹ Published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749 Text of *Poems*, New York 1866

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721-1739-1759)

Persian Eclogues¹

THE PREFACE

IT is with the Writings of Mankind, in some Measure, as with their Complexions or their Dress, each Nation hath a Peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the World

The Gravity of the *Spaniard*, and the Levity of the *Frenchman*, are as evident in all their Productions as in their Persons themselves, and the Stile of my Countrymen is as naturally Strong and Nervous, as that of an *Arabian* or *Persian* is rich and figurative

There is an Elegancy and Wildness of Thought which recommends all their Compositions, and our Genius's are as much too cold for the Entertainment of such Sentiments, as our Climate is for their Fruits and Spices If any of these Beauties are to be found in the following *Eclogues*, I hope my Reader will consider them as an Argument of their being Original I received them at the Hands of a Merchant, who had made it his Business to enrich himself with the Learning, as well as the Silks and Carpets of the *Persians* The little Information I could gather concerning their Author, was, That his Name was *Mahamed*, and that he was a Native of *Tauris*

It was in that City that he died of a Distemper fatal in those Parts, whilst he was engag'd in celebrating the Victories of his favourite Monarch, *the great Abbas* As to the *Eclogues* themselves, they give a very just View of the Miseries, and Inconveniences, as well as the Felicities that attend one of the finest Countries in the East

The Time of the Writing them was probably in the Beginning of *Sha Sultan Hosseyn's* Reign, the Successor of *Sefi* or *Solyman* the Second

Whatever Defects, as, I doubt not, there will be many, fall under the Reader's Observation, I hope his Candour will incline him to make the following Reflections

That the Works of *Orientals* contain many Peculiarities, and that thro' Defect of Language few *European* Translators can do them Justice

Eclogue the Second
Hassan, or, the Camel driver

Scene, the desert
Time, mid-day

IN SILENT Horror o'er the Desart-Waste
The Driver *Hassan* with his Camels past
One Cruise of Water on his Back he bore,
And his light Scrip contain'd a scanty Store
A Fan of painted Feathers in his Hand,

¹ Published in January, 1742 Text of first edition

To guard his shaded Face from scorching Sand.
 The sultry Sun had gain'd the middle Sky,
 And not a Tree, and not an Herb was nigh
 The Beasts, with Pain, their dusty Way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the Winds, and dreary was the View!
 With desp'rate Sorrow wild th' affrighted Man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice strook his Breast, and thus began
Sad was the Hour, and luckless was the Day,
When first from Schiraz' Walls I bent my Way.

Ah! little thought I of the blasting Wind,
 The Thirst or pinching Hunger that I find!
 Bethink thee, *Hassan*, where shall Thirst assuage,
 When fails this Cruise, his unrelenting Rage?
 Soon shall this Scrip its precious Load resign,
 Then what but Tears and Hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute Companions of my Toils, that bear
 In all my Griefs a more than equal Share!
 Here, where no Springs, in Murmurs break away,
 Or Moss-crown'd Fountains mitigate the Day
 In vain ye hope the green Delights to know,
 Which Plains more blest, or verdant Vales bestow
 Here Rocks alone, and tasteless Sands are found,
 And faint and sickly Winds for ever howl around
Sad was the Hour, &c

Curst be the Gold and Silver which persuade
 Weak Men to follow far-fatiguing Trade
 The Lilly-Peace outshines the silver Store,
 And Life is dearer than the golden Ore
 Yet Money tempts us o'er the Desert brown,
 To ev'ry distant Mart, and wealthy Town
 Full oft we tempt the Land, and oft the Sea,
 And are we only yet repay'd by Thee?
 Ah! why was Ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond Man so easily betray'd?
 Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
 The gentle Voice of Peace, or Pleasure's Song?
 Or wherefore think the flow'ry Mountain's Side,
 The Fountain's Murmurs, and the Valley's Pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary Desarts, if they lead to Gold?
Sad was the Hour, &c

O cease, my Fears! all frantic as I go,
 When Thought creates unnumber'd Scenes of Woe,
 What if the Lion in his Rage I meet!

Oft in the Dust I view' his printed Feet
 And fearful¹ oft, when Day's declining Light
 Yields her pale Empire to the Mourner Night,
 By Hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning Plain,
 Gaunt Wolves and sullen Tygers in his Train
 Before them Death with Shrieks directs their Way,
 Fills the wild Yell, and leads them to their Prey.
Sad was the Hour, &c

At that dead Hour the silent Asp shall creep,
 If ought of rest I find, upon my Sleep
 Or some swoln Serpent twist his Scales around,
 And wake to Anguish with a burning Wound
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented Poor,
 From Lust of Wealth, and Dread of Death secure,
 They tempt no Desarts, and no Griefs they find,
 Peace rules the Day, where Reason rules the Mind
Sad was the Hour, &c

O hapless Youth! for she thy Love hath won,
 The tender *Zara*, will be most undone!
 Big swell'd my Heart, and own'd the pow'ful Maid,
 When fast she dropt her Tears, as thus she said
 "Farewel the Youth whom Sighs could not detain,
 "Whom *Zara's* breaking Heart implor'd in vain,
 "Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry Blast arise,
 "Weak and unfelt as these rejected Sighs!
 "Safe o'er the Wild, no Perils mayst thou see,
 "No Griefs endure, nor weep, false Youth, like me"
 O let me safely to the Fair return,
 Say with a Kiss, she must not, shall not mourn
 Go teach my Heart, to lose its painful Fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's Voice, and *Zara's* Tears

He said, and call'd on Heav'n to bless the Day,
 When back to *Schiraz'* Walls he bent his Way

Ode to Pity¹

I

O THOU, the Friend of Man assign'd,
 With balmy Hands his Wounds to bind,
 And charm his frantic Woe

¹ Published in *Odes on Several Descriptive and Allegorical Subjects*, 1747 (December, 1746) Text of first edition

When first *Distress* with Dagger keen
 Broke forth to waste his destin'd Scene,
 His wild unsated Foe!

5

2

By *Pella's* Bard, a magic Name,
 By all the Griefs his Thought could frame,
 Receive my humble Rite
 Long, *Pity*, let the Nations view
 Thy sky-worn Robes of tend'rest Blue,
 And Eyes of dewy Light!

10

3

But wherefore need I wander wide
 To old *Ilissus'* distant Side,
 Deserted Stream, and mute?
 Wild *Arun*² too has heard thy Strains,
 And Echo, 'midst my native Plains,
 Been sooth'd by *Pity's* Lute

15

4

There first the Wren thy Myrtles shed
 On gentlest *Otway's* infant Head,
 To Him thy Cell was shown,
 And while He sung the Female Heart,
 With Youth's soft Notes unspoil'd by Art,
 Thy Turtles mix'd their own

20

5

Come, *Pity*, come, by Fancy's Aid,
 Ev'n now my Thoughts, relenting Maid,
 Thy Temple's Pride design
 Its Southern Site, its Truth compleat
 Shall raise a wild Enthusiast Heat,
 In all who view the Shrine

25

30

6

There Picture's Toils shall well relate,
 How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
 O'er mortal Bliss prevail
 The Buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,

² "The River *Arun* runs by the Village in *Sussex*, where *Otway* had his Birth"—
 Collins' note

And sighing prompt her tender Hand,
With each disastrous Tale.

35

7

There let me oft, retir'd by Day,
In Dreams of Passion melt away,
Allow'd with Thee to dwell
There waste the mournful Lamp of Night,
Till, Virgin, Thou again delight
To hear a *British* Shell!

40

Ode to Fear¹

THOU, to whom the World unknown
With all its shadowy Shapes is shown,
Who see'st appall'd th' unreal Scene,
While Fancy lifts the Veil between
Ah *Fear!* Ah frantic *Fear!*

5

I see, I see Thee near.
I know thy hurried Step, thy haggard Eye!
Like Thee I start, like Thee disorder'd fly
For lo what *Monsters* in thy Train appear!
Danger, whose Limbs of Giant Mold
What mortal Eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his Round, an hideous Form,
Howling amidst the Midnight Storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy Steep
Of some loose hanging Rock to sleep
And with him thousand Phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to Deeds accurs'd the Mind
And those, the Fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's Wounds, and Wrecks preside,
Whilst *Vengeance*, in the lurid Air,
Lifts her red Arm, expos'd and bare
On whom that rav'ning Brood of Fate,
Who lap the Blood of Sorrow, wait,
Who, *Fear*, this ghastly Train can see,
And look not madly wild, like Thee?

10

15

20

25

Epode

In earliest *Grece* to Thee with partial Choice,
The Grief-full Muse address her infant Tongue,

¹ Published in *Odes*, 1747 Text of first edition

The Maids and Matrons, on her awful Voice,
Silent and pale in wild Amazement hung

Yet He, the Bard who first invok'd thy Name,² 30
Disdain'd in *Marathon* its Pow'r to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the Poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's Hand the Patriot's Steel.

But who is He whom later Garlands grace, 35
Who left a-while o'er *Hybla's* Dews to rove,
With trembling Eyes thy dreary Steps to trace,
Where Thou and *Furies* shar'd the baleful Grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy Veil the *Incestuous Queen*³
Sigh'd the sad Call her Son and Husband hear'd, 40
When once alone it broke the silent Scene,
And He the Wretch of *Thebes* no more appear'd.

O *Fear*, I know Thee by my throbbing Heart,
Thy with'ring Pow'r inspir'd each mournful Line,
Tho' gentle *Pity* claim her mingled Part, 45
Yet all the Thunders of the Scene are thine!

Antistrophe

Thou who such weary Lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted Cell,
Where gloomy *Rape* and *Murder* dwell? 50
Or, in some hollow'd Seat,
'Gainst which the big Waves beat,
Hear drowning Sea-men's Cries in Tempests brought¹
Dark Pow'r, with shudd'ring meek submitted Thought
Be mine, to read the Visions old,
Which thy awk'ning Bards have told 55
And lest thou meet my blasted View,
Hold each strange Tale devoutly true,
Ne'er be I found, by Thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd Eve abroad,
When Ghosts, as Cottage-Maids believe, 60
Their pebbled Beds permitted leave,
And *Goblins* haunt from Fire, or Fen,
Or Mine, or Flood, the Walks of Men!
O Thou whose Spirit most possessest
The sacred Seat of *Shakespear's* Breast! 65

² Æschylus

³ Jocasta

By all that from thy Prophet broke,
 In thy Divine Emotions spoke
 Hither again thy Fury deal,
 Teach me but once like Him to feel
 His *Cypress Wreath* my Meed decree,
 And I, O *Fear*, will dwell with Thee¹

70

Ode to Simplicity¹

I

O THOU by *Nature* taught,
 To breathe her genuine Thought,
 In Numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong
 Who first on Mountains wild,
 In *Fancy* loveliest Child,
 Thy Babe, or *Pleasure's*, nuis'd the Pow'rs of Song!

5

2

Thou, who with Hermit Heart
 Disdain'st the Wealth of Art,
 And Gauds, and pageant Weeds, and trailing Pall
 But com'st a decent Maid
 In *Attic* Robe array'd,
 O chaste unboastful Nymph, to Thee I call!

10

3

By all the honey'd Store
 On *Hybla's* Thymy Shore,
 By all her Blooms, and mingled Murmurs dear,
 By Her, whose Love-born Woe
 In Ev'ning Musings slow
 Sooth'd sweetly sad *Electra's* Poet's Ear

15

4

By old *Cephus* deep,
 Who spread his wavy Sweep
 In warbled Wand'rings round thy green Retreat,
 On whose enamel'd Side
 When holy *Freedom* died
 No equal Haunt allur'd thy future Feet

20

¹ Published in *Odes*, 1747 Text of first edition

5

O Sister meek of Truth, 25
 To my admiring Youth,
 Thy sober Aid and native Charms infuse!
 The Flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
 Tho' Beauty cull'd the Wreath,
 Still ask thy Hand to range their order'd Hues. 30

6

While *Rome* could none esteem
 But Virtue's Patriot Theme,
 You lov'd her Hills, and led her Laureate Band:
 But staid to sing alone 35
 To one distinguish'd Throne,
 And turn'd thy Face, and fled her alter'd Land.

7

No more, in Hall or Bow'r,
 The Passions own thy Pow'r,
 Love, only Love her forceless Numbers mean.
 For Thou hast left her Shrine, 40
 Nor Olive more, nor Vine,
 Shall gain thy Feet to bless the servile Scene.

8

Tho' Taste, tho' Genius bless,
 To some divine Excess,
 Faints the cold Work till Thou inspire the whole, 45
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm, our Eye,
 Thou, only Thou can'st raise the meeting Soul!

9

Of These let others ask,
 To aid some mighty Task, 50
 I only seek to find thy temp'rate Vale
 Where oft my Reed might sound
 To Maids and Shepherds round,
 And all thy Sons, O *Nature*, learn my Tale.

Ode on the Poetical Character¹

I

As ONCE, if not with light Regard,
 I read aright that gifted Bard,
 (Him whose School above the rest
 His Loveliest *Elfin* Queen has blest)
 One, only One, unrival'd Fair,² 5
 Might hope the magic Girdle wear,
 At solemn Turney hung on high,
 The Wish of each love-darting Eye,

Lo! to each other Nymph in turn applied,
 As if, in Air unseen, some hov'ring Hand, 10
 Some chaste and Angel-Friend to Virgin-Fame,
 With whisper'd Spell had burst the starting Band,
 It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd Side,
 Happier hopeless Fair, if never
 Her baffled Hand with vain Endeavour 15
 Had touch'd that fatal Zone to her denied!
 Young *Fancy* thus, to me Divinest Name,
 To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in Heav'n,
 The Cest of amplest Pow'r is giv'n
 To few the God-like Gift assigns, 20
 To gird their blest prophetic Loins,
 And gaze her Visions wild, and feel unmix'd her Flame!

2

The Band, as Fairy Legends say,
 Was wove on that creating Day, 25
 When He, who call'd with Thought to Birth
 Yon tented Sky, this laughing Earth,
 And drest with Springs, and Forests tall,
 And pour'd the Main engirting all,
 Long by the lov'd *Enthusiast* woo'd, 30
 Himself in some Diviner Mood,
 Retiring, sate with her alone,
 And plac'd her on his Sapphire Throne,
 The whiles, the vaulted Shrine around,
 Seraphic Wines were heard to sound, 35
 Now sublimest Triumph swelling,
 Now on Love and Mercy dwelling,
 And she, from out the veiling Cloud,
 Breath'd her magic Notes aloud

¹ Published in *Odes*, 1747 Text of first edition

² "Florimel See Spenser Leg 4th '—Collins' note

And Thou, Thou rich-hair'd Youth of Morn,
 And all thy subject Life was born!
 The dang'rous Passions kept aloof,
 Far from the sainted growing Woof
 But near it sate Ecstatic *Wonder*,
 List'ning the deep applauding Thunder
 And *Truth*, in sunny Vest array'd,
 By whose the Tarsel's Eyes were made,
 All the shad'wy Tribes of *Mind*,
 In braided Dance their Murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted *Pow'rs*
 Who feed on Heav'n's ambrosial Flow'rs
 Where is the Bard, whose Soul can now
 Its high presuming Hopes avow?
 Where He who thinks, with Rapture blind,
 This hallow'd Work for Him design'd?

40

45

50

3

High on some Cliff, to Heav'n up-pil'd,
 Of rude Access, of Prospect wild,
 Where, tangled round the jealous Steep,
 Strange Shades o'erbrow the Valleys deep,
 And holy *Genu* guard the Rock,
 Its Gloomes embrown, its Springs unlock,
 While on its rich ambitious Head,
 An *Eden*, like his own, lies spread
 I view that Oak, the fancied Glades among,
 By which as *Milton* lay, His Ev'ning Ear,
 From many a Cloud that drop'd Ethereal Dew,
 Nigh spher'd in Heav'n its native Strains could hear
 On which that ancient Trump he reach'd was hung,
 Thither oft his Glory greeting,
 From *Waller's* Myrtle Shades retreating,
 With many a Vow from Hope's aspiring Tongue,
 My trembling Feet his guiding Steps pursue,
 In vain—Such Bliss to One alone,
 Of all the Sons of Soul was known,
 And Heav'n, and *Fancy*, kindred Pow'rs,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring Bow'rs,
 Or curtain'd close such Scene from ev'ry future View

55

60

65

70

75

Ode, Written in the Beginning of the Year, 1746¹

How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
 By all their Country's Wishes blest!
 When *Spring*, with dewy Fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter Sod,
 Than *Fancy's* Feet have ever trod

By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung,
 By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung,
 There *Honour* comes, a Pilgrim grey,
 To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
 And *Freedom* shall a-while repair,
 To dwell a weeping Hermit there!

Ode to Evening²

IF OUGHT of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste EVE, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
 O NYMPH reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the Beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim born in heedless hum
 Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,
 Whose numbers stealing thro' thy darkning vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return!
 For when thy folding star arising shews
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in flow'rs the day,

¹ Published in *Odes*, 1747 Text of first edition² Published in *Odes*, 1747 Text of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1748

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge, 25
 And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
 The PENSIVE PLEASURES sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.
 Then lead, calm Vot'ress, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile, 30
 Or up-land fallows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam
 But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
 Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side, 35
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,
 And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil. 40
 While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!¹
 While Summer loves to sport,
 Beneath thy ling'ring light, 45
 While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or Winter yelling thro' the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes,
 So long, sure-found beneath the Sylvan shed,
 Shall FANCY, FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, rose-lip'd HEALTH, 50
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy fav'rite name!¹

The Passions, An Ode for Music¹

WHEN Music, Heav'nly Maid, was young,
 While yet in early *Greece* she sung,
 The Passions oft to hear her Shell,
 Throng'd around her magic Cell, 5
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess beyond the Muse's Painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing Mind,
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with Fury, rapt, inspir'd, 10
 From the supporting Myrtles round,
 They snatch'd her Instruments of Sound,
 And as they oft had heard a-part

¹ Published in *Odes*, 1747 Text of first edition

Sweet Lessons of her forceful Art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the Hour,
Would prove his own expressive Pow'r. 15

First *Fear* his Hand, its Skill to try,
Amid the Chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Ev'n at the Sound himself had made. 20

Next *Anger* rush'd, his Eyes on fire,
In Lightnings own'd his secret Stings,
In one rude Clash he struck the Lyre,
And swept with hurried Hand the Strings.

With woful Measures wan *Despair*
Low sullen Sounds his Grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled Air,
'Twas sad by Fits, by Starts 'twas wild. 25

But thou, O *Hope*, with Eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful Measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd Pleasure,
And bad the lovely Scenes at distance hail! 30

Still would Her Touch the Strain prolong,
And from the Rocks, the Woods, the Vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the Song,
And where Her sweetest Theme She chose,
A soft responsive Voice was heard at ev'ry Close,
And *Hope* enchanted smil'd, and wav'd Her golden Hair. 35

And longer had She sung,—but with a Frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd Sword in Thunder down,
And with a with'ring Look,
The War-denouncing Trumpet took,
And blew a Blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er Prophetic Sounds so full of Woe 40

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling Drum with furious Heat,
And tho' sometimes each dreary Pause between,
Dejected *Pity* at his Side,
Her Soul-subduing Voice applied, 45
Yet still He kept his wild unalter'd Mien,
While each strain'd Ball of Sight seem'd bursting from his Head

Thy Numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fix'd,
Sad Proof of thy distressful State,

Of diff'ring Themes the veering Song was mix'd,
 And now it courted *Love*, now raving call'd on *Hate*.

55

With Eyes up-rai's'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale *Melancholy* sate reti'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd Seat,
 In Notes by Distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow *Horn* her pensive Soul
 And dashing soft from Rocks around,
 Bubbling Runnels join'd the Sound,
 Thro' Glades and Glooms the mingled Measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted Stream with fond Delay,
 Round an holy Calm diffusing,
 Love of Peace, and lonely Musing,
 In hollow Murmurs died away
 But O how alter'd was its sprightlier Tone!
 When *Cheerfulness*, a Nymph of healthiest Hue,
 Her Bow a-cross her Shoulder flung,
 Her Buskins gem'd with Morning Dew,
 Blew an inspiring Air, that Dale and Thicket rung,
 The Hunter's Call to *Faun* and *Dryad* known!
 The Oak-crown'd *Sisters*, and their 'chast-eye'd *Queen*,
Satyrs and sylvan Boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their Alleys green,
 Brown *Exercise* rejoic'd to hear,
 And *Sport* leapt up, and seiz'd his Beechen Spear.

60

65

70

75

Last came *Joy's* Ecstatic Trial,
 He with viny Crown advancing,
 First to the lively Pipe his Hand addrest,
 But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning Viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing Voice he lov'd the best
 They would have thought who heard the Strain,
 They saw in *Tempe's* Vale her native Maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding Shades,
 To some unwearied Minstrel dancing,
 While as his flying Fingers kiss'd the Strings,
 LOVE fram'd with *Mirth*, a gay fantastic Round,
 Loose were Her Tresses seen, her Zone unbound,
 And HE amidst his frolic Play,
 As if he would the charming Air repay,
 Shook thousand Odours from his dewy Wings

80

85

90

O *Music*, Sphere-descended Maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, *Wisdom's* Aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us deny'd?
 Lay'st Thou thy antient Lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd *Athenian* Bow'r,

95

You learn'd an all-commanding Pow'r,
 Thy mimic Soul, O Nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple Heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
 Arise as in that elder Time,
 Warm, Energic, Chaste, Sublime!
 Thy Wonders in that God-like Age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's Page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the Tale,
 Thy humblest *Reed* could more prevail,
 Had more of Strength, diviner Rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard Age,
 Ev'n all at once together found,
Cæcilia's mingled World of Sound—
 O bid our vain Endeavors cease,
 Revive the just Designs of *Greece*,
 Return in all thy simple State!
 Confirm the Tales Her Sons relate!

A Song from Shakespear's *Cymbeline*
 Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele,
 Supposed to be Dead¹

To FAIR Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid

¹ Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1749 Text of Dodslev's *Collection of Poems*, Vol. IV, 1755

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell
 Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

20

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead

An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, Considered as the Subject of Poetry¹

I

H—, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
 Have seen thee ling'ring, with a fond delay,
 Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
 Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song
 Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth,
 Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
 Together let us wish him lasting truth,
 And joy untainted with his destin'd bride
 Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
 My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
 But think far off how, on the southern coast,
 I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
 Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, whose ev'ry vale
 Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
 To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail,
 Thou need'st but take the pencil to thy hand,
 And paint what all believe who own thy genial land.

5

10

15

II

THERE must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill,
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet,
 Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet
 Beneath each birken shade on mead or hill
 There each trim lass that skims the milky store
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots,

20

¹ Written about 1749. Published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, 1788. Text of first edition.

By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
 While airy minstrels waible jocund notes 25
 There every herd, by sad experience, knows
 How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
 When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie
 Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain 30
 Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect,
 Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain,
 These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
 That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
 And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain 35

III.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
 Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
 Taught by the father to his list'ning son
 Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a SPENCER's ear 40
 At ev'ry pause, before thy mind possest,
 Old RUNIC bards shall seem to rise around,
 With uncouth lyres, in many-coloured vest,
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd
 Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat 45
 The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,
 When ev'ry shrieking maid her bosom beat,
 And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave,
 Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,
 Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms, 50
 When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
 The sturdy clans pour'd forth their bony swarms,
 And hostile brothers met to prove each other's arms

IV

'Tis thine to sing, how framing hideous spells
 In SKY's lone isle the gifted wizzard seer, 55
 Lodged in the wintry cave with ———,
 Or in the depth of UIR's dark forests dwells
 How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
 With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
 When o'er the wat'ry strath or quaggy moss
 They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop 60
 Or if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their ——— glance some fated youth descry,
 Who, now perhaps in lusty vigour seen
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die 65
 For them the viewless forms of air obey,

Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And heartless, oft like moody madness stare
 To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

[Twenty-five lines lost]

VI

What though far off, from some dark dell espied 85
 His glimm'ring mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
 Yet turn, ye wand'ers, turn your steps aside,
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light,
 For watchful, lurking 'mid th' unrustling reed, 100
 At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
 And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
 And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
 If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise

VII

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed! 105
 Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
 Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet then!
 To that sad spot —————
 On him enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
 Shall never look with pity's kind concern, 110
 But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
 O'er its drown'd bank, forbidding all return.
 Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape
 To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
 To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape, 115
 In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear
 Meantime, the wat'ry surge shall around him rise,
 Pour'd sudden forth from ev'ry swelling source
 What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
 And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse 120

VIII

For him, in vain, his anxious wife shall wait,
 Or wander forth to meet him on his way,
 For him, in vain, at to-fall of the day,
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate
 Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night 125
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,

With dropping willows drest, his mournful sprite
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep
 Then he, perhaps, with moist and wat'ry hand,
 Shall fondly seem to press her shudd'ring cheek, 130
 And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
 And, shiv'ring cold, these piteous accents speak
 Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before,
 Nor e'er of me one hapless thought renew, 135
 While I lie welt'ring on the ozier'd shore,
 Drown'd by the KÆLPIE's wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!

IX

UNBOUNDED is thy range, with varied stile
 Thy muse may, like those feath'ry tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing 140
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
 To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthiows,
 And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground! 145
 Or thither where beneath the show'ry west
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade 150
 Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sov'reign pow'r
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold

X

BUT O! o'er all, forget not KILDA's race, 155
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides
 Go, just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain, 160
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main
 With sparing temp'rance, at the needful time,
 They drain the sainted spring, or, hunger-prest,
 Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb, 165
 And of its eggs despoil the Solan's nest
 Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
 Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare

Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare,
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

170

XI.

Nor need'st thou blush, that such false themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores posscest,
 For not alone they touch the village breast,
 But fill'd in elder time th' historic page
 There SHAKESPEARE's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters found,
 And with their terrors drest the magic scene
 From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
 Before the Scot afflicted and aghast,
 The shadowy kings of BANQUO's fated line
 Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past
 Proceed, nor quit the tales which, simply told,
 Could once so well my answ'ring bosom pierce,
 Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold
 The native legends of thy land rehearse,
 To such adapt thy lyre and suit thy powerful verse

175

180

185

XII

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
 From sober truth, are still to nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,
 Th' heroic muse employ'd her TASSO's art!
 How have I trembled, when at TANCRED's stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd,
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
 And the wild blast up-heav'd the vanish'd sword!
 How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
 To hear his harp, by British FAIRFAX string'd.
 Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
 Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
 Hence at each sound imagination glows,
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows,
 Melting it flows, pure, num'rous, strong and clear,
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear

190

195

200

XIII

ALL hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail,
 Ye ——— friths and lakes which, far away,
 Are by smooth ANNAN fill'd, or past'ral TAY,
 O! Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!

205

The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
 Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom,
 Or o'er your stretching heaths by fancy led 210
 Then will I dress once more the faded bow'r,
 Where JOHNSON sat in DRUMMOND'S — shade,
 Or crop from TIVIOT'S dale each —,
 And mourn on YARROW'S banks —
 Meantime, ye Pow'rs, that on the plains which bore 215
 The cordial youth, on LOTHIAN'S plains attend,
 Where'er he dwell, on hill, or lowly muir,
 To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
 And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend

JOSEPH WARTON

(1722-1739-1800)

The Enthusiast: or, The Lover of Nature¹

YE green-rob'd *Dryads*, oft' at dusky Eve
 By wondering Shepherds seen, to Forests brown,
 To unfrequented Meads, and pathless Wilds,
 Lead me from Gardens deckt with Art's vain Poms
 Can gilt Alcoves, can Marble-mimic Gods, 5
 Parterres embroider'd, Obelisks, and Urns
 Of high Relief, can the long, spreading Lake,
 Or Vista lessening to the Sight, can *Stow*
 With all her *Attic* Fanes, such Raptures raise, 10
 As the Thrush-haunted Copse, where lightly leaps
 The fearful Fawn the rustling Leaves along,
 And the brisk Squirrel sports from Bough to Bough,
 While from an hollow Oak the busy Bees
 Hum drowsy Lullabies? The Bards of old,
 Fair Nature's Friends, sought such Retreats, to charm 15
 Sweet *Echo* with their Songs, oft' too they met,
 In Summer Evenings, near sequester'd Bow'rs,
 Or Mountain-Nymph, or Muse, and eager learnt
 The moral Strains she taught to mend Mankind
 As to a secret Grot *Ægeria* stole 20
 With Patriot *Numa*, and in silent Night
 Whisper'd him sacred Laws, he list'ning sat
 Rapt with her virtuous Voice, old *Tyber* leant

¹ Published in 1744 Text of first edition

Attentive on his Uin, and husht his Waves
 Rich in her weeping Country's Spoils *Versailles* 25
 May boast a thousand Fountains, that can cast
 The tortur'd Waters to the distant Heav'ns,
 Yet let me choose some Pine-topt Precipice
 Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy Stream,
 Like *Anno*, tumbling roars, or some bleak Heath, 30
 Where straggling stand the mournful Juniper,
 Or Yew-tree scath'd, while in clear Prospect round,
 From the Grove's Bosom Spires emerge, and Smoak
 In bluish Wreaths ascends, ripe Harvests wave,
 Herds low, and Straw-rooft Cott's appear, and Streams 35
 Beneath the Sun-beams twinkle—The shrill Lark,
 That wakes the Wood-man to his early Task,
 Or love-sick *Phylomel*, whose luscious Lays
 Sooth lone Night-wanderers, the moaning Dove
 Pitied by listening Milkmaid, far excell 40
 The deep-mouth'd Viol, the Soul-lulling Lute,
 And Battle-breathing Trumpet Artful Sounds!
 That please not like the Choristers of Air,
 When first they hail th' Approach of laughing *May*
 Creative *Titian*, can thy vivid Strokes, 45
 Or thine, O graceful *Raphael*, dare to vie
 With the rich Tints that paint the breathing Mead?
 The thousand-colour'd Tulip, Violet's Bell
 Snow-clad and meek, the Vermil-tinctur'd Rose,
 And golden Crocus?—Yet with these the Maid, 50
Phyllis or *Phæbe*, at a Feast or Wake,
 Her jetty Locks enamels, fairer she,
 In Innocence and home-spun Vestments drest,
 Than if cœrulean Sapphires at her Ears
 Shone pendant, or a precious Diamond-Cross 55
 Heav'd gently on her panting Bosom white
 Yon' Shepherd idly stretcht on the rude Rock,
 Listening to dashing Waves, the Sea-Mews Clang
 High-hovering o'er his Head, who views beneath
 The Dolphin dancing o'er the level Brine, 60
 Feels more true Bliss than the proud Ammiral,
 Amid his Vessels bright with burnish'd Gold
 And silken Streamers, tho' his lordly Nod
 Ten thousand War-worn Mariners revere
 And great *Æneas* gaz'd with more Delight 65
 On the rough Mountain shagg'd with horrid Shades,
 (Where Cloud-compelling *Jove*, as Fancy dream'd,
 Descending shook his direful *Ægis* black)
 Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
 On golden Columns rear'd, a conquer'd World 70
 Contributing to deck its stately Head

More pleas'd he slept in poor *Evander's* Cott
 On shaggy *Skins*, lull'd by sweet *Nightingales*,
 Than if a *Neio*, in an Age refin'd,
 Beneath a gorgeous Canopy had plac'd 75
 His royal Guest, and bade his Minstrels sound
 Soft slumb'rous *Lydian* *Airs* to sooth his Rest

Happy the first of Men, ere yet confin'd
 To smoaky Cities, who in sheltering Groves,
 Warm Caves, and deep-sunk Vallies liv'd and lov'd, 80
 By Cares unwounded, what the Sun and Showers,
 And genial Earth untillag'd could produce,
 They gather'd grateful, or the Acorn brown,
 Or blushing Berry, by the liquid Lapse
 Of murm'ring Waters call'd to slake their Thirst, 85
 Or with fair Nymphs their Sun-brown Limbs to bathe,
 With Nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite Youths,
 Unaw'd by Shame, beneath the Beechen Shade,
 Nor Wiles, nor artificial Coyness knew
 Then Doors and Walls were not, the melting Maid 90
 Nor Frowns of Parents fear'd, nor Husband's Threats,
 Nor had curs'd Gold their tender Hearts allur'd,
 Then Beauty was not venal Injur'd Love,
 O whither, God of Raptures, art thou fled? 95
 While Avarice waves his golden Wand around,
 Abhorr'd Magician, and his costly Cup
 Prepares with baneful Drugs, t'enchant the Souls
 Of each low-thoughted Fair to wed for Gain

What tho' unknown to those primæval Sires,
 The well-arch'd Dome, peopled with breathing Forms 100
 By fair *Italia's* skilful Hand, unknown
 The shapely Column, and the crumbling Busts
 Of awful Ancestors in long Descent?
 Yet why should Man mistaken deem it nobler
 To dwell in Palaces, and high-rooft Halls, 105
 Than in God's Forests, Architect supreme!
 Say, is the *Persian* Carpet, than the Field's
 Or Meadow's Mantle gay, more richly wov'n,
 Or softer to the Votaries of Ease,
 Than bladed Grass, perfum'd with dew-dropt Flow'rs? 110
 O Taste corrupt! that Luxury and Pomp
 In specious Names of *polish'd Manners* veil'd,
 Should proudly banish Nature's simple Charms
 Tho' the fierce North oft smote with Iron Whip
 Their shiv'ring Limbs, tho' oft the bristly Boar 115
 Or hungry Lion 'woke them with their Howls,
 And scar'd them from their Moss-grown Caves to rove,

Houseless and cold in dark, tempestuous Nights;
 Yet were not Myriads in embattled Fields
 Swept off at once, nor had the raving Seas 120
 O'erwhelm'd the foundering Bark, and helpless Crew,
 In vain the glassy Ocean smil'd to tempt
 The jolly Sailor, unsuspecting Harm,
 For Commerce was unknown. *Then* Want and Pine
 Sunk to the Grave their fainting Limbs, but *Us* 125
 Excess and endless Riot doom to die
 They cropt the poisonous Herb unweetingly,
 But wiser we spontaneously provide
 Rare powerful Roots, to quench Life's chearful Lamp
 What are the Lays of artful *Addison*, 130
 Coldly correct, to *Shakespear's* Warblings wild ?
 Whom on the winding *Avon's* willow'd Banks
 Fan Fancy found, and bore the smiling Babe
 To a close Cavern (still the Shepherds shew
 The sacred Place, whence with religious Ave 135
 They hear, returning from the Field at Eve,
 Strange Whisperings of sweet Music thro' the Air)
 Here, as with Honey gather'd from the Rock,
 She fed the little Prattler, and with Songs
 Oft' sooth'd his wondering Ears, with deep Delight 140
 On her soft Lap he sat, and caught the Sounds.
 Oft' near some crowded City would I walk,
 Listening the far-off Noises, rattling Carrs.
 Loud Shouts of Joy, sad Shrieks of Sorrow, Knells
 Full slowly tolling, Instruments of Trade, 145
 Striking mine Ears with one deep-swelling Hum
 Or wandering near the Sea, attend the Sounds
 Of hollow Winds, and ever-beating Waves
 Ev'n when wild Tempests swallow up the Plains,
 And *Boreas'* Blasts, big Hail, and Rains combine 150
 To shake the Groves and Mountains, would I sit,
 Pensively musing on th' outrageous Crimes
 That wake Heav'n's Vengeance at such solemn Hours,
 Dæmons and Goblins thro' the dark Air shriek,
 While *Hecat* with her black-brow'd Sisters nine, 155
 Rides o'er the Earth, and scatters Woes and Deaths
 Then too, they say, in drear *Ægyptian* Wilds
 The Lion and the Tiger prowl for Prey
 With Roarings loud! the list'ning Traveller
 Starts Fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing Vaults 160
 Of Pyramids encrease the deathful Sounds.
 But let me never fail in cloudless Nights,
 When silent *Cynthia* in her silver Car

Thro' the blue Concave slides, when shine the Hills,
 Twinkle the Streams, and Woods look upt with Gold, 165
 To seek some level Mead, and there invoke
 Old Midnight's Sister Contemplation sage,
 (Queen of the rugged Brow, and stern-fixt Eye)
 To lift my Soul above this little Earth,
 This Folly-fetter'd World, to purge my Ears, 170
 That I may hear the rolling Planets Song,
 And tuneful-turning Spheres If this debarr'd,
 The little *Fayes* that dance in neighbouring Dales,
 Sipping the Night-dew, while they laugh and love,
 Shall charm me with aerial Notes—As thus 175
 I wander musing, lo, what awful Forms
 Yonder appear! sharp-ey'd *Philosophy*
 Clad in dun Robes, an Eagle on his Wrist,
 First meets my Eye; next, Virgin *Solitude*
 Serene, who blushes at each Gazer's Sight, 180
 Then *Wisdom's* hoary Head, with Crutch in Hand,
 Trembling, and bent with Age, last *Virtue's* self
 Smiling, in White array'd, who with her leads
 Fair *Innocence*, that prattles by her Side,
 A naked Boy!—Harrass'd with Fear I stop, 185
 I gaze, when *Virtue* thus—'Whoe'er thou art,
 'Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld,
 'In these my Midnight-Walks, depart, and say
 'That henceforth I and my immortal Train
 'Forsake *Britannia's* Isle, who fondly stoops 190
 'To Vice, her favourite Paramour'—She spoke,
 And as she turn'd, her round and rosy Neck,
 Her flowing Train, and long, ambrosial Hair,
 Breathing rich Odours, I enamour'd view
 O who will bear me then to Western Climes, 195
 (Since *Virtue* leaves our wretched Land) to Shades
 Yet unpolluted with *Iberian* Swords,
 With simple *Indian* Swains, that I may hunt
 The Boar and Tiger thro' *Savannah's* wild?
 There fed on Dates and Herbs, would I despise 200
 The far-fetch'd Cates of Luxury, and Hoards
 Of narrow-hearted Avarice, nor heed
 The distant Din of the tumultuous World
 So when rude Whirlwinds rouse the roaring Main,
 Beneath fair *Thetis* sits, in coral Caves, 205
 Serenely gay, nor sinking Sailors Cries
 Disturb her sportive Nymphs, who round her form
 The light fantastic Dance, or for her Hair
 Weave rosy Crowns, or with according Lutes
 Grace the soft Warbles of her honied Voice 210

Ode I. To Fancy¹

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine, 5
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O Nymph, with loosely-flowing hair, 10
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand, 15
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 'Midst cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast, various landscape lies 20
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes,
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water you reside, 25
 'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd, 30
 Nor ev'n one straw-rooft cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne,
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell, 35
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs,
 Some nightingale still builds her nest, 40
 Each evening warbling thee to rest,
 Then lay me by the haunted stream
 Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove

¹ Published in *Odes on Various Subjects*, 1746 Text of first edition

With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove,
Till suddenly awoke, I hear 45
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead, 50
Where Joy and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
And VENUS keeps her festive court,
Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads, 55
Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads,
Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song
Or sometimes in thy fiery car 60
Transport me to the rage of war,
There whirl me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign,
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead, 65
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!
Then guide me from this horrid scene 70
To high-archt walks and alleys green,
Where lovely LAURA walks, to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun,
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou can'st place me near my love,
Can'st fold in visionary bliss, 75
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws 80
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale,
To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks, 85
When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear
O waim, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid, 90
That breathes an energy divine,

That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string, 95
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er your darling's grave; 100
 O queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
 Who with some new, unequall'd song, 105
 May rise above the rhyming throng,
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love 110
 O deign t'attend his evening walk.
 With him in groves and grottos talk,
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart,
 Like light'ning, let his mighty verse 115
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold critic's studied laws.
 O let each Muse's fame encrease,
 O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE! 120

JAMES HAMMOND

(1710-1740-1742)

Love Elegies Written in the Year 1732¹*Elegy VII*

*On Delia's being in the Country where he supposes she stays
to see the Harvest*

Now DELIA breathes in Woods the fragrant Air,
 Dull are the Hearts that still in Town remain,

¹ Published in 1743 Text of Dublin edition, 1747

VENUS her self attends on DELIA there,
And CUPID sports amid the sylvan Train.

Oh with what Joy, my DELIA to behold, 5
I'd press the Spade, or wield the weighty Prong,
Guide the slow Plough-share thro' the stubborn Mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring Ox along!

The scorching Heats I'd carelessly despise, 10
Nor heed the Blisters on my tender Hand,
The great APOLLO wore the same Disguise,
Like me subdu'd to Love's supreme Command

No healing Herbs cou'd sooth their Master's Pain, 15
The Art of Physick lost and useless lay,
To *Peneus*' Stream, and *Tempe*'s shady Plain,
He drove his Herds beneath the Noon-tide Ray

Oft with a bleating Lamb in either Arm, 20
His blushing Sister saw him pace along,
Oft wou'd his Voice the silent Vally charm,
Till lowing Oxen broke the tender Song

Where are his Triumphs? where his warlike Toil?
Where by his Darts the crested PYTHON slain?
Where are his *Delphi*? his delightful Isle?
The God himself is grown a cottage Swain

O CERES, in your golden Fields no more, 25
With Harvest's chearful Pomp my Fair detain,—
Think what for lost PROSERPINA you bore,
And in a Mother's Anguish feel my Pain

Our Wiser Fathers left their Fields unsown, 30
Then Food was Acorns, Love their sole Imploy,
They met, they lik'd, they stay'd but till alone,
And in each Valley snatch'd the honest Joy

No wakeful Guard, no Doors to stop Desire, 35
Thrice happy Times!—but Oh I fondly rave,
Lead me to DELIA, all her Eyes inspire
I'll do,—I'll plough or dig as DELIA's Slave

Elegy XII

To Delia

No second Love shall e'er my Heart surprize,
This solemn League did first our Passion bind

Thou, only thou, canst please thy Lover's Eyes,
Thy Voice alone can sooth his troubled Mind

Oh that thy Charms were only fair to me,
Displease all Others, and secure my Rest,
No need of Envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that Others know me blest

5

With thee in gloomy Deserts let me dwell,
Where never human Footstep mark'd the Ground,
Thou, Light of Life, all Darkness canst expel,
And seem a World with Solitude around

10

I say too much—my heedless Words restore,
My Tongue undoes me in this loving Hour,
Thou know'st thy Strength, and thence insulting more,
Will make me feel the Weight of all thy Power

15

Whate'er I feel, thy Slave I will remain,
Nor fly the Burthen I am form'd to bear,
In Chains I'll sit me down at VENUS' Fane,
She knows my Wrongs, and will regard my Pray'r.

20

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1742-1771)

Ode on the Spring¹

Lo! WHERE the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring.
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling

5

10

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,

¹ Written in June, 1742. Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1748. Text of *Poems*, 1768.

Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's lushy brink 15
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the aidour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great! 20

Still is the toiling hand of Care
 The panting herds repose
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing, 25
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun 30

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began
 Alike the Busy and the Gay 35
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours drest
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest 40

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!
 Thy Joys no glittering female meets, 45
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone——
 We frolick, while 'tis May 50

Sonnet on the Death of Mr. Richard West¹

IN VAIN to me the smiling Mornings shine,
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
 Or chearful fields resume their green attire
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire
 Yet Morning smiles the busy race to chear,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear
 To warm their little loves the birds complain
 I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain

5

10

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College²

YE DISTANT spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her HENRY'S³ holy Shade,
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way

5

10

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring

15

20

¹ Written in August, 1742 Published in *Poems*, ed Mason, 1775 Text of first edition

² Written in August, 1742 Published in 1747 Text of *Poems*, 1768
 King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty
 Some bold adventurers disdain 35
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd,
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue, 45
 Wild wit, invention ever-new,
 And lively chear of vigour born,
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn 50

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day
 Yet see how all around 'em wait 55
 The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vulturs of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind,

Or pineing Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart

65

70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy
 The stings of Falshood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow,
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd.
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe

75

80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age

85

90

To each his suff'rings all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies
 Thought would destroy their paradise
 No more, where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise

95

100

Hymn to Adversity¹

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentless Power,
 Thou Tamer of the human breast,

¹ Written in August, 1742. Published in *Six Poems*, 1753. Text of *Poems*, 1768

Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
 The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
 Bound in thy adamant chain
 The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple Tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

5

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
 And bad to form her infant mind
 Stern rugged Nourse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe

10

15

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe,
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed

20

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend
 Warm Charity, the gen'ial Friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear

25

30

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funereal cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty

35

40

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic Train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart,

The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.

Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes¹

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers, that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gazed on the lake below

5

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd,
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw, and purr'd applause

10

Still had she gaz'd, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam

15

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw
 A whisker first and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What Cat's averse to fish?

20

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent

Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in

25

30

¹ Written in 1747 Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1748 Text of *Poems*, 1768

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to ev'ry watry God,
 Some speedy aid to send
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd.
 Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
 A Fav'rite has no friend¹

35

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all, that glisters, gold

40

The Alliance of Education and Government¹

Πόταγ', ὦ 'γαθέ, τὰν γὰρ αἰοιδᾶν
 Οὔτι πω εἰς 'Αἶδαν γε τὸν ἐκκλεαθόντα φηλαξεῖς

THEOCRITUS

As sickly Plants betray a niggard earth,
 Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
 Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
 Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins
 And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
 The soil, tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,
 Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
 Nor trust her blossoms to the churlish skies
 So draw Mankind in vain the vital airs,
 Uniform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
 That health and vigour to the soul impart,
 Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart
 So fond Instruction on the growing powers
 Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
 If equal justice with unclouded face
 Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
 And scatter with a free, tho' frugal, hand
 Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land
 But tyranny has fix'd her empire there
 To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
 And blast the blooming promise of the year
 This spacious animated scene survey,
 From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
 His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
 To either pole, and life's remotest bounds

5

10

15

20

25

¹ Written, cir 1748 Published in *Poems*, ed Mason, 1775 Text of first edition

How rude soe'er th' exteriour form we find,
 Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
 Alike, to all the kind, impartial heav'n
 The sparks of truth and happiness has given.
 With sense to feel, with mem'ry to retain, 30
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain,
 Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
 Th' event presages, and explores the cause,
 The soft returns of gratitude they know,
 By fraud elude, by force repell the foe, 35
 While mutual wishes, mutual woes, endear
 The social smile and sympathetic tear
 Say then, thro' ages by what fate confined
 'To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
 Here measured laws and philosophic ease 40
 Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace
 There industry and gain their vigils keep,
 Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep
 Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail, 45
 There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
 Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
 Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war,
 And, where the deluge buist, with sweepy sway
 Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away. 50
 As oft have issued, host impelling host,
 The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast
 The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields
 Her boasted titles and her golden fields
 With grim delight the Brood of winter view 55
 A brighter day, and Heav'n's of azure hue,
 Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
 And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
 Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod, 60
 While European freedom still withstands
 Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her less'ning lands,
 And sees far off with an indignant groan
 Her native plains, and Empires once her own
 Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
 O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame, 65
 As lamps, that shed at eve a chearful ray,
 Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
 Need we the influence of the Northern star
 To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
 And, where the face of nature laughs around, 70
 Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
 Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul,

What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
 Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
 By reason's light, on resolution's wings, 75
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
 O'er Libya's deserts and thro' Zembla's snows?
 She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
 Another touch, another temper take,
 Suspends th' inferior laws, that rule our clay 80
 The stubborn elements confess her sway,
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine
 Not but the human fabric from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth 85
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil
 An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain
 For where unwearied sinews must be found 90
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
 To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
 What wonder, if to patient valour train'd
 They guard with spirit, what by strength they gain'd? 95
 And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
 The rough abode of want and liberty,
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread, 100
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Ægypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
 The dusky people drive before the gale, 105
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * *

Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard¹

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me

¹ Finished in June, 1750. Published in 1751. Text of *Poems*, 1768

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r 10
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade, 15
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, 20
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, 30
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page 50
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood 60

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad nor circumscrib'd alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh 80

Then name, then years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

85

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

90

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

95

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 'Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

100

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 'That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 'His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 'And pore upon the brook that babbles by

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 'Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

105

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree,
 'Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

110

'The next with dugs due in sad array
 'Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born
 'Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 'Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'

115

The Epitaph

*HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown*

*Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own* 120

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his faults from then dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God* 125

Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude¹

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy Spring
Till April starts, and calls around 5
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet, 10
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance
The birds his presence greet
But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy,
And, lessening from the dazzled sight, 15
Melts into air and liquid light

Rise, my Soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous Choir among,
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the Lyre,
And leads the general song 20

* * * * *

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly,
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by
Their raptures now that wildly flow, 25

¹ Written, 1753-54. Published in *Poems*, ed. Mason, 1775. Text of first edition

No yesterday, nor morrow know;
 'Tis Man alone that joy describes
 With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
 Soft Reflection's hand can trace, 30
 And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace,
 While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lower 35
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
 See a kindred Grief pursue,
 Behind the steps that Misery treads,
 Approaching Comfort view 40
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
 Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe,
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life

See the Wretch, that long hast tost 45
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe, and walk again
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale, 50
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To Him are opening Paradise

Humble Quiet builds her cell,
 Near the source whence Pleasure flows,
 She eyes the clear chrystalline well, 55
 And tastes it as it goes

* * * * *

The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode¹

I I

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

¹ Written in 1754 Published in 1757 Text of *Poems*, 1768

A thousand rills their mazy progress take
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow, 5
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow
 Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign
 Now rowling down the steep amain, 10
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour
 The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar

I 2

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares, 15
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command
 Perching on the scept'red hand 20
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye

I 3

Thee the voice, the dance, obey, 25
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures, 30
 Frisking light in frolic measures,
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet 35
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move 40
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II 1.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,

Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war

II 2

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame

II 3

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'rincths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast

III 1

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy,
 Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears

III 2

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time
 The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace

III 3

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts, that breath, and words, that burn.
 But ah! 'tis heard no more——
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unboriow'd of the Sun
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great

The Bard. A Pindaric Ode¹

I I

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 'Confusion on thy banners wait,
 'Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
 'They mock the air with idle state
 'Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail, 5
 'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance

I 2

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood,
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) 20
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre
 'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave, 25
 'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breath,
 'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I 3

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 'That hush'd the stormy main 30
 'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed
 'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 'Modred, whose magic song
 'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head
 'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, 35
 'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale

¹ Written between 1754 and 1757. Published in 1757. *Text of Poems*, 1768

'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
 'The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by
 'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
 'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 'No more I weep They do not sleep
 'On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 'I see them sit, they linger yet, 45
 'Avengers of their native land
 'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line'

II 1

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 "The winding-sheet of Edward's race 50
 "Give ample room, and verge enough
 "The characters of hell to trace
 "Mark the year, and mark the night,
 "When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 "The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring, 55
 "Shrieks of an agonizing King¹²
 "She-Wolf of France,³ with unrelenting fangs,
 "That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 "From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 "The scourge of Heav'n⁴ What Terrors round him wait! 60
 "Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 "And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind

II 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 "Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 "No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
 "A tear to grace his obsequies
 "Is the sable Warriour fled?⁵
 "Thy son is gone He rests among the Dead
 "The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
 "Gone to salute the rising Morn 70
 "Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 "While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 "In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes,
 "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,

² Edward II, who was murdered in Berkeley Castle

³ "Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen"—Gray's note

⁴ Edward III

⁵ Edward the Black Prince

"Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 "That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.⁶

75

II 3

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 "The rich repast prepare,
 "Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 "Close by the regal chair
 "Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 "A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest
 "Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 "Lance to lance, and horse to horse?⁷
 "Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
 "And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way
 "Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 "With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 "Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,⁸
 "And spare the meek Usurper's holy head"⁹
 "Above, below, the rose of snow,
 "Twined with her blushing foe, we spread
 "The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 "Wallows beneath the thorny shade¹⁰
 "Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
 "Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

80

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III 1

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 "(Weave we the woof The thread is spun)
 "Half of thy heart we consecrate
 "(The web is wove The work is done)"
 "Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 "Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn
 "In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 "They melt, they vanish from my eyes
 "But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 "Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?¹¹
 "Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 "Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
 "No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail
 "All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail!¹¹

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⁶ "Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign"—Gray's note

⁷ The Wars of the Roses

⁸ Henry V

⁹ Henry VI

¹⁰ Richard III

¹¹ The house of Tudor

III 2

'Girt with many a Baron bold
 'Sublime their starr'd fronts they rear,
 'And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 'In bearded majesty, appear
 'In the midst a Form divine¹ 115
 'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line,
 'Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
 'Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace¹²
 'What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 'What strains of vocal transport round her play¹ 120
 'Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,¹³ hear,
 'They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
 'Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 'Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings

III 3

'The verse adorn again 125
 'Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 'And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest
 'In buskin'd measures move
 'Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 'With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast¹⁴ 130
 'A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
 'Gales from blooming Eden bear,¹⁵
 'And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 'That lost in long futurity expire¹⁶
 'Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud, 135
 'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
 'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 'And warms the nations with redoubled ray
 'Enough for me With joy I see
 'The different doom our Fates assign 140
 'Be thine Despair, and scept'red Care,
 'To triumph, and to die, are mine'
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night

¹² Queen Elizabeth¹³ "Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth Century His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen"—Gray's note¹⁴ Shakespeare¹⁵ Milton¹⁶ "The succession of Poets after Milton's time"—Gray's note.

Sketch of his Own Character¹

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
 He had not the method of making a fortune
 Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd,
 No VERY GREAT WIT, HE BELIEV'D IN A GOD
 A Post or a Pension he did not desire, 6
 But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire

The Fatal Sisters. An Ode²

PREFACE

IN the Eleventh Century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat, but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a Native of *Caithness* in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song, which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North and as many to the South

Now the storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
 Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken'd air

Glitt'ring lances are the loom, 5
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane

See the griesly texture grow,
 ('Tis of human entrails made,) 10

¹ Written in 1761 Published in *Poems*, ed Mason, 1775 Text of first edition

² Written in 1761 Published in *Poems*, 1768 Text of first edition "The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain* They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale"—Gray's note

And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warriour's head

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along
Sword, that once a Monarch bore, 15
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda* see,
Join the wayward work to aid.
'Tis the woof of victory 20

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring

(Weave the crimson web of war) 25
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field 30
Gondula, and *Geira*, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare
Spite of danger he shall live 35
(Weave the crimson web of war)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain 40

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound
Fate demands a nobler head,
Soon a King shall bite the ground

Long his loss shall Eirin weep, 45
Ne'er again his likeness see,
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of Immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun
 Sisters, weave the web of death;
 Sisters, cease, the work is done

50

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of joy and triumph sing¹
 Joy to the victorious bands,
 Triumph to the younger King

55

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
 Learn the tenour of our song
 Scotland thro' each winding vale
 Far and wide the notes prolong

60

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed
 Each her thundering faulchion wield,
 Each bestride her sable steed
 Hurry, hurry to the field

The Descent of Odin An Ode¹

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
 And saddled strait his coal-black steed,
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to HELA's drear abode²
 Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs, that grin,
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The Father of the powerful spell
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise

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15

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate,
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid

¹ Written in 1761. Published in *Poems*, 1768. Text of first edition.

² "Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided HELA, the Goddess of Death."—Gray's note.

The dust of the prophetic Maid
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the runic rhyme,
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead,
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound

PR What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warriour's Son
Thou the deeds of light shalt know,
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed

PR Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold,
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold
Balder's head to death is giv'n
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose
Leave me, leave me to repose

O Once again my call obey
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* Child await,
Who the Author of his fate

PR In *Hoder's* hand the Heroe's doom
His Brother sends him to the tomb
Now my weary lips I close
Leave me, leave me to repose

O Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,

Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

PR In the caverns of the west,
By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest, 65
A wond'rous Boy shall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile 70
Flaming on the fun'ral pile
Now my weary lips I close
Leave me, leave me to repose

O Yet a while my call obey
Prophetess, awake, and say, 75
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air
Tell me, whence their sorrows rise. 80
Then I leave thee to repose

PR Ha' no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line——

O No boding Maid of skill divine 85
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But Mother of the giant-brood¹

PR Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again,
Till *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain³ 90
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right,
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world

³ "*Lok* is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds, the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear, the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies even *Odin* himself and his kindred-deities shall perish For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto"—Gray's note

The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment¹

ADVERTISEMENT

OWEN succeeded his Father GRIFFIN in the Principality of North-Wales,
A D 1120 This battle was fought near forty years afterwards

OWEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong,
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield,² and Britain's gem.
He not heaps his brooded stores, 5
Nor on all profusely pours,
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart

Big with hosts of mighty name, 10
Squadrons three against him came,
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin³ plows the watry way, 15
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war.
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-Son of Mona stands,⁴ 20
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din,
Talymalfra's rocky shore 25
Echoing to the battle's roar
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand Banners round him burn
Where he points his purple spear, 30
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,

¹ Written in 1764 Published in *Poems*, 1768 Text of first edition

² Gwyneth is North Wales

³ Denmark

⁴ "The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendents bore on their banners"—Gray's note

Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death

35

* * *

William Shakespeare to Mrs. Anne, Regular Servant
to the Rev. Mr. Precentor of York¹

A MOMENT'S patience, gentle Mistris Anne,
(But stint your clack for sweet St Charitie)
'Tis Willey begs, once a right proper man,
Though now a book, and interleaved you see
Much have I borne from canker'd critic's spite, 5
From fumbling baronets, and poets small,
Pert barristers, and parsons nothing bright
But what awaits me now is worst of all
'Tis true, our master's temper natural 10
Was fashion'd fair in meek and dove-like guise,
But may not honey's self be turned to gall
By residence, by marriage, and sore eyes?
If then he wreak on me his wicked will,
Steal to his closet at the hour of prayer,
And (when thou hear'st the organ piping shrill) 15
Grease his best pen, and all he scribbles, tear
Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice,
Than thus be patch'd and cobbled in one's grave 20
So York shall taste what Clouet never knew,
So from our works sublimer fumes shall rise,
While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespeare due,
For glorious puddings and immortal pies

¹ Written in 1765. Published by Gosse in 1884. Text of *The Letters of Thomas Gray*, ed D C Tovey, London, 1912.

CHRISTOPHER SMART

(1722-1743-1771)

A Song to David¹

O THOU, that sit'st upon a throne,
 With harp of high majestic tone,
 To praise the King of kings,
 And voice of heav'n-ascending swell,
 Which, while its deeper notes excell,
 Clear, as a clarion, rings

To bless each valley, grove and coast,
 And charm the cherubs to the post
 Of gratitude in throngs,
 To keep the days on Zion's mount,
 And send the year to his account,
 With dances and with songs

O Servant of God's holiest charge,
 The minister of praise at large,
 Which thou may'st now receive,
 From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
 From topmost eminence appear
 To this the wreath I weave

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
 Sublime, contemplative, serene,
 Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
 Bright effluence of exceeding grace,
 Best man!—the swiftness and the race,
 The peril, and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
 From Samuel's horn and God's renown,
 Which is the people's voice,
 For all the host, from rear to van,
 Applauded and embrac'd the man—
 The man of God's own choice

Valiant—the word, and up he rose—
 The fight—he triumph'd o'er the foes,
 Whom God's just laws abhor,

¹ Published in 1763 Text of first edition

And arm'd in gallant faith he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war 35

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple plan'd
(The seraph in his soul)
Foremost to give his Lord his dues, 40
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature good in grain,
His aspect and his heart, 45
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself innuie
To fasting and to fear— 50
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance compleat,
To play the sword and spear

Sublime—invention ever young, 55
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue,
To God th' eternal theme,
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrival'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme 60

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The sabbath-day he blest,
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest prun'd, 65
And heavenly melancholy tun'd,
To bless and bear the rest

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Rememb'ring, when he watch'd the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron pul'd—
To further knowledge, silence vice, 70
And plant perpetual paradise
When God had calm'd the world

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night, 75

And hell, and horror, and despair
 Were as the lion and the bear
 To his undaunted might

Constant—in love to God THE TRUTH,
 Age, manhood, infancy, and youth— 80
 To Jonathan his friend
 Constant, beyond the verge of death,
 And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
 His endless fame attend

Pleasant—and various as the year, 85
 Man, soul, and angel, without peer,
 Priest, champion, sage and boy,
 In armour, or in ephod clad,
 His pomp, his piety was glad,
 Majestic was his joy. 90

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
 Whence rose his eminence o'er all
 Of all the most revil'd,
 The light of Israel in his ways,
 Wise are his precepts, prayer and praise, 95
 And counsel to his child

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
 Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
 For all the pangs that rage,
 Blest light, still gaining on the gloom, 100
 The more than Michael of his bloom,
 Th' Abishag of his age

He sung of God—the mighty source
 Of all things—the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends, 105
 From whose right aim, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, pow'r, and enterprize
 Commences, reigns, and ends

Angels—their ministry and meed,
 Which to and fro with blessings speed, 110
 Or with their cisterns wait,
 Where Michael with his millions bows,
 Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
 The cherub and her mate

Of man—the semblance and effect 115
 Of God and Love—the Saint elect
 For infinite applause—

To rule the land, and briny broad,
 To be laborious in his laud,
 And heroes in his cause 120

The world—the clustring spheres he made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill,
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss, 125
 And wisdom hides her skill

Trees, plants, and flow'rs—of virtuous root,
 Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
 Choice gums and precious balm,
 Bless ye the nosegay in the vale, 130
 And with the sweetners of the gale
 Enrich the thankful psalm

Of fowl—e'en ev'ry beak and wing
 Which chear the winter, hail the spring,
 That live in peace or prey, 135
 They that make music, or that mock,
 The quail, the brave domestic cock,
 The raven, swan, and jay

Of fishes—ev'ry size and shape,
 Which nature frames of light escape, 140
 Devouring man to shun
 The shells are in the wealthy deep,
 The shoals upon the surface leap,
 And love the glancing sun

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task, 145
 While the sleek tygers roll and bask,
 Nor yet the shades arouse
 Her cave the mining coney scoops,
 Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
 The kids exult and brouse 150

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
 Which hid in earth from man's device,
 Their darts of lustre sheathe,
 The jasper of the master's stamp,
 The topaz blazing like a lamp 155
 Among the mines beneath

Blest was the tenderness he felt
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
And did for audience call,
When satan with his hand he quell'd, 160
And in serene suspence he held
The frantic throes of Saul

His furious foes no more malign'd
As he such melody divin'd,
And sense and soul detain'd, 165
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
Or in delight refrain'd

When up to heav'n his thoughts he pil'd,
From fervent lips fair Michael smil'd,
As blush to blush she stood, 170
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart, 'so brave,
'And plays his hymns so good'

The pillars of the Lord are seven, 175
Which stand from earth to topmost heav'n,
His wisdom drew the plan,
His WORD accomplish'd the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From CHRIST enthron'd to man 180

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
In station, fountain, whence the burst
Of light, and blaze of day,
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance, 185
Have motion, life, and ordinance,
And heav'n itself its stay

Gamma supports the glorious arch
On which angelic legions march,
And is with sapphires pav'd, 190
Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
And thence the painted folds, that lift
The crimson veil, are wav'd

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
With verdant carvings, flow'ry wreathes
Of never-wasting bloom, 195
In strong relief his goodly base
All instruments of labour grace,
The trowel, spade, and loom

- Next Theta stands to the Supreme—
 Who form'd, in number, sign, and scheme, 200
 Th' illustrious lights that are,
 And one address'd his saffron robe,
 And one, clad in a silver globe,
 Held rule with ev'ry star
- Iota's tun'd to choral hymns 205
 Of those that fly, while he that swims
 In thankful safety lurks,
 And foot, and chapitre, and niche,
 The various histories enrich
 Of God's recorded works 210
- Sigma presents the social droves,
 With him that solitary roves,
 And man of all the chief,
 Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
 Did God impress his hallow'd name, 215
 For ocular belief.
- OMEGA! GREATEST and the BEST,
 Stands sacred to the day of rest,
 For gratitude and thought,
 Which bless'd the world upon his pole, 220
 And gave the universe his goal,
 And clos'd th' infernal draught
- O DAVID, scholar of the Lord!
 Such is thy science, whence reward
 And infinite degree, 225
 O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
 God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
 The lion and the bee!
- There is but One who ne'er rebell'd,
 But One by passion unimpell'd, 230
 By pleasures unintice't,
 He from himself his semblance sent,
 Grand object of his own content,
 And saw the God in CHRIST
- Tell them I am, JEHOVA said 235
 To MOSES, while earth heard in dread,
 And smitten to the heart,
 At once above, beneath, around,
 All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, O Lord, THOU ART 240

Thou art—to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term,
All flesh thy bounties share
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool,
The porches of the Christian school 245
Aie meekness, peace, and pray'r

Open, and naked of offence,
Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense;
God arm'd the snail and wilk,
Be good to him that pulls thy plough, 250
Due food and care, due rest, allow
For her that yields thee milk

Rise up before the hoary head,
And God's benign commandment dread,
Which says thou shalt not die 255
'Not as I will, but as thou wilt,'
Pray'd He whose conscience knew no guilt;
With whose bless'd pattern vie

Use all thy passions!—love is thine,
And joy, and jealousy divine, 260
Thine hope's eternal fort,
And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
And rapture to transport

Act simply, as occasion asks 265
Put mellow wine in season'd casks,
Till not with ass and bull
Remember thy baptismal bond,
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
Nor work thy flax with wool 270

Distribute pay the Lord his tithe,
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe,
Resort with those that weep
As you from all and each expect, 275
For all and each thy love direct,
And render as you reap

The slander and its bearer spurn,
And propagating praise sojourn
To make thy welcome last,
Turn from old Adam to the New, 280
By hope futurity pursue,
Look upwards to the past

Controul thine eye, salute success,
 Honour the wise, happier bless,
 And for thy neighbour feel, 285
 Grutch not of mammon and his leaven,
 Work emulation up to heaven
 By knowledge and by zeal

O DAVID, highest in the list
 Of worthies, on God's ways insist, 290
 *The genuine word repeat
 Vain are the documents of men,
 And vain the flourish of the pen
 That keeps the fool's conceit.

PRAISE above all—for praise prevails, 295
 Heap up the measure, load the scales,
 And good to goodness add
 The gen'rous soul her Saviour aids,
 But peevish obloquy degrades, 300
 The Lord is great and glad

For ADORATION all the ranks
 Of angels yield eternal thanks,
 And DAVID in the midst,
 With God's good poor, which, last and least
 In man's esteem, thou to thy feast, 305
 O blessed bride-groom, bidst

For ADORATION seasons change,
 And order, truth, and beauty range,
 Adjust, attract, and fill
 The grass the polyanthus cheques, 310
 And polish'd porphyry reflects,
 By the descending rill

Rich almonds colour to the prime
 For ADORATION, tendrils climb,
 And fruit-trees pledge their gems, 315
 And †Ivis with her gorgeous vest
 Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
 And bell-flowers bow their stems

With vinous syrups cedars spout,
 From rocks pure honey gushing out, 320
 For ADORATION springs
 All scenes of painting croud the map

* Ps 119

† Humming-bird

Of nature, to the mermaid's pap
The scaled infant clings

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs 325
Run rustling 'mongst the flow'ring shrubs,
And lizards feed the moss,
For ADORATION beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss 330

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The wean'd advent'rer sports,
Where to the palm the jasmín cleaves,
For ADORATION 'mongst the leaves 335
The gale his peace reports

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
Th' opposing spirits tilt,
And, by the coasting reader spied, 340
The silverlings and crusions glide
For ADORATION gilt

For ADORATION rip'ning canes
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff, 345
Where rain in clasping boughs inclos'd,
And vines with oranges dispos'd,
Embow'r the social laugh

Now labour his reward receives,
For ADORATION counts his sheaves 350
To peace, her bounteous prince,
The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince

The wealthy crops of whit'ning rice, 355
'Mongst thyme woods and groves of spice,
For ADORATION grow,
And, marshall'd in the fenced land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow 360

The laurels with the winter strive,
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth

For ADORATION mytles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from death 365

The pheasant shows his pompous neck,
And emine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence
The sable, with his glossy pride, 370
For ADORATION is descried,
Where frosts the wave condense.

The chearful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their tim renew,
The squirrel hoards his nuts 375
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For ADORATION shuts

For ADORATION, DAVID's psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms,
And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to controul,
Finds meat and med'cine to the soul,
Which for translation pants 380

For ADORATION, beyond match, 385
The scholar bulfinch aims to catch
The soft flute's iv'ry touch,
And, careless on the hazle spray,
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
The damsel's greedy clutch 390

For ADORATION, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
The Dog, the Ram, and Rose;
The planets ring, Orion's sword,
Nor is his greatness less ador'd 395
In the vile worm that glows

For ADORATION* on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to sooth —
Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small— 400
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth

* Folin harp

For ADORATION, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums,
And on the civet's furr 405
But as for prayer, or e're it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum and myrrh

For ADORATION from the down,
Of dam'sins to th' anana's crown, 410
God sends to tempt the taste,
And while the luscious zest invites,
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste

For ADORATION, all the paths 415
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh,
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh 420

For ADORATION, in the dome
Of Christ the sparrows find an home;
And on his olives perch
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility, 425
Within his Saviour's CHURCH

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes,
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air
Sweet is the lilly's silver bell, 430
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early pray'r

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence,
Sweet when the lost arrive 435
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flow'rs to hive

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle dove, 440
Pair'd to thy swelling chord,
Sweeter with ev'ry grace endu'd,
The glory of thy gratitude
Respir'd unto the Lord

Strong is the horse upon his speed, 445
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
 Strong thro' the turbulent profound
 Shoots *xiphias to his aim. 450

Strong is the lion—like a coal
 His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes
 Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail, 455
 Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes

But stronger still, in earth and air,
 And in the sea, the man of pray'¹,
 And far beneath the tide, 460
 And in the seat to faith assign'd,
 Where ask is have, where seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
 Rank'd arms and crested heads 465
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
 Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
 And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn, 470
 The virgin to her spouse
 Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,
 When to the heav'n of heav'ns they build
 Their heart-directed vows

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these, 475
 The shepherd king upon his knees,
 For his momentous trust,
 With wish of infinite conceit,
 For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust 480

Precious the bounteous widow's mite,
 And precious, for extream delight,
 †The largess from the churl
 Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,

* The sword fish

† Sam xxx 18

And *alba's blest imperial rays,
And pure cerulean pearl

485

Precious the penitential tear,
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God
And precious are the winning flow'rs
In gladsome Israel's feast of bow'is,
Bound on the hallow'd sod

490

More precious that diviner part
Of David, ev'n the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new
In all things where it was intent,
In all extreams, in each event,
Proof—answ'ring true to true

495

Glorious the sun in mid career,
Glorious th' assembled fires appear,
Glorious the comet's train
Glorious the trumpet and alarm,
Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptur'd main

500

Glorious the northern lights astream,
Glorious the song, when God's the theme
Glorious the thunder's roar
Glorious hosanna from the den,
Glorious the catholic amen,
Glorious the martyr's gore

505

510

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
By meekness, call'd thy Son,
Thou that stupendous truth believ'd,
And now the matchless deed's atchiev'd,
DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE

515

THOMAS EDWARDS

(1699-1744-1757)

Sonnet
On a Family Picture¹

WHEN pensive on that Portraiture I gaze,
 Where my four Brotheis round about me stand,
 And four fair Sisters smile with graces bland,
 The goodly monument of happier days,
 And think how soon insatiate Death, who preys
 On all, has cropp'd the rest with ruthless hand,
 While only I survive of all that band,
 Which one chaste bed did to my Father raise,
 It seems that like a Column left alone,
 The tottering remnant of some splendid Fane,
 Scape'd from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
 And wasting Time, which has the rest o'erthrown;
 Amidst our House's ruins I remain
 Single, unpropp'd, and nodding to my fall.

5

10

EDWARD MOORE

(1712-1744-1757)

Fables for the Ladies²

Fable V

The Poet and his Patron

WHY, Cælia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
 How ill that dress adorns your head,
 Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!

5

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume II, 1748 Text of first edition

² Published in *Poems, Fables, and Plays*, 1756 Text of first edition

Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
 A little water might displace,
 As nature every morn bestows
 The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose 10
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
 Destroy the face, which once they deck'd
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress? 15
 Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes
 Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
 No matter now how loose your dress is,
 The end is won, your fortune's made,
 Your sister now may take the trade 20
 Alas! what pity 'tis to find
 This fault in half the female kind!
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that sours the wedded life
 Beauty can only point the dart, 25
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart,
 Let neatness then, and beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive
 'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conquest, than subdue, 30
 Admit us once behind the screen,
 What is there farther to be seen?
 A newer face may raise the flame,
 But every woman is the same
 Then study chiefly to improve 35
 The charm, that fix'd your husband's love
 Weigh well his humour Was it dress,
 That gave your beauty power to bless?
 Pursue it still, be neater seen,
 'Tis always frugal to be clean, 40
 So shall you keep alive desire,
 And time's swift wing shall fan the fire

IN garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay,
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear 45
 Apollo, and the muses there
 Through all the town his praises sung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung,
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddess Want her pinions spread, 50
 And with poetic fury fir'd,
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd

A noble Youth, of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

55

Behold him at the stately board,
 Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!¹
 Each day deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek,
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddess flew

60

65

Now, dropt for politics, and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping muse,
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame,
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
 Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

70

With just contempt his Patron saw,
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
 And thus, with anger in his look,
 The late-repenting fool bespoke

75

Blind to the god that courts thee grown,
 Whence has the sun of favour shone?
 Delighted with thy tuneful art,
 Esteem was growing in my heart,
 But idly thou reject'st the charm,
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm

80

Unthinking fools, alone despise
 The arts, that taught them first to rise.

Song the Eighth¹

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide,
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
 They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no

At ev'ning oft-times with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
 My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no

5

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
 Again I cry, Jenny! sweet Jenny, again!

10

¹ Published in *Poems, Fables, and Plays*, 1756 Text of first edition

I kiss her soft lips, as if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I answer no, no

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so, 15
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me no, no?

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not Her heart, but would conquer my own
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no? 20

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, ah! why
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

Song the Ninth¹

You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too,
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune
All this has been told me by twenty before, 5
But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring 10
For charms such as these then, your praises give o'er,
To love me for life, you must love me for more

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay, 15
And brightens good-humour, as sunshine the day,
For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn, may be taught to love too

¹ Published in *Poems, Fables, and Plays*, 1756 Text of first edition

THOMAS WARTON, JR.

(1728-1745-1790)

The Pleasures of Melancholy¹

—*Praecepte lugubres*
Cantus, Melpomene!—

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
 Of Teneriff, 'mid the tempestuous night,
 On which, in calmest meditation held, 5
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
 And drifting hail descend, or if the skies
 Unclouded shine, and thro' the blue serene
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
 Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault 10
 Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
 Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear
 With hoarse and hollow sounds, secure, self-blest,
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
 Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low 15
 Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres¹
 O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
 Congenial with my soul, to cheerless shades,
 To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs, 20
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
 Her fav'rite midnight haunts The laughing scenes
 Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
 Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
 In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r 25
 Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm,
 Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
 Adieu green vales¹ ye broider'd meads, adieu¹
 Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
 Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve, 30
 Where thro' some western window the pale moon
 Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light,
 While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
 Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
 Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
 Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves 35
 Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green

¹ Written in 1745 Published in 1747 Text of *Works*, fifth edition, 1802

Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
 Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
 The cloyster'd brothers thro' the gloomy void
 That far extends beneath their ample arch 40
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
 'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare 45
 O'er the wan heaps, while airy voices talk
 Along the glimm'ring walls, or ghostly shape
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
 My lonesome steps, thro' the far-winding vaults.
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon 50
 Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
 I start lo, all is motionless around!
 Roars not the rushing wind, the sons of men
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie,
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep 55
 O then how fearful is it to reflect,
 That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,
 No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born, 60
 My senses lead thro' flow'ry paths of joy,
 But let the sacred Genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
 When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
 To the fell house of Busyrane, he led 65
 Th' unshaken Britomart, or Milton knew,
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
 All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
 Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold
 Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles, 70
 As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west,
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms
 Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,
 Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam 75
 The dying embers scatter, far remote
 From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumin'd roof
 Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge
 Then let my thought contemplative explore 80
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
 As thro' the wilderness of life we rove
 This sober hour of silence will unmask

False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells 85
 Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
 With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
 That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
 Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man 90
 Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
 Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
 From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride 95
 Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
 Can e'er afford Thus Eloise, whose mind
 Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
 More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
 Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead, 100
 Or thro' the pillar'd iles, amid pale shines
 Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
 Mus'd a veil'd votaress, than Flavia feels,
 As thro' the mazes of the festive ball,
 Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze, 105
 She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
 And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
 And the blest regent of the golden day
 Rejoices in his bright meridian tower, 110
 How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
 That best befriends the melancholy mind!
 Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!
 Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail!
 Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st 115
 Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
 Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
 What tho' beneath thy gloom the sorceress-train,
 Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
 With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless,
 Tho' Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade 120
 Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
 Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
 In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
 And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound
 What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft, 125
 As all benighted in Arabian wastes
 He hears the wilderness around him howl
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
 The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats,
 Yet more delightful to my pensive mind 130
 Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
 Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,

When from the portals of the saffron east
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews
 Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach, 135
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
 While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south,
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves 140
 Hail not the sullen gloom, the waving elms
 That, hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse 145
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs,
 While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
 A mournful train secure the village-hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm,
 Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough 150
 Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
 Of early hunter all is silence drear,
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things
 Thro' POPE's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page, 155
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
 As at the root of mossy trunk inclin'd,
 In magic SPENSER's wildly-warbled song
 I see deserted Una wander wide
 Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths, 160
 Weary, forlorn, than when the fated fair
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun
 The gay description palls upon the sense, 165
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss
 Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
 Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
 Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
 O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt 170
 To Melody's assuasive voice, to bend
 Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
 And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
 By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
 Oft interrupted, in embow'ring woods 175
 By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
 The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair
 And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
 The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye 180

Pierces no longer thro' th' extended rows
 Of thick-rang'd trees, till haply from the depth
 The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
 Or heifers rustling thro' the brake, alarms
 Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream 185
 These are delights that absence drear has made
 Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
 Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
 When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
 By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek 190
 Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
 Issues to clothe in gladsome-glist'ring green
 The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight.
 These are delights unknown to minds profane,
 And which alone the pensive soul can taste 195
 The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
 Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
 The many-sounding organ peals on high,
 The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,
 Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies, 200
 And lapp'd in Paradise Or let me sit
 Far in sequester'd iles of the deep dome,
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
 Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults,
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear 205
 Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
 And solitude returns, would I forsake
 The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
 The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
 Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound 210
 Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
 With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
 Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
 Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall
 Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes 215
 Her joys incestuous, and polluted love
 Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
 Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
 His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
 Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look 220
 Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
 Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
 By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
 From my swoln eyes, and at a brother's woe
 My big heart melts in sympathizing tears 225
 What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
 Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
 To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,

Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
 Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar 230
 Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
 In distant ken discover trackless plains,
 Where Winter ever whirls his icy car,
 While still repeated objects of his view,
 The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires, 235
 That crown the solitary dome, arise,
 While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
 Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
 With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
 Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud, 240
 The potent Satrap, whom he left behind
 'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
 In ease and luxury the laughing hours
 Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
 With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight, 245
 Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart
 Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
 What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
 Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
 Amid whose umbrage green her silver head 250
 Th' unfading olive lifts, here vine-clad hills
 Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
 In prospect vast their level laps expand,
 Amid whose beauties glistering Athens tow'rs
 Tho' thro' the blissful scenes Ilissus roll 255
 His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
 The thick-wove laurel shades, tho' roseate Morn
 Pour all her splendors on th' empurpled scene,
 Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,
 As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs, 260
 He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
 In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain
 Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk
 Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
 Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose 265
 Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
 Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
 And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
 The dwellings once of elegance and art
 Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds 270
 Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked street,
 Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass
 Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
 From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass
 Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils 275
 Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene

Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
 Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits
 O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!¹ 280
 O come with saintly look and steadfast step,
 From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
 Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
 List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
 Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son
 But never let Euphrosyne beguile 285
 With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
 Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast
 Tho' 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
 Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view,
 Tho' Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves, 290
 And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
 With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast
 What tho' 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
 And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heav'n 295
 New day diffusive gleam at her approach,
 Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
 Than all her witless revels happier far,
 These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught
 Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!¹ 300
 From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
 With thee shall end, for thou art fairer far
 Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot,
 To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
 Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs 305
 Hail, queen divine!¹ whom, as tradition tells,
 Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods,
 And piteous bore with hospitable hand
 To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r 310
 There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
 Of solemn musing in your pensive thought,
 For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
 Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
 Of wood-hung Meina, stream of Druids old 315

The Grave of King Arthur¹

ADVERTISEMENT

KING HENRY the second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick king of Connaught, commonly called

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1777 Text of third edition, 1779

O Connor Dun, or *the brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so long disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened. When digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode but for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivy in Pembrokeshire and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

STately the feast, and high the cheer
 Girt with many an armed peer,
 And canopied with golden pall,
 Amid CILGARRAN's castle hall,
 Sublime in formidable state, 5
 And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
 Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
 Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flam'd aloof 10
 From massy cups, with golden gleam
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-window'd wall,
 The storied tapestry was hung 15
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song, 20
 From Teivy, fring'd with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss, 25
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose,
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attemper'd thus the fabling rime 30
 "O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 "High the screaming sea-mew soar'd,
 "On Tintagel's topmost tower

"Darksom fell the sleety shower,
 "Round the ough castle shrilly sung 35
 "The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 "On each tall rampart's thundering side
 "The surges of the tumbling tide
 "When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks 40
 "On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks.
 "By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 "Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
 "Yet in vain a paynim foe
 "Arm'd with fate the mighty blow, 45
 "For when he fell, an elfin queen,
 "All in secret, and unseen,
 "O'er the fainting hero threw
 "Her mantle of ambrosial blue,
 "And bade her spirits bear him far, 50
 "In Merlin's agate-axled car,
 "To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
 "In the navel of the deep
 "O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 "From flowers that in Arabia grew 55
 "On a rich, enchanted bed,
 "She pillow'd his majestic head,
 "O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
 "Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand,
 "And, to soft music's airy sound, 60
 "Her magic curtains clos'd around
 "There, renew'd the vital spring,
 "Again he reigns a mighty king,
 "And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 "Blooming in immortal prime, 65
 "By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
 "Owns the monarch's high command.
 "Thence to Britain shall return,
 "(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
 "Boine on Victory's spreading plume, 70
 "His antient sceptre to resume,
 "Once more, in old heroic pride,
 "His barbed course to bestride,
 "His knightly table to restore,
 "And brave the tournaments of yore" 75
 They ceas'd when on the tuneful stage
 Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage,
 His silver tresses, thin-besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent,
 His beard, all white as spangles froze
 That cloath Plinlimmon's forests hoar, 80
 Down to his harp descending flow'd,

With Time's faint rose his features glow'd,
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.

"Listen, Henry, to my read!" 85
"Not from fairy realms I lead
"Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
"In forged colours Arthur's fate,
"Though much of old romantic lore
"On the blest theme I keep in store 90
"But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
"Where Truth the strain might best become.
"If thine ear may still be won
"With songs of Uther's glorious son,
"Henry, I a tale unfold, 95
"Never yet in rime enroll'd,
"Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
"Which in my youth's full early flower,
"A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
"Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine, 100
"Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
"Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
"What time the glistening vapours fled
"From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head,
"And on its sides the torrents gray 105
"Shone to the morning's orient ray
"When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
"No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
"Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
"In groves of golden bliss to dwell, 110
"Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
"Slaughter'd kings in glory go
"But when he fell, with winged speed,
"His champions, on a milk-white steed,
"From the battle's hurricane, 115
"Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
"In the fair vale of Avalon
"There, with chanted orison,
"And the long blaze of tapers clear,
"The stoled fathers met the bier, 120
"Through the dim iles, in order dread
"Of martial woe, the chief they led,
"And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
"Before the altar's solemn bound
"Around no dusky banners wave, 125
"No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
"Away the ruthless Dane has torn
"Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
"And long, o'er the neglected stone,

"Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown" 130
 "The faded tomb, with honour due,
 "'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew'
 "Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
 "Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
 "When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows, 135
 "Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows
 "There, observant of my lore,
 "The pavement's hallow'd depth explore,
 "And thrice a fathom underneath
 "Dive into the vaults of death 140
 "There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 "On his gigantic stature gaze,
 "There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 "All in warrior-weeds array'd,
 "Wearing in death his helmet-crown, 145
 "And weapons huge of old renown
 "Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
 "From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
 "So may thy ships securely stem
 "The western frith thy diadem 150
 "Shine victorious in the van,
 "Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan
 "Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 "Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay
 "And from the steeps of rough Kildare 155
 "Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare
 "So may thy bow's unerring yew
 "Its shafts in Roderick's heart embrew"
 Amid the pealing symphony
 The spiced goblets mantled high, 160
 With passions new the song impress'd
 The listening king's impatient breast
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes,
 He scorns awhile his bold emprise,
 Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace, 165
 The consecrated floor to trace,
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wonderous tomb
 Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear, 170
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings
 Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-temper'd metal made,
 And drag to day the dinted shield 175
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field

O'er the sepulchre profound
 Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine

180

Sonnet III

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon¹

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
 By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
 Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
 Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
 Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage
 Thinkst thou the waibling Muses never smil'd
 On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
 His thought, on themes, unclassic falsely stil'd,
 Intent While cloister'd Piety displays
 Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
 New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
 Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores
 Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
 Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

5

10

Sonnet IV

Written at Stonehenge²

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle¹
 Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore,
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
 T'entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile
 Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
 Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
 To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
 Rear'd the rude heap or, in thy hallow'd round,
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line,
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd
 Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
 We muse on many an antient tale renown'd

5

10

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1777 Text of third edition, 1779

² Published in *Poems*, 1777 Text of third edition, 1779

Sonnet IX
To the River Lodon¹

AH¹ WHAT a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun
 Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun¹ 5
 While pensive memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between,
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene
 Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure 10
 No more return, to chear my evening road!
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd

Ode IV
Solitude, at an Inn
(Written May 15, 1769)²

OFT upon the twilight plain,
 Circled with thy shadowy train,
 While the dove at distance coo'd,
 Have I met thee, Solitude!
 Then was loneliness to me 5
 Best and true society
 But, ah! how alter'd is thy mien
 In this sad deserted scene!
 Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
 Musing mild, and thoughtful peace 10
 Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
 Not with thy fantastic brood
 Of magic shapes and visions airy
 Beckon'd from the land of Fairy
 'Mid the melancholy void 15
 Not a pensive charm enjoy'd!
 No poetic being here
 Strikes with airy sounds mine ear,
 No converse here to fancy cold

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1777 Text of third edition, 1779

² Published in *Poems*, fourth edition, 1791 Text of fifth edition, 1802

With many a fleeting form I hold,
 Here all inelegant and rude
 Thy presence is, sweet Solitude

20

Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window
 at New College, Oxford¹

AH, STAY thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
 Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
 The fond illusions of my wayward mind!

5

For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
 A faithless truant to the classic page,
 Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
 Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime,
 To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
 That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day,
 To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
 And the rough castle, cast in giant mould,
 With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
 And muse on the magnificence of yore

10

15

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
 A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
 Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
 Their mingling branches shoot from side to side,
 Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
 O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew,
 Where SUPERSTITION with capricious hand

20

In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
 With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
 To fill with holy light the wondrous fane,
 To aid the builder's model, richly rude,

25

By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd,
 To suit the genius of the mystic pile
 Whilst as around the far-retiring ile,
 And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
 Her dark illumination wide she flung,
 With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
 The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.

30

From bliss long felt unwillingly we part
 Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
 Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,

35

¹ Published in 1782 Text of *Works*, Volume I, fifth edition, 1802

Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
 That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
 Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!

40

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain —
 But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
 No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
 That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.

45

For when again I view thy chaste design,
 The just proportion, and the genuine line,
 Those native portraitures of Attic art,
 That from the lucid surface seem to start,
 Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
 Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray
 The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
 That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise,
 'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife,

50

The feature blooming with immortal life
 The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
 Not with ambitious ornaments to glow,
 The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;

55

Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
 O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child
 Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,

60

Which late my visionary rapture fed
 Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
 And brought my bosom back to truth again;

65

To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind,
 To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
 Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim,
 To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
 And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell

70

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
 At distance due, possess the crisped nich,
 Ye rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
 Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard
 Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
 More pride than humble poverty display
 Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
 Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown

75

Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine

80

Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more,
 Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
 Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise

Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,

85

Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike!
 Ye Colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
 No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space. 90
 Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
 The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil 95
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil,
 But calls the lineaments of life compleat
 From genial alchymy's creative heat,
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel Nature lives 100
 REYNOLDS, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
 To add new lustre to religious light
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine 105
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

(1721-1746-1771)

The Tears of Scotland
 Written in the Year MDCCXLVI¹

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground,
 Thy hospitable roofs no more 5
 Invite the stranger to the door,
 In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty
 The wretched owner sees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war, 10
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,

¹ Published in Goldsmith's *Beauties of English Poetry* Volume II, 1767 Text of first edition

Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,
 Thy infants perish on the plain 15

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze? 20
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell

The rural pipe and merry lay 25
 No more shall chear the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night
 No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe, 30
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons against their fathers stood, 35
 The parent shed his children's blood
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd.
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel! 40

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread,
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend, 45
 She views the shades of night descend,
 And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns, 50
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat,
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow,

“Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 “Thy banish’d peace, thy laurels torn”

55

Ode to Leven-Water¹

ON LEVEN’S banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love,
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain
 Pure stream¹ in whose transparent wave 5
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o’er its bed,
 With white, round, polish’d pebbles spread, 10
 While, lightly pois’d, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy chrystal flood,
 The springing trout in speckled pride,
 The salmon, monarch of the tide,
 The ruthless pike, intent on war, 15
 The silver eel, and mottled par
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower’d with eglantine 20
 Still on thy banks so gayly green,
 May num’rous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chanting o’er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile, 25
 And industry imbrown’d with toil,
 And hearts resolv’d, and hands prepar’d,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard

¹ Published in *Plays and Poems* 1777 Text of first edition.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD

(1717-1747-1797)

Countess Temple Appointed Poet
 Laureate to the King of the Fairies
 Written at the Desire of Lady Suffolk,
 January 3, 1763¹

BY THESE presents be it known,
 To all who bend before our throne,
 Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
 Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
 That we, Oberon the grand, 5
 Emperor of Fairy-land,
 King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
 Lord of Aganippe's streams,
 Baron of the dimpl'd isles
 That lie in pretty maiden's smiles, 10
 Arch-treasurer of all the graces
 Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces,
 Sovereign of the slipper's order,
 With all the rites thereon that border, 15
 Defender of the sylphic faith,
 Declare—and thus your monarch saith.
 Whereas there is a noble dame,
 Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
 To whom ourself did erst impart
 The choicest secrets of our art, 20
 Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
 To our own melody divine,
 Taught her the graceful negligence,
 Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
 Achieves that conquest o'er the heart 25
 Sense seldom gains, and never art
 This lady, 'tis our royal will
 Our laureate's vacant seat should fill
 A chaplet of immortal bays
 Shall crown her brows and guard her lays; 30
 Of nectar-sack an acorn cup
 Be at her board each year fill'd up,
 And as each quarter feast comes round,
 A silver-penny shall be found

¹ Published in *Works* Volume IV, 1798 Text of first edition

Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip-Castle, the shortest night of
the year OBERON

To Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, When About Five Years
Old, with a Present of Shells¹

O NYMPH, compar'd with whose young bloom
Hebe's herself an ancient fright,
May these gay shells find grace and room
Both in your baby-house and sight!
Shells! What are shells? you ask, admiring 5
With stare half pleasure half surprise,
And fly with nature's art, enquiring
In dear mamma's all-speaking eyes
Shells, fairest Anne, are playthings, made
By a brave god call'd Father Ocean, 10
Whose frown from pole to pole 's obey'd,
Commands the waves, and stills their motion.

From that old sire a daughter came,
As like mamma, as blue to blue,
And, like mamma, the sea-born dame 15
An urchin bore, not unlike you
For him fond grand-papa compels
The floods to furnish such a state
Of corals and of cockleshells,
Would turn a little lady's pate 20
The chit has tons of bawbles more,
His nurs'ry 's stuff'd with doves and sparrows,
And litter'd is its azure floor
With painted quivers, bows, and arrows
Spread, spread your frock, you must be friends, 25
His toys shall fill your lap and breast
To-day the boy this sample sends,
—And some years hence he'll send the rest.

¹ Published in *Works* Volume IV, 1798 Text of first edition

JOHN CUNNINGHAM

(1729-1747-1773)

A Landscape¹

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus omnes *Virg.*

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
 Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the Landscape round

Nature in the prospect yields 5
 Humble dales and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths—and fields
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold

Goats upon that frowning steep 10
 Fearless with their kidlings brouse;
 Here a flock of snowy sheep,
 There an herd of motley cows.

On the uplands ev'ry glade 15
 Brightens in the blaze of day,
 O'er the vales the sober shade
 Softens to an ev'ning gray

Where the rill by slow degrees 20
 Swells into a crystal pool,
 Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
 Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke
 From the mountain's misty ridge,
 O'er the brook a ruin'd oak
 Near the farm-house forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam 25
 Glitters in meridian pride,
 Yonder as the virgin stream
 Hastens to the restless tide —

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1766 Text of *Poems*, 1795

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing Sun. 30

High upon the daisy'd hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze!— 35

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
Bouncing from her loaded pad,
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad 40

O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols in fantastic trim
As the full cart moves along
Hearken!—'tis the harvest hymn

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise
Till the sweet notes reach the skies. 45

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs dividing break,
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake 50

From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sun-beams sore oppress,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breast 55

Where the mantling willows nod
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an anglei breaks the tide 60

On the isles, with osiers drest,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon' crackling reeds

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock, 65

Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

Where the stone-cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread
Barefoot in the days of yore

70

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon' rev'rend shades,
Whilome in that shatter'd cell
Many an hermit told his beads

75

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath
Tott'ring with a load of years

80

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay upon the rising green,
Many an Attic building smiles

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light,
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight

85

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the Landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

90

The Miller. A Ballad¹

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are Health and Content,
Their Lordships in lace may remark if they will,
He's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his Mill

5

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1766 Text of *Poems*, 1795

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May, 10
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
 No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill, 15
 Contented he works if there's grist for his Mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
 Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good. 20
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
 Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill
 No monarch more bless'd than The Man of the Mill

RICHARD JAGO

(1715-1753-1781)

The Swallows. An Elegy¹

Part I

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
 And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
 The Swallow-race with prescient gift inspir'd,
 To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer

On DAMON's roof a large assembly sate, 5
 His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind¹
 With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,
 And to his DELIA thus address'd his mind

Observe yon' twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid¹
 Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n¹ 10
 With us thro' Summer's genial reign they stay'd,
 And food, and sunshine to their wants were giv'n

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume V, 1758 Text of *Poems, Moral and Descriptive*, 1784

But now, by secret instinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow, 15
With ev'ry pang, and scourge of tender life

Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,
For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing,
For this each other to the toil excite,
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring 20

No sorrow loads their breast, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine, 25
That warns them hence, they feel it, and obey,
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Peace to your flight! ye mild, domestic race!
O! for your wings to travel with the sun! 30
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done.

See, DELIA, on my roof your guests to-day,
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more,
Ere yet 'tis night with haste they wing away, 35
To-morrow lands them on some happier shore

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
And what without a moral? wou'd we read!
Then mark what DAMON tells his gentle maid,
And with his lesson register the deed 40

So youthful joys fly like the Summer's gale,
So threats the winter of inclement age,
Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!
And Nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!

And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense 45
The joyful tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

Yes, yes the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless joy, 50

That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
Tho' clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,
Nor count this stormy world our fixt abode,
Obey the call, and trust our Leader's care, 55
To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road

MOSES, by grant divine, led ISRAEL's host
Thro' dreary paths to JORDAN's fruitful side,
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast, 60
A better promise, and a nobler guide

Part II

At length the Winter's howling blasts are o'er,
Array'd in smiles the lovely Spring returns,
Now fewel'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
And ev'ry breast with inward fervor burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow, 65
Again the vocal tenants of the grove
Forgot the patt'ring hail, or driving snow,
Renew the lay to melody, and love

And see, my DELIA, see o'er yonder stream,
Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play, 70
Alike attracted by the sunny gleam,
Again the Swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
Welcome again to DELIA, and to me,
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew, 75
And plan new settlements from danger free.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
Again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold
What policy directs your wand'ring states,
What bounds are settled, and what tribes enroll'd 80

Again I'll hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect-nations rise from EGYPT's mud,
What painted swarms subsist on LYBIA's sands,
What GANGES yields, and what th' EUPHRATEAN flood

Thrice happy race! whom Nature's call invites 85
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,

To taste her various stores, her best delights,
The Summer's radiance, and the sweets of Spring

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
Of varying seasons, vapours dank, and dry, 90
Forbid like you in milder climes to range,
When wintry storms usurp the low'ring sky.

Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,
As lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind, 95
Its secret props of adamant shall fall

But when yon' radiant sun shall shine no more,
The spuit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,
On lighter pinions borne than yours, shall soar
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray 100

To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,
Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,
Where blasts no lightning, and no tempest low'rs,
But ever-smiling Spring, and Pleasure reign

JAMES GRAINGER

(1721?-1753-1766)

Solitude. An Ode¹

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
Or in yon roofless cloyster stray, 10
You, Recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume IV, 1755 Text of first edition

Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
 Folly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence, 15
 Bloated empirick, puff'd Pretence,
 Noise that thro' a trumpet speaks,
 Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
 Intrusion with a fopling's face,
 (Ignorant of time and place) 20
 Sparks of fire Dissention blowing,
 Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
 Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
 Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,
 Ambition's buskins steep'd in blood, 25
 Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
 Conscious Virtue void of fears,
 Muffled Silence wood-nymph shy, 30
 Meditation's piercing eye
 Hallow'd Peace on moss reclin'd,
 Retrospect that scans the mind,
 Rapt earth-gazing Reserve,
 Blushing artless Modesty, 35
 Health that snuffs the morning air,
 Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
 Inspiration, Nature's child,
 Seek the solitary wild

You with the tragic Muse retir'd 40
 The wise Euripides inspir'd,
 You taught the sadly-pleasing air
 That Athens sav'd from ruins bare.
 You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
 And unlock'd the springs of woe; 45
 You penn'd what evil'd Naso thought,
 And pour'd the melancholy note
 With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
 When Death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid;
 You taught the rocks her loss to mourn 50
 You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
 And late in Hagley you were seen,
 With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien,
 Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
 And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore. 55
 But chief you own the solemn lay
 That wept Narcissa young and gay,
 Darkness clap'd her sable wing,
 While you touch'd the mournful string,

Anguish left the pathless wild,
 Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd,
 Drowsy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
 The starry host put back the dawn,
 Aside their harps ev'n Seraphs flung
 To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young.

60

When all Nature's hush'd asleep,
 Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
 Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
 And wander o'er the works of men
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn
 By her dappled courses drawn,
 Again you to the wild retreat
 And the early huntsman meet,
 Where as you pensive pace along,
 You catch the distant shepherd's song,
 Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
 Or the rising primrose view
 Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings
 You mount, and Nature with you sings
 But when mid-day fervors glow
 To upland airy shades you go,
 Where never sunburnt woodman came,
 Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game,
 And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
 With drowsy waterfalls behind,
 You sink to rest
 Till the tuneful bird of night
 From the neighb'ring poplars height
 Wake you with her solemn strain,
 And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

65

70

75

80

85

With you roses brighter bloom,
 Sweeter every sweet perfume,
 Purer every fountain flows
 Stronger every wilding grows

90

Let those toil for gold who please,
 Or for fame renounce their ease,
 What is fame? an empty bubble
 Gold? a transient, shining trouble
 Let them for their country bleed,
 What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
 Man's not worth a moment's pain,
 Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain
 Then let me, sequester'd fair,
 To your Sibyl grot repair,

95

100

On yon hanging cliff it stands
Scoop'd by Nature's salvage hands, 105
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing 110
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale, 115
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade?
That wanders in the dark-brown glade
It beckons me!—vain fears adieu, 120
Mysterious ghost, I follow you
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood 125
Oh spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortless alone?
O Solitude on me bestow,
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore, 130
Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than Bion was, thou wert

O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply 135
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe,
O'er Friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell, 140
And nightly ring the solemn knell
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes thro' the vaulted iles
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail! 145
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave,
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,

A lion's spoils, without a zone, 150
 Around her limbs are careless thrown,
 Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
 Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace,
 Her left a magic mirror holds,
 In which she oft herself beholds 155
 O goddess of the desert, hail!
 And softer blow, thou western gale!

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
 And disappointment seems entail'd,
 Since all on earth I valued most, 160
 My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;
 You, only you, can make me blest,
 And hush the tempest in my breast
 Then gently deign to guide my feet
 To your hermit-trodden seat, 165
 Where I may live at last my own,
 Where I at last may die unknown
 I spoke, she twin'd her magic ray,
 And thus she said, or seem'd to say

Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find 170
 In shades a medicine for a troubled mind,
 Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
 Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow
 There pale Inaction pines his life away,
 And, satiate, curses the return of day 175
 There naked Frenzy laughing wild with pain,
 Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main
 There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
 And yells of dæmons in the Zephyr hears
 But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell, 180
 And bid to social life a last farewell,
 'Tis impious —
 God never made an independent man,
 'Twould jarr the concord of his general plan
 See every part of that stupendous whole, 185
 "Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,"
 To one great end, the general good, conspire,
 From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire
 Should man thro' Nature solitary roam,
 His will his sovereign, every where his home, 190
 What force wou'd guard him from the lion's jaw?
 What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?
 Or should Fate lead him to some safer shore,
 Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar,
 Where liberal Nature all her charms bestows, 195
 Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows,

Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the store,
 Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more?
 Tho' waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus shone,
 He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone 200
 For know, the Maker on the human breast
 A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest,
 And social life to better, aid, adorn,
 With proper faculties each mortal's born
 Tho' Nature's works the ruling mind declare, 205
 And well deserve enquiry's serious care,
 The God (whate'er Misanthropy may say)
 Shines, beams in man with most unclouded day
 What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
 Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll? 210
 What boots thro' space's furthest bourns to roam?
 If thou, O man, a stranger art at home
 Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
 The use, the pleasure will the toil repay 215
 Hence Inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
 Hence Homer's crown, and Shakespear hence thy bays
 Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
 The best and wisest of mankind became
 Nor study only, practise what you know,
 Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe 220
 With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine,
 Those who in study, shou'd in practice shine
 Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's shade,
 Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid, 225
 As when arouz'd, he stems Corruption's course,
 And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
 When Freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
 Then Publick Virtue might to shades retreat,
 But where she breathes, the least may useful be, 230
 And Freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee
 Tho' man's ungrateful, or tho' Fortune frown,
 Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
 Nor yet unrecompens'd are Virtue's pains,
 Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns 235
 On each condition disappointments wait,
 Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate
 Nor dare repine, tho' early Friendship bleed,
 From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed
 But know, Adversity's the child of God,
 Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod 240
 When smooth old Ocean and each storm's asleep,
 Then Ignorance may plough the watery deep,
 But when the dæmons of the tempest rave,
 Skill must conduct the vessel thro' the wave

Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow? 246
 Who wou'd not wish Anytus for a foe?
 Intrepid Virtue triumphs over Fate,
 The good can never be unfortunate
 And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
 The height of virtue is to serve mankind 250
 But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
 When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
 Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
 Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,
 Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave, 255
 Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1730?-1757-1774)

An Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize¹

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam BLAIZE,
 Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door, 5
 And always found her kind,
 She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind

She strove the neighbourhood to please, 10
 With manners wond'rous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning

At church, in silks and sattins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumber'd in her pew,— 15
But when she shut her eyes

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaus and more,
 The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before 20

¹ Published in *The Bee* October 27, 1759 Text of first edition

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all,
 The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal

Let us lament, in sorrow soie,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelve-month more,
She had not dy'd to-day

25

The Traveller, or, A Prospect of Society¹

TO THE REV HENRY GOLDSMITH

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication, and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few, while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from differing systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations, but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her, they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say, for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon

¹ Published December 19, 1764. Text of sixth edition, 1770.

murdered reputation Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing,
 who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one.
 Him they dignify with the name of poet, his tawdry lampoons are called
 satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank
 verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know My aims are
 right Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate
 the rage of all I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness
 in states, that are differently governed from our own, that every state has a
 particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried
 to a mischievous excess There are few can judge, better than yourself, how
 far these positions are illustrated in this Poem

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po,
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door, 5
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lyes,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain, 10
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain
 Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend,
 Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and turn their ev'ning fire, 15
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair,
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around,
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail, 20
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good
 But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care, 25
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone, 30
 And find no spot of all the world my own.
 Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend
 And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, 35
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain? 40
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man,
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd, 45
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine 50
As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small,
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd, 60
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know? 65
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease,
The naked negroe, panting at the line, 70
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home 75
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given, 80
To different nations makes their blessings even
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call,

With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliffs as Aino's shelvy side; 85
 And though the rocky crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down
 From Art more various are the blessings sent,
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest, 90
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone 95
 Each to the favourite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
 'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favourite good begets peculiar pain
 But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies: 100
 Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast
 Far to the right where Appenine ascends, 105
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between, 110
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene
 Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground, 115
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year,
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die,
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil, 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land
 But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows 125
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
 Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
 Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew 130

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind,
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state,
At her command the palace learnt to rise, 134
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvass glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail, 140
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride,
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade, 150
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child, 155
Each nobler aim repress by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul,
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay, 160
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey 165
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread,
No product here the barren hills afford, 170
But Man and steel, the soldier and his sword
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May,
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm, 175
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble bed. 180
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal,
 But calm, and bled in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose, 185
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes,
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or dives his venturous plow-share to the steep,
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way, 190
 And drags the struggling savage into day
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed,
 Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
 His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her board, 195
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart, 200
 And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd,
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd 210
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few,
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215
 That first excites desire, and then supplies,
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy,
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame. 220
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run, 230
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest,
But all the gentler morals, such as play 235
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain 240
Gay spightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew, 245
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour 250
Alike all ages Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestive lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, 255
Thus idly busy rolls their world away
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260
Here passes current, paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise,
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem, 265
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise,
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought 270
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year,
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

275

280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride
 Onward methinks, and diligently flow
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow.
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign

"85

290

295

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts,
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys,
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

300

305

310

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

315

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring,
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray,

320

Creation's mildest chains are there combin'd
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state 325
 With daring aims irregularly great,
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand, 330
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here, 335
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear,
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie, 340
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown,
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar, 345
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fire the wheels

Nor this the worst As nature's ties decay, 350
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown,
 Till time may come, when stript of all her charms, 355
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of aims,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die 360

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great,
 Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire,
 And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel,
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure 370

For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil,
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow, 375
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms, 380
 Except when fast approaching danger warms.
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free, 385
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart, 390
 'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power,
 And thus polluting honour in its source, 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste; 400
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call, 405
 The smiling long-frequented village fall,
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main, 410
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways, 415
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim,
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine
 Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind
 Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose, 425
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure 430
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel, 435
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own

Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad¹

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 With hospitable ray
 "For here, forlorn and lost I tread, 5
 With fainting steps and slow,
 Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go"
 "Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom, 10
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom
 "Here to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still,
 And though my portion is but scant, 15
 I give it with goodwill

¹ Privately printed, 1765 Published in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766 Text of the fifth edition of *The Vicar* 1773

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose 21

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them

"But from the mountain's grassy side 25
A guiltless feast I bring,
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego, 30
All earth-born cares are wrong
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long"

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell
The modest stranger lowly bends, 35
And follows to the cell

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray 40

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care,
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair

And now when busy crowds retire 45
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest,

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest and smil'd, 50
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,

The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies

55

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe,
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

60

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care opprest
And "whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove,
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?"

65

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they

70

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

75

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest

80

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too

85

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms

90

- And "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch foilorn," she cry'd,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heav'n and you reside
95
- "But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way
100
- "My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me
- "To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame
105
- "Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love
110
- "In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he,
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me
115
- "The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind
120
- "The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine
- "For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain,
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain
125
- "Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
130

And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay,
I'll seek the solitude he sought, 135
And stretch me where he lay —

"And there forlorn despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I " 140

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear, 145
My charmer turn to see,
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign 150
And shall we never, never part,
My life,—my all that's mine

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart, 155
Shall break thy Edwin's too "

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog¹

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long

In Isling town there was a man, 5
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray

¹ Published in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766 Text of the fifth edition, 1773

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes,
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his cloaths. 10

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mungrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
 And curs of low degree 15

This dog and man at first were friends,
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man 20

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
 The wond'ring neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
 To every christian eye,
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die 25

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they lied,
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that dy'd 30

Song¹

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away? 5

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die

¹ Published in *The Year of Walsfield*, 1766 Text of the fifth edition 1773

The Deserted Village, A Poem¹

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel, and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire, but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written, that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not, the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the encrease of our luxuries, and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages, and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheared the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene,

5

¹ Published May 26, 1770. Text of fourth edition, 1770.

How often have I paused on every chain,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, 10
 The never failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made;
 How often have I blest the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade, 20
 The young contending as the old surveyed,
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And slights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired, 25
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down,
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love, 30
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove
 These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their chearful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled 35
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green
 One only master grasps the whole domain, 40
 And half a tillage stunts thy smiling plain,
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choaked with sedges, works its weedy way.
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest,
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries
 Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land 50
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more. 60
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth

But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain, 65
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room, 70
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more

Sweet AUBURN¹ parent of the blissful hour, 75
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share— 85
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learned skill, 90
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
Here to return—and die at home at last

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease, 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,

No sully porter stands in guilty state 105
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay, 110
 While resignation gently slopes the way,
 And all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose, 115
 There as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool, 120
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made 125
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing 130
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring,
 She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, 140
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place, 145
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain, 150
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed,
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe, 160
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side,
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way 170

Beside the bed where parting life was layed,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, 175
And his last faltering accents whispered praise
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray 180
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran,
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed, 185
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed,
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, 195
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face, 200

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited plea,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he,
 Full well the busy whipper-snapper round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in sight,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault,
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, term and tide precise,
 And even the story ran that he could cure;
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustic-rang'd around;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame: The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where out-brown draughts inspired,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place;
 The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that ticked behind the door,
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care,
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail,
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear,
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round,

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest 250
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, 255
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway,
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, 260
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain,
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey 265
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore, 270
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around
Yet count our gains This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same
Not so the loss The man of wealth and pride, 275
Takes up a space that many poor supplied,
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth, 280
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green,
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies
While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all 285
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall
As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies, 290
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed, 295
In nature's simplest charms at first arraved.

But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize,
 While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band, 300
 And while he sinks without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
 To scape the pressure of contiguous pride? 305
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share, 310
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind,

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe 315

Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade,
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign, 320
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train,
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy¹

Sure these denote one universal joy¹
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes 325

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress,
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, 330
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread¹ 340

Ah, no To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe

Far different there from all that charm'd before, 345
 The various terrors of that horrid shore,
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day,
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling, 350
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake.
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355
 And savage men, more murderous still than they,
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green, 360
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That called them from their native walks away,
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365
 Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main,
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep 370
 The good old sire, the first prepared to go
 To new found worlds, and wept for others woe
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose, 380
 And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And claspt them close in sorrow doubly dear,
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief

O luxury! Thou curst by Heaven's decree, 385
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a fluid vigour not their own, 390
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,

Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round
 Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done,
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there,
 And piety, with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decay'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excell
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well
 Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime,
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain,
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Tho' very poor, may still be very blest,
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away,
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky

The Haunch of Venison, A Poetical Epistle to Lord Clare¹

THANKS, my Lord, for your Ven'son, for finer, or fatter,
 Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd on a platter:

¹ Written in 1771. Published in 1776. Text of first edition.

The Haunch was a picture for Painters to study,
 The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy!
 I had thoughts, in my chamber to hang it in view, 5
 To be shown to my Friends as a piece of *Virtù*,
 As in some *Irish* Houses, where things are so-so,
 One Gammon of Bacon hangs up for a show,
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in 10
 But hold—let us pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
 This tale of the Bacon a damnable bounce?
 Well, suppose it a bounce, sure a Poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly
 But, my Lord, it's no bounce I protest, in my turn, 15
 It's a truth, and your Lordship may ask Mr BURNES
 To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the Haunch,
 I thought of a Friend that was trusty and staunch.
 So I cut it, and sent it to REYNOLDS undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best 20
 Of the Neck and the Breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival MONROE'S
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the *how*, and the *who*, and the *where*, and the *when*
 There's COLEY, and WILLIAMS, and HOWARD, and HIRF— 25
 I think they love Ven'son, I know they love Beef
 But—hang it!—to Poets, that seldom can eat,
 Your very good Mutton's a very good treat
 Such dainties to them! It *would* look like a flirt,
 Like sending 'em Ruffles when wanting a Shirt 30
 While thus I debated, in *reverie* center'd,
 An Acquaintance, a Friend—as he call'd himself, enter'd,
 A fine-spoken Custom-house Officer he,
 Who smil'd as he gaz'd on the Ven'son and me
 "What have we got here?—Aye, this is *good eating*!" 35
 "Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
 "Why, *whose* should it be, Sir? cry'd I, with a flounce,
 I get these things often—But that was a bounce
 "If that be the case then," cry'd he very gay,
 "I'm glad I have taken this house in my way 40
 "To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me.
 "No words—I insist on't—precisely at three
 "And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
 "We wanted this Ven'son to make up the dinner
 "I'll take no denial—you shall, and you must, 45
 "And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for Crust
 "We'll have JOHNSON and BURKE, all the Wits will be there,
 "My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord CLARE
 "Here, Porter! this Ven'son with me to *Mile-end*—
 "No words, my dear GOLDSMITH! my very good Friend!" 50

Thus, seizing his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the Porter and Eatables follow'd behind

Left alone to reflect, having empty'd my shelf,
And nobody with me at sea, but myself,
Though I could not help thinking my Gentleman hasty,
Yet JOHNSON and BURKE, and a good Ven'son Pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a Coxcomb, and *Kitty* his Wife
So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd Closet, just twelve feet by nine)
My Friend bid me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings *that* JOHNSON and BURKE could not come.
"And I knew it," he cry'd, "both eternally fail,
"The one at the House, and the other with *THRALE*
"But, I warrant for me, we shall make up the Party,
"With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
"The one is a *Scotchman*, the other a *Jew*,
'Who dabble and write in the Papers—like you
"The one writes the *Snail*, the other, the *Scourge*
"Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*"

While thus he describ'd them by Trade and by Name,
They enter'd, and Dinner was serv'd as they came
At the top a fry'd Liver and Bacon was seen,
At the bottom was Tripe in a swinging terrene,
At the sides there was Spinage and Pudding made hot,
In the middle—a place, where the Ven'son was not
Now, my Lord, as for Tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your Bacon I hate, like a *Turk*, or a *Persian*
But what vex'd me most was that damn'd *Scottish* Rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, and smiles, and his brogue
"And, Madam," says he, "may this bit be my poison
"If a prettier Dinner I ever set eyes on!
"Pray, a slice of your Liver,—but may I be curst,
"But I've eat of your Tripe till I'm ready to burst"
'Your Tripe!' quoth the *Jew*, 'if the truth I may speak,
'I could eat of this Tripe seven days in the week
'I like these *here* Dinners, so pretty and small,
'But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all'
"O ho!" quoth my Friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
"He's keeping a corner for something that's nice
"There's a Pasty"—'A Pasty!' returned the *Scot*;
'I don't care if I keep a corner for *that*'
"We'll all keep a corner," the Lady cry'd out
We'll all keep a corner, was eccho'd about

While thus we resolv'd, and the Pasty delay'd,
With looks quite astonishing enter'd the Maid:

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright!
 Wak'd PRIAM, by drawing his curtains by night 100
 But too soon we found out (for who could mistake her?)
 That she came with some terrible news from the Baker,
 And so it fell out, for that negligent Sloven
 Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his Oven
 Sad *Philomel* thus—but let similes drop, 105
 And now, that I think on't, the story may stop
 To be plain, my good Lord, 'tis but labour misplac'd
 To send such good Verses to one of your taste
 You've got an odd something, a kind of discerning,
 A relish, a taste, sicken'd over by learning, 110
 At least it's your temper, 'tis very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own
 So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a Mistake—and think slightly of This

Retaliation· A Poem¹

OF OLD, when Scarron his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united,
 If our (a) landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish
 Our (b) Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains, 5
 Our (c) Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains,
 Our (d) Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And (e) Dick with his pepper, shall heighten their flavour
 Our (f) Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And (g) Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain 10
 Our (h) Garrick's a sallad, for in him we see

¹ Published in 1774 Text of sixth edition, 1774

(a) The Master of the St James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor [Goldsmith], and the Friends he has characterized in this Poem, held an occasional Club [These notes appeared in the first edition of the poem, a fortnight after Goldsmith's death A few that are merely repetitions or cross references have been omitted]

(b) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces

(c) Mr Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom

(d) Mr William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin

(e) Mr Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature

(f) Author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces

(g) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *sound Critic* in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen particularly Lauder on Milton and *Bower's History of the Popes*

(h) David Garrick, Esq., joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That (i) Ridge is anchovy, and (k) Reynolds is lamb,
 That (l) Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule, 15
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a goosberry fool
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table, 20
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt, 25
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out,
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much, 30
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade (o) Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote, 35
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit
 For a patriot too cool, for a drudge, disobedient, 40
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't, 45
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong,
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home,
 Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none,
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own 50

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
 What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,

(i) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish* of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce

(k) Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy

(l) An eminent Attorney, whose hospitality and good-humour have acquired him in this Club, the title of 'honest Tom Hickey.'

(o) Mr T Townsend, Member for Whitchurch

(q) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb,
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball, 55
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all?
 In short so provoking a Devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again 60

Here Cumberland lies having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine, 65
 And comedy wonders at being so fine,
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout
 His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud 70
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say was it that vainly directing his view, 75
 To find out mens virtues and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks 80
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines,
 When Satire and Censure encircl'd his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own,
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector, 85
 Our (t) Dodds shall be pious, our (u) Kenricks shall lecture,
 (x) Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile,
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over, 90
 No countryman living their tricks to discover,
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark
 Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,

(q) Mr Richard Burke This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests upon other people

(t) The Rev Dr Dodd

(u) Mr Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the Title of 'The School of Shakespeare'

(x) James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere *force of his style*, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man,
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine, 9,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art,
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaister'd, with rouge, his own natural red 100
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day,
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick, 105
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame, 110
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind
 Ye Kenricks, ye (c) Kellys, and (d) Woodfalls so grave, 115
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was beroscus'd, and you were beprais'd?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies 120
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above
 Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature, 125
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser, 130
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat,
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest, ah no!
 Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye, 135
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney

(c) Hugh Kelly, Esq., Author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c &c

(d) Mr William Woodfall, Printer of the *Morning Chronicle*

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind,
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland, 140
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff, 145
 He shifted his (*h*) trumpet, and only took snuff

THOMAS PERCY

(1729-1758-1811)

A Song¹

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen, 5
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind? 10
 Say canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene, 15
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go,

(*h*) Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company, he is, at the same time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of snuff his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great Artist himself, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*

¹ Published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Volume VI, 1758 Text of first edition

Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?²⁰
 Say should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,²⁵
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,³⁰
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The Friar of Orders Gray¹

Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which, could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and form them into a little TALE, which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

IT WAS a friar of orders gray,
 Walkt forth to tell his beades,
 And he met with a lady faire,
 Clad in a pilgrime's weedes

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,⁵
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true love thou didst see

And how should I know your true love,¹⁰
 From many another one?
 O by his cockle hat, and staff,
 And by his sandal shoone

But chiefly by his face and mien,
 That were so fair to view,¹⁵
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
 And eyne of lovely blue

¹ Published in Percy's *Reliques*, Volume I, 1765 Text of first edition

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone

20

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall

25

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

30

O weep not, lady, weep not soe,
Some ghostly comfort seek
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek

35

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove,
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love

40

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh,
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine
For, violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe

45

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past

50

O say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not soe

For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow

55

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

60

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comliest youth was he —
But he is dead and laid in his grave.
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never

65

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy,
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

70

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe.
My love he had the truest heart
O he was ever true!

75

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home, for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee

80

But first upon my true-loves grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay

Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall

85

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not I pray
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away

90

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears,
 For see beneath this gown of gray 95
 Thy owne true-love appears

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought,
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought 100

But haply for my year of grace
 Is not yet past away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy 105
 Once more unto my heart
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part

JAMES MACPHERSON

(1736 1758-1796)

The Songs of Selma¹

ARGUMENT

Address to the evening star An apostrophe to Fingal and his times Minona sings before the king the song of the unfortunate Colma, and the bards exhibit other specimens of their poetical talents, according to an annual custom established by the monarchs of the ancient Caledonians

STAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud thy steps are stately on thy hill What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid The murmur of the torrent comes from afar Roaring waves climb the distant rock The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, the hum of their course is on the field What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart The waves come with joy around thee they bathe thy lovely hair Farewel, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

AND it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends

¹ Published in *Fingal*, 1762 Text of *Poems of Ossian*, 1784

Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years Fingal comes like a waty column of mist, his heroes are around And see the bards of song, grey-haired Ullin¹ stately Ryno¹ Alpin, with the tuneful voice¹ the soft complaint of Minona¹ How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast² when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass

MINONA came forth in her beauty, with down-cast look and tearful eye Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song¹ Salgar promised to come but the night descended around Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill¹

COLMA

It is night, I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms The wind is heard in the mountain The torrent pours down the rock No hut receives me from the rain, forlorn on the hill of winds¹

Rise, moon¹ from behind thy clouds Stars of the night arise¹ Lead me, some light, to the place, where my love rests from the chace alone¹ his bow near him, unstrung his dogs panting around him But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream The stream and the wind roar aloud I hear not the voice of my love¹ Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise² Here is the rock, and here the tree¹ here is the roaring stream¹ Thou didst promise with night to be here Ah¹ whither is my Salgar gone² With thee I would fly, from my father, with thee, from my brother of pride Our race have long been foes, we are not foes, O Salgar¹

CEASE a little while, O wind¹ stream, be thou silent a while¹ let my voice be heard around Let my wanderer hear me¹ Salgar¹ it is Colma who calls Here is the tree, and the rock Salgar, my love¹ I am here Why delayest thou thy coming² Lo¹ the calm moon comes forth The flood is bright in the vale The rocks are grey on the steep I see him not on the brow His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach Here I must sit alone¹

Who lie on the heath beside me² Are they my love and my brother² Speak to me, O my friends¹ To Colma they give no reply Speak to me I am alone¹ My soul is tormented with fears¹ Ah¹ they are dead¹ Their swords are red from the fight O my brother¹ my brother¹ why hast thou slain my Salgar² why, O Salgar¹ hast thou slain my brother² Dear were ye both to me¹ what shall I say in your praise² Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands¹ he was terrible in fight Speak to me, hear my voice,

hear me, sons of my love! They are silent, silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead Close it not till Colma come My life flies away like a dream why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends The hunter shall hear from his booth He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends pleasant were her friends to Colma!

SUCH was thy song, Minona, softly-blushing daughter of 'Torman Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp, he gave the song of Alpin The voice of Alpin was pleasant the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house their voice had ceased in Selma Ullin had returned, one day, from the chace, before the heroes fell He heard their strife on the hill, their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal, his sword like the sword of Oscar But he fell, and his father mourned his sister's eyes were full of tears Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud I touched the harp, with Ullin, the song of mourning rose!

RYNO

THE wind and the rain are past calm is the noon of day The clouds are divided in heaven Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age, red his tearful eye Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

ALPIN

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead, my voice for those that have passed away Tall thou art on the hill, fair among the sons of the vale But thou shalt fall like Morar, the mourner shall sit

on thy tomb The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

THOU wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert, terrible as a meteor of fire Thy wrath was as the storm Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field Thy voice was a stream after rain, like thunder on distant hills Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain, like the moon in the silence of night, calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid

NARROW is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar Morar! thou art low indeed Thou hast no mother to mourn thee, no maid with her tears of love Dead is she that brought thee forth Fallen is the daughter of Morglan

WHO on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee He heard of thy fame in war, he heard of foes dispersed He heard of Morar's renown, why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep, but thy son heareth thee not Deep is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewel, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel Thou hast left no son The song shall preserve thy name Future times shall hear of thee, they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

THE grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale, the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone Why art thou sad, O Armin! chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

SAD! I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son, thou hast lost no daughter of beauty Colgar the valiant lives, and Annira fairest maid The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race Dark is thy bed, O Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

ARISE, winds of autumn, arise, blow along the heath! streams

of the mountains roar! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks!
walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face, at
intervals! bring to my mind the night, when all my children fell,
when Arindal the mighty fell, when Daura the lovely failed!
Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair, fair as the moon on Fura,
white as the driven snow, sweet as the breathing gale Arindal,
thy bow was strong Thy spear was swift in the field Thy look
was like mist on the wave thy shield, a red cloud in a storm
Armar, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love He was
not long refused fair was the hope of their friends!

ERATH, son of Odgal, repined his brother had been slain by
Armor. He came disguised like a son of the sea fair was his skiff
on the wave, white his locks of age, calm his serious brow Fairest
of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant
in the sea, bears a tree on its side, red shines the fruit afar! There
Armor waits for Daura I come to carry his love! She went, she
called on Armar Nought answered, but the son of the rock,
Armor, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear?
hear, son of Arnart, hear it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the
traitor fled laughing to the land She lifted up her voice, she called
for her brother and her father Arindal! Armin! none to relieve
your Daura!

HER voice came over the sea Arindal my son descended from
the hill, rough in the spoils of the chace His arrows rattled by
his side, his bow was in his hand five dark grey dogs attend his
steps He saw fierce Erath on the shore he seized and bound
him to an oak Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his
limbs, he loads the wind with his groans Arindal ascends the
deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land Armar came in his wrath,
and let fly the grey-feathered shaft It sung, it sunk in thy heart,
O Arindal my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst The oar is
stopped at once, he panted on the rock and expired What is thy
grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's
blood! the boat is broken in twain Armar plunges into the sea,
to rescue his Daura, or die Sudden a blast from the hill came over
the waves He sunk, and he rose no more

ALONE, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to com-
plain Frequent and loud were her cries What could her father
do? All night I stood on the shore I saw her by the faint beam
of the moon All night I heard her cries Loud was the wind, the
rain beat hard on the hill Before morning appeared, her voice
was weak It died away, like the evening-breeze among the grass
of the rocks Spent with grief she expired, and left thee Armin
alone Gone is my strength in war! fallen my pride among women!
When the storms aloft arise when the north lifts the wave on
high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock
Often by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children Half-
viewless, they walk in mournful conference together Will none of

you speak in pity? They do not regard their father I am sad, O
Carmor, nor small is my cause of woe!

SUCH were the words of the bards in the days of song, when
the king heard the music of harps, the tale of other times! The
chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound
They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand
bards! But age is now on my tongue, my soul has failed! I hear,
at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song But
memory fails on my mind I hear the call of years! They say, as
they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the
narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-
brown years, ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open
to Ossian, for his strength has failed The sons of song are gone
to rest My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a
sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid The dark moss
whistles there, the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY

(1740-1759-1778)

A Prayer, Living and Dying¹

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from it's guilt and pow'r. .

5

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy Law's demands
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

10

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling,
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,

15

¹ Published in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1776 Text of first edition

Foul, I to the Fountain fly
Wash me, SAVIOR, or I die¹

While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on thy judgment-throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee¹

20

CHARLES CHURCHILL

(1731-1761-1764)

The Farewell¹

P FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell,
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer alas in ev'ry thing but Rime,
The Muses steer their course, and, fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, desire to range,
Resolv'd at least, since They the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place, and way

5

F What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?
Why into foreign countries would You roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?

10

If Satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have shewn no talents fit for praise,
If Satire be thy object, search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
Vice choaks up ev'ry Virtue, where, self-sown,
The seeds of Folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And ev'ry seed brings forth a hundred fold

15

20

P No more of this—tho' Truth (the more our shame,
The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
And justify her part in this, yet here,
For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,

25

¹ Published in 1764. Text of *Works*, third edition, 1766

I hear, and hate—be England what She will,
With all her faults She is my Country still.

F Thy Country, and what then? Is that mere word
Against the voice of Reason to be heard?

Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul

To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part, Men, not confin'd

Within such paltry limits, Men design'd
Their nature to exalt, where'er they go,

Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the blessed Sun, plac'd in the sky

To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,

Consider ev'ry country as their own

At one grand view They take in Nature's plan,
Not more at home in England, than Japan

P My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,

To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,

To boast of Apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the Schools,

Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules

Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault

That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair

You praise Japan, tho' you was never there

But was the Ship this moment under sail,

Would not your mind be chang'd, your Spirits fail,

Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,

And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?

Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal

Those passions, which we cannot chuse but feel,

There's a strange Something, which without a brain

Fools feel, and with one wise men can't explain,

Planted in Man, to bind him to that earth,

In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth

If Honour calls, where'er She points the way,

The Sons of Honour follow, and obey,

If Need compels, wherever we are sent,

'Tis want of courage not to be content,

But, if we have the liberty of choice,

And all depends on our own single voice,

To deem of ev'ry Country as the same

Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim

Of Nature, and such dull indifference 75
 May be PHILOSOPHY, but can't be SENSE
 F Weak and unjust Distinction, strange design,
 Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
 PHILOSOPHY, and throw her empire down
 By means of SENSE, from whom she holds her crown 80
 Divine PHILOSOPHY, to Thee we owe
 All that is worth possessing here below,
 Virtue and Wisdom consecrate thy reign,
 Doubled each joy, and Pain no longer Pain
 When, like a Garden, where for want of toil, 85
 And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil
 Teems with incumbrances, where all around
 Herbs noxious in their nature make the Ground,
 Like the good Mother of a thankless Son,
 Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone, 90
 Like such a garden, when the human soul,
 Uncultur'd, wild impatient of controul,
 Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race, ,
 Which spread, and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
 Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of scorn, 95
 Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,
 PHILOSOPHY steps in, with steady hand
 She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd land,
 Too virtuous, to spare vice one stroke, too wise 100
 One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
 See with what Godlike, what relentless pow'r
 She roots up ev'ry weed
 P and ev'ry flow'r
 PHILOSOPHY, a name of meek degree,
 Embrac'd, in token of humility,
 By the proud Sage, who, whilst he strove to hide, 105
 In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride
 PHILOSOPHY, whom Nature had design'd
 To purge all errors from the human mind,
 Herself misled by the Philosopher, 110
 At once her Priest and Master, made us err,
 Pride, Pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
 Tainted her laws, and made e'en Virtue sowre
 Had she, content within her proper sphere,
 Taught lessons suited to the human ear, 115
 Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
 Made not for ornament, but real use,
 The heart of Man unrival'd she had sway'd,
 Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd
 But when She, overturning Reason's throne,

Strove proudly in its place to plant her own, 120
 When she with Apathy the breast would steel,
 And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel,
 When she would wildly all her force employ,
 Not to correct our passions, but destroy,
 When, not content our nature to restore, 125
 As made by God, she made it all new o'er,
 When, with a strange and criminal excess,
 To make us more than Men, she made us less,
 The Good her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
 The Bad with joy, and none but fools with awe 130
 Truth, with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
 E'en from the mouth of N—might prevail,
 Could she get there, but Falshood's sugar'd strain
 Should pour her fatal Blandishments in vain,
 Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung, 135
 Where she too often hangs, on M—— tongue
 Should all the SOPHS, whom in his course the Sun
 Hath seen, or past or present, rise in One,
 Should He, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
 Like PLATO, give us Poetry in Prose, 140
 Should He, full Orator at once impart
 Th' ATHENIAN's Genius, with the ROMAN's Art,
 Genius and Art should in this instance fail,
 Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail
 'Tis not in Man, 'tis not in more than man 145
 To make me find one fault in Nature's plan
 Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
 And, wanting judgment, think that She wants love,
 Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,
 And think her most a foe, when most a friend 150
 Such be PHILOSOPHERS—their specious art,
 Tho' Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart;
 Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
 Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there
 F Forgiving as a Friend, what, whilst I live, 155
 As a Philosopher I can't forgive,
 In this one point at last I join with You,
 To Nature pay all that is Nature's due,
 But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
 To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe 160
 Bear, to full Manhood grown, those shackles bear,
 Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,
 As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
 Are laid aside, when we can walk alone
 But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd, 165

Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
 Wilt Thou make faults, whilst Judgment weakly errs,
 And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
 Dar'st Thou to say, in our enlight'ned age,
 That this grand Master Passion, this brave rage, 170
 Which flames out for thy country, was imprest,
 And fix'd by Nature in the human breast?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
 And hold all others in contempt and scorn
 On fair Comparison, If on that land 175
 With lib'ral, and a more than equal hand
 Her gifts, as in profusion Plenty sends,
 If Virtue meets with more and better friends,
 If Science finds a Patron 'mongst the great,
 If Honesty is Minister of State, 180
 If Pow'r the guardian of our rights design'd,
 Is to that great, that only end confin'd,
 If Riches are employ'd to bless the poor,
 If Law is sacred, Liberty secure,
 Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight, 185
 Reason declares, thy Love can't be too great,
 And, in this light could he our Country view,
 A very HOTTENTOT must love it too

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
 To some most barren and penurious earth, 190
 Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
 Her real wants are scantily supplied,
 Where Pow'r is Reason, Liberty a Joke,
 Laws never made, or made but to be broke,
 To fix thy love on such a wretched spot 195
 Because, in lust's wild fever, there begot,
 Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
 By chance, not choice, thy Mother dropt thee there,
 Is Folly which admits not of defence,
 It can't be Nature, for it is not Sense 200
 By the same argument which here you hold,
 (When Falshood's insolent let truth be bold)
 If Propagation can in torments dwell,
 A Devil must, if born there, love his hell

P Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend, 205
 And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
 Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untried,
 On purpose made to mortify my pride,
 Where the Sun never gave one glimpse of day,
 Where Science never yet could dart one ray, 210
 Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain

Of barren Scotland, in a STUART's reign,
 Or in some kingdom, where Men, weak or worse,
 Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
 Where crowns of Freedom, by the Fathers won,
 Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate Son,
 In spite of all the wisdom you display,
 All you have said, and yet may have to say,
 My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
 I, as my country, had not lov'd her less

215

220

Whether strict Reason bears me out in this,
 Let those who, always seeking, always miss
 The ways of Reason, doubt with precious zeal,
 Their's be the praise to argue, mine to feel
 Wish we to trace this passion to the root,
 We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
 From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
 Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling,
 Yet in the circle of revolving years,
 Not one misfortune, not one vice appears
 Hence then, and what you Reason call adore,
 This, if not Reason, must be something more

225

230

But (for I wish not others to confine,
 Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
 Whether this Love's of good, or evil growth,
 A Vice, a Virtue, or a spice of both,
 Let men of nicer argument decide,
 If it is virtuous, sooth an honest pride
 With lib'ral praise, if vicious, be content,
 It is a Vice I never can repent,
 A Vice which, weigh'd in Heav'n, shall more avail
 Than ten cold virtues in the other scale

235

240

F This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
 We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
 Is it a Virtue? that You scarce pretend,
 Or can it be a Vice, like Virtue's friend,
 Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
 Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
 To that grand object of the human soul,
 That nobler Love which comprehends the whole
 Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
 This nook, which scarce deserves a frown, or smile,
 Weigh'd with Creation, You, by whim undone,
 Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one
 The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to soar,
 Her strength confirm'd in Philosophic lore,
 At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
 And seeing all mankind, loves all she sees

245

250

255

P Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
 Not found in Reason's Creed, though found in your's 260
 That these two seivices, like what we'ie told
 And know of God's and Mammon s, cannot hold
 And draw together, that, however loth,
 We neither serve, attempting to serve both,
 I could not doubt a moment which to chuse, 265
 And which in common Reason to refuse

Invented oft for purposes of Art,
 Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
 This grand love of the world must be confest
 A barren speculation at the best 270
 Not one Man in a thousand, should he live
 Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
 So rare Occasion comes, and to so few,
 Proof whether his regards are feign'd, or true

The Love we bear our Country, is a root 275
 Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit,
 'Tis in the mind an everlasting Spring
 Of glorious actions, which become a King
 Nor less become a Subject, 'tis a debt
 Which bad Men, tho' they pay not, can't forget, 280
 A duty, which the Good delight to pay,
 And ev'ry Man can practice ev'ry day

Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
 Or dull your argument) can I descry
 What you with faith assert, how that dear love 285
 Which binds me to my Countiy, can remove
 And make me of necessity forego,
 That gen'ral love which to the world I owe
 Those ties of private nature, small extent,
 In which the mind of narrow cast is pent, 290
 Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
 Mounts by degrees till She includes the whole
 That spring of Love, which in the human mind,
 Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,
 Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends 295
 The social Charities of blood, and friends,
 Till smaller streams included, not o'erpast,
 It rises to our Country's love at last,
 And He, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
 Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind 300

F Friend as You would appear to Common Sense,
 Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
 Is it a proof of love by choice to run
 A vagrant from Your country?

P Can the Son,
 (Shame, Shame on all such sons) with ruthless eye, 305

And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
 And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
 All Virtue, see his honour'd Mother forc'd,
 Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
 Could I with patience, by the worst of Men,
 Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
 Beyond Redemption, all her glories cross'd
 E'en when Occasion made them ripe, her fame
 Fled like a dream, while She awakes to shame.

310

F Is it not more the office of a friend,
 The office of a Patron, to defend
 Her sinking state, than basely to decline
 So great a cause, and in despair resign?

315

P Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
 And, whilst more able Patriots doubt, she dies
 From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
 Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows
 'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
 'Tis not the Voice of Faction in the streets,
 'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made,
 'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
 Against the Subject, whilst She wears no sting
 To disappoint the purpose of a King,
 These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
 With those, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.

320

325

330

Tell me, Philosopher, is it a crime
 To pry into the secret womb of Time,
 Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
 To reach events, and read the future there?
 Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of Man,
 Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
 To former times and men his eye to cast,
 And judge of what's to come, by what is past

335

Should there be found in some not distant year
 (O how I wish to be no Prophet here)

340

Amongst our British Lords should there be found
 Some great in pow'r, in principles unsound,
 Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
 In whom the springs of Loyalty are dry,
 Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
 Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings,
 Who would divide the people and the throne
 To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own,
 Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
 And only join with, to destroy them both,
 Should there be found such men in after-times,

345

350

May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
 Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,
 And to their rage this wretched land condemn

Thou God above, on whom all States depend, 355
 Who knowest from the first their rise, and end,
 If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate
 When ruin must involve our equal state,
 When Law alas! must be no more, and we,
 To Freedom born, must be no longer free, 360
 Let not a Mob of Tyrants seize the helm,
 Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm,
 Let not, whatever other ills assail,
 A damned ARISTOCRACY prevail

If all too short, our course of Freedom run, 365
 'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
 Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
 Be slaves to one, and be that one a King

F Poets, accusom'd by their trade to feign, 370
 Oft substitute creations of the brain
 For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
 Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd
 Such is your case—but grant, to sooth your pride,
 That You know more than all the world beside, 375
 Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt,
 Resolv'd, and like a Man, at once speak out,
 Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
 And, to ensure our safety, make us wise

P Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools stray, 380
 The Proud will rather loose than ask their way,
 To men of Sense what needs it to unfold,
 And tell a tale which they must know untold?
 In the bad, int'rest warps the canker'd heart,
 The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art, 385
 And whilst Arch, subtle Hypocrites contrive
 To keep the flames of discontent alive,
 Whilst They, with arts to honest men unknown,
 Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
 Making us fear, where Reason never yet
 Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit, 390
 Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
 And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes

F Mark them, and let their names recorded stand
 On shame's black roll, and stink thro' all the land

P That might some Courage, but no Prudence be, 395
 No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me

F Leave out their names

P For that kind caution thanks,
 But may not Judges sometimes fill up blanks?
 F Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject 400
 P The Laws I love, the Lawyers I suspect.
 Amongst twelve judges may not One be found,
 (On bare, bare possibility I ground
 This wholesome doubt) who may Enlarge, Retrench, 405
 Create, and Uncreate, and from the Bench,
 With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
 May work and worm into a jury's hearts,
 Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
 Cramp their high office, and their rights controul, 410
 Who may, tho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
 And deal replies out by the way of charge,
 Making Interpretation all the way,
 In spite of Facts, his wicked will obey,
 And, leaving Law without the least defence, 415
 May damn his Conscience to approve his Sense
 F Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
 In full and perfect vigour, Juries stand,
 A Judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex
 P Suppose I should be tried in MIDDLESEX 420
 F To pack a Jury they will never dare
 P There's no occasion to pack juries there
 F 'Gainst Prejudice all arguments are weak,
 Reason herself without effect must speak
 Fly then thy Country, like a Coward fly, 425
 Renounce her int'rest, and her laws defy
 But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
 Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
 Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
 Her brawny arm, and play the Butcher there? 430
 P Thy Counsel, taken, what should Satire do?
 Where could she find an object that is new?
 Those travell'd Youths, whom tender Mothers wean,
 And send abroad to see, and to be seen,
 With whom, lest they should fornicat, or worse, 435
 A Tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse,
 Each of whom just enough of Spirit bears,
 To shew our follies, and to bring home their's,
 Have made all Europe's vices so well known,
 They seem almost as nat'ral as our own
 F Will India for thy purpose better do? 440
 P In one respect at least—there's something New
 F A harmless People, in whom Nature speaks
 Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks,

But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts 445

P From knowledge speak You this, or, doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath Reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reason taught,
You have Faith ev'ry where but where You ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name? 450

Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature alike in both works for Man's good,
Alike in both by Man himself withstood
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown, 455
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd Prince of Christian race

F. Could You, a task more hard than You suppose,
Could You, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear, 460
'Tis ten to one You gain no credit here
Howe'er well-drawn, the Picture after all,
Because we know not the Original,
Would not find favour in the public eye

P That, having your good leave, I mean to try 465
And if Your observations sterling hold,
If the Piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the side of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow, 470
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I'll group the Company, and put them in

F Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd,
Add not distress to those too much distress'd 475
Have They not, by blind Zeal misled, laid bare
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have They not brought their mysteries so low
That what the Wise suspected not, Fools know?
From their first rise e'en to the present hour 480
Have They not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r,
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd,
Whilst, uneduc'd by Ministers, the throne
Regards our Interest, and knows its own 485

P Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,
Those who have sail'd, and those who wish'd to sail
In the last Fleet, afford an ample field
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield

F On such vile food Satire can never thrive. 490

P She cannot starve, if there was only CLIVE

JAMES BEATTIE

(1735-1761-1803)

The Minstrel, or, The Progress of Genius¹

The First Book

I

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
 Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote hath pined alone
 Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
 Not equally oppressive is to all
 Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal
 There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame,
 Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace Nor higher aim
 Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim

III

This sapient age disclaims all classic lore,
 Else I should here in cunning phrase display,
 How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array,
 His waving locks and beard all hoary grey
 And, from his bending shoulder, decent hung
 His harp, the sole companion of his way,
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung

¹ Published in 1771 Text of fourth edition, 1774

IV

Fret not yourselves, ye silken sons of pride,
That a poor Wanderer should inspire my strain
The Muses fortune's fickle smile deride, 30
Nor ever bow the knee in Mammon's fane,
For their delights are with the village-train,
Whom Nature's laws engage, and Nature's charms:
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms, 35
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of wealth alarms

V

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float, 40
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill
O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they will 45

VI

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,
Nor was perfection made for man below
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow, 50
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow,
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent Muse 55
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire,
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined? 60
No, let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd,
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind

VIII

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen, 65
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen,
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
 Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide, 70
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene),
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

IX

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields! 75
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, 80
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

X

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth 85
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart,
 For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart,
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream — 90
 Return, my roving Muse, resume they purposed theme.

XI

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree,
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady,
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie 95
 A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms,
 Zealous, yet modest, innocent, though free,
 Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
 Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms

XII

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made, 100
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock,
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd,
An honest heart was almost all his stock,
His drink the living water from the rock
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent 105
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock,
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went

XIII

From labour health, from health contentment springs 110
Contentment opes the source of every joy
He envied not, he never thought of kings,
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
Which chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy.
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled,
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy, 115
For on his vows the blameless Phebe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child

XIV

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife; 120
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd, secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm 125
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform

XV

The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this simple pair
His birth no oracle or seer foretold 130
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare
You guess each circumstance of EDWIN's birth,
The parent's transport, and the parent's care,
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth, 135
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth

XVI

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye,
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy
 Silent when glad, affectionate, though shy, 140
 And now his look was most demurely sad,
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad

XVII

But why should I his childish feats display? 145
 Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled,
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream 150
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, 'till Phebus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team

XVIII

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring 155
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
 To work the wo of any living thing,
 By trap, or net, by arrow, or by sling,
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king, 160
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield

XIX

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves, 165
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine.
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies? 170
 Ah! no he better knows great Nature's charms to prize

XX

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn, 175
 Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while,
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil —
 But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile 180

XXI

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost
 What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast, 185
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight, 190
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul 195
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control

XXIII

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!" 200
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
 "Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
 "Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
 "Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 "To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
 "Ah! why hath fickle chance this ruin wrought? 205
 "For now the storm howls mournful through the brake
 "And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake

XXIV.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 "And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty, crown'd!
 "Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool, 210
 "Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd,
 "Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound
 "The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray,
 "And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
 "Down the vale thunders, and, with wasteful sway, 215
 "Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth
 "So flourishes and fades majestic man
 "Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 "And fostering gales a while the nursing fan 220
 "O smile, ye heavens, serene, ye mildews wan,
 "Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 "Nor lessen of his life the little span
 "Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
 "Old-age comes on apace to ravage all the clime 225

XXVI

"And be it so Let those deplore their doom,
 "Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn
 "But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
 "Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn
 "Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return? 230
 "Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—
 "Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 "And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 "Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead

XXVII.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust, 235
 "When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 "Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 "Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
 "Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 "With disappointment, penury, and pain?— 240
 "No Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 "And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 "Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign"

XXVIII

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew. 245
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue
 "Let man's own sphere (quoth he) confine his view,
 "Be man's peculiar work his sole delight"
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew 250
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might

XXIX

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
 "O never, never turn away thine ear
 "Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below, 255
 "Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to heal!
 "To others do (the law is not severe)
 "What to thyself thou wishest to be done
 "Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
 "And friends, and native land, nor those alone, 260
 "All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own"

XXX

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
 The visionary boy from shelter fly!
 For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky 265
 And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chace thine ardour has begun!
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run 270

XXXI

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
 And Disappointment of her sting disarm —
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm? 275
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gav Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire
 Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire

XXXII

When the long-sounding curfew from afar 280
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
 Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale, 285
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

XXXIII

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed, 290
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
 And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his intranced sight
 And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep 295
 Shrill to his ringing ear, then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of Night.

XXXIV

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose, the trumpet bids the valves unfold,
 And forth an host of little warriors march, 300
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire,
 And here and there, right venerably old,
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire, 305
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear, 310
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance,
 To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze,
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
 Rapid along with many-colour'd rays
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze 315

XXXVI

The dream is fled Proud harbinger of day,
 Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
 Fell chanticleer¹ who oft hast left away
 My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
 O to thy cursed scream, discordant still, 320
 Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear.
 Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
 Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
 And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII

Forbear, my Muse Let Love attune thy line 325
 Revoke the spell Thine Edwin frets not so
 For how should he at wicked chance repine,
 Who feels from every change amusement flow?
 Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders through the scenes of morn, 330
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born

XXXVIII

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side, 335
 The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell,
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley, echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above,
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide, 340
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove

XXXIX

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark,
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
 The whistling plowman stalks afield, and, hark!¹ 345
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings,
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs,
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour,
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings,
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower, 350
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour

XL

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!
 Blest be the day I scap'd the wrangling crew,
 From Pyriho's maze, and Epicurus' sty,
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse should deign,
 (Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
 For well I know, where-ever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide

XLIII

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart,
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art

XLIV

Various and strange was the long-winded tale,
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale, 390
 And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid,
 The moonlight-revel of the fairy glade,
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood, 395
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce 400
 O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone!
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone. 405

XLVI

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
 'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie, 410
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry
 "For from the town the man returns no more"
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store

XLVII

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy 415
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear—
 "But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 "And Innocence thus die by doom severe?"
 O Edwin, while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel 420
 Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere,
 But let us hope,—to doubt, is to rebel,—
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well

XLVIII

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
 Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given, 425
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
 'Tis soften and refine the soul for heaven
 But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt hath driven
 To censure Fate, and pious hope forego, 430
 Like vonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo

XLIX

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day, 435
 Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
 Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend!
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay, 440
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

L

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
 'Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan, 445
 If but that little part incongruous seem
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies.
 For thou art but of dust, be humble, and be wise. 450

LI

'Twas Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years
 For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar,
 On Fancy's wing, above this vale of tears,
 Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore 455
 'Through microscope of metaphysic lore
 And touch the sceptre for truth, but never hit.
 For why? their powers, inadequate before,
 Their reason, their reason, tender more unfit,
 Yet born to darkness, night and their vain blunder: wit

LII

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth 460
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft chear'd the shepherds round their social hearth,
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter at the price
Of decency Nor let it faith exceed, 465
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice —
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed

LIII

Oft when the winter-storm had ceas'd to rave, 470
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view,
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue
Where midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes
More wildly great than ever pencil drew, 475
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise

LIV

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar 480
Of the wide-weltering waves In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the darkening wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began, 485
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran

LV

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall, 490
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined
Ah what is mirth, but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy! 495

LVI

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
 Ah me! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born?
 He needs not woo the Muse, he is her scorn
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine,
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page, or mourn,
 And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine,
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine

500

LVII

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd,
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute
 Of elegance as yet he took no care,
 For this of time and culture is the fruit,
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare
 As in some future veise I purpose to declare

505

510

LVIII

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry
 At last, though long by penury control'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold

515

520

LIX

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms hath bound,
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
 Torrents are hurl'd, green hills emerge, and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd,
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go,
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

525

530

LX

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while,
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim
 But if ***** on this labour smile,
 New strains erelong shall animate thy flame. 535
 And his applause to me is more than fame,
 For still with truth accords his taste refined
 At lucre or renown let others aim,
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind. 540

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE

(1735-1761-1788)

Cumnor Hall¹

THE dewes of summer nighte did falle,
 The moone (sweete regente of the skye)
 Silver'd the walles of Cumnor Halle,
 And manye an oake that grewe therebye
 Nowe noughte was hearde beneath the skies, 5
 (The soundes of busye lyfe were stille,)
 Save an unhappie ladie's sighes,
 That issued from that lonelye pile
 'Leicester,' shee cried, 'is thys thy love
 'That thou so oft has sworne to mee, 10
 'To leave mee in thys lonelye grove,
 'Immurr'd in shameful privitie?
 'No more thou com'st with lover's speede,
 'Thy once-beloved bryde to see,
 'But bee shee alive, or bee shee deade, 15
 'I feare (sterne earle's) the same to thee
 'Not so the usage I receiv'd,
 'When happye in my father's halle,
 'No faithlesse husbände then me griev'd,
 'No chilling feares did mee appall 20

¹ Published in Evans's *Old Ballads*, Volume IV, 1784 Text of first edition

'I rose up with the chearful morne,
 'No laik more blith, no flow'r more gaye;
 'And, like the birde that hauntes the thorne,
 'So merryhe sung the live-long daye

'If that my beautye is but smalle, 25
 'Among court ladies all despis'd,
 'Why didst thou rend it from that halle,
 'Where (scorneful earle) it well was priz'de?

'And when you first to mee made suite, 30
 'How fayre I was you oft would saye!
 'And, proude of conquest—pluck'd the fruite,
 'Then lefte the blossom to decaye

'Yes, nowe neglected and despis'd,
 'The rose is pale—the lilly's deade— 35
 'But hee that once their charmes so priz'd,
 'Is sure the cause those charms are fledde.

'For knowe, when sick'ning grieve doth preye
 'And tender love's repay'd with scorne,
 'The sweetest beautye will decaye— 40
 'What flow'ret can endure the storme?

'At court I'm tolde is beauty's throne,
 'Where every lady's passing rare,
 'That eastern flow'rs, that shame the sun,
 'Are not so glowing, not soe fayre

'Then, earle, why didst thou leave the bedds 45
 'Where roses and where lillys vie,
 'To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 'Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye?

'Mong rural beauties I was one, 50
 'Among the fields wild flow'rs are faire,
 'Some countrye swayne might mee have won,
 'And thoughte my beautie passing rare

'But, Leicester, (or I much am wronge)
 'Or tis not beautye lures thy vows,
 'Rather ambition's gilded crowne 55
 'Makes thee forget thy humble spouse

'Then, Leicester, why, again I pleade,
 '(The injur'd surelye may repyne,)

‘Why didst thou wed a countrye mayde,
‘When some fayre princesse might be thyne?’ 60

‘Why didst thou praise my humble charmes,
‘And, oh! then leave them to decaye?’
‘Why didst thou win me to thy armes,
‘Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye?’

‘The village maidens of the plaine 65
‘Salute me lowly as they goe,
‘Envious they maike my silken trayne,
‘Nor thinke a countesse can have woe

‘The simple nymphs! they little knowe,
‘How faire more happy’s their estate— 70
‘—To smile for joye—than sigh for woe—
‘—To be contente—than to be greate

‘Howe farie lesse bleste am I than them?’
‘Dailye to pyne and waste with care!’
‘Like the poore plante, that from its stem 75
‘Divided—feeles the chilling ayre

‘Nor (cruel earl!) can I enjoye
‘The humble charmes of solitude,
‘Your minions proude my peace destroye,
‘By sullen frownes or pratings rude 80

‘Laste nyghte, as sad I chanc’d to straye,
‘The village deathe-bell smote my eare,
‘They wink’d asyde, and seem’d to saye,
‘Countesse, prepare—thy end is neare

‘And nowe, while happye peasantes sleepe, 85
‘Here I set loneley and forlorne,
‘No one to soothe mee as I weepe,
‘Save phylomel on yonder thorne

‘My spirits flag—my hopes decaye—
‘Still that dreade deathe-bell smites my eare,’ 90
‘And many a boding seems to saye,
‘Countess, prepare—thy end is neare’

Thus sore and sad that ladie griev’d,
In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare,
And manye a heartefelte sighe shee heav’d,
And let falle manye a bitter teare 95

And ere the dawne of daye appear'd,
 In Cumnor Hall so lone and dreare,
 Full manye a piercing screame was hearde,
 And manye a crye of mortal feare

100

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
 An aerial voyce was hearde to call,
 And thrice the raven flapp'd its wyng
 Arounde the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall

The mastiffe howl'd at village doore,
 The oaks were shatter'd on the greene,
 Woe was the houre—for never more
 That haplesse countesse e'er was seene

105

And in that manor now no more
 Is chearful feaste and sprightly balle,
 For ever since that drearye houre
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall

110

The village maides, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the antient mossgrowne walle,
 Nor ever leade the merrie dance,
 Among the groves of Cumnor Halle

115

Full manye a travellor oft hath sigh'd,
 And pensive wepte the countess' falle,
 As wand'ring onwards they've espied
 The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Halle.

120

THOMAS CHATTERTON

(1752-1763-1770)

Bristowe Tragedie or, The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin¹

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,
 And tolde the earlie villager
 The commynge of the morne

¹ Published in 1772 Text of *Poems*, ed. Tyrwhitt, third edition, 1778

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes 5
Of lyghte eclipse the greie,
And herde the raven's crokyng throte
Proclayme the fated daie

"Thou'it ryght," quod hee, "foi, by the Godde 10
"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
"CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To-daie shall surelie die "

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite, 15
"Goe tell the traytoui, thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall state "

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe,
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate, 20
And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe

"O goode Syr CHARLES!" sayd CANTERLONE, 25
"Badde tydyngs I doe bynge "
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr CHARLES,
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne 30
"Does fromme the welkinn flye,
"Hee hath uponne hys honoui sworne,
"Thatt thou shalt surelie die "

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES,
"Of thatte I'm not affearde,
"Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35
"Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
"I'de sooner die to-daie
"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
"Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie " 40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kyng,
And felle down onne hys knee,
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
"To move your clemencye"

45

Thenne quod the kyng, "Youre tale speke out,
"You have been much oure friende,
"Whatever youre request may bee,
"Wee wylle to ytte attende."

50

"My nobile leige! alle my request
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
"He thoghte ytte styll was ryghte

55

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie,
"Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
"CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie"

60

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kyng ynne furie sayde,
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
"BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
"And hee shalle have hys meede
"Speke, Maister CANYNGE! Whatte thyng else
"Att present doe you neede?"

65

"My nobile leige!" goode CANYNGE sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
"And laye the yronne rule asyde,
"Be thyne the olyve rodde

70

"Was Godde to serche our heites and reines,
"The best were synners grete,
"CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
"Ynne alle thys mortall state

75

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
"Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
"From race to race thy familie
"Alle sov'reigns shall endure

80

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 "Beginne thy infante reigne,
 "Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
 "Wylle never long remayne."

"CANYNGE, awaie! thys traytour vile 85
 "Has scorn'd my power and mee,
 "Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 "Intreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave 90
 "Wylle val'rous actions prize,
 "Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 "Altho' ynne enemies "

"CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n 95
 "Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 "I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
 "Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve

"By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
 "Thys sunne shall be hys laste "
 Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
 Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES, 105
 "Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne,
 "Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
 "Of all wee mortall menne

"Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul 110
 "Runns overr att thyne eye,
 "Is ytte for my most welcome doome
 "Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie CANYNGE, "I doe weepe,
 "Thatt thou so soone must dye,
 "And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe, 115
 "'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye"

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
 "From godlie fountaines sprynge,

- "Dethe I despise, and alle the power
 "Of EDWARDE, traytoi kyng 120
- "Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
 "I shall resigne my lyfe,
 "The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
 "For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe
- "Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne, 125
 "Thys was appointed mee,
 "Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
 "Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
- "Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode, 130
 "Whan thousands dy'd arounde,
 "Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
 "Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde
- "How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
 "Thatt cutte the arie waie,
 "Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135
 "And close myne eyes for aie?
- "And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 "Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
 "Ne! fromm my herte fle childyshe feere,
 "Bee alle the manne display'd 140
- "Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,
 "And garde thee and thye sonne,
 "Yff 'tis hys wylle, but yff 'tis nott,
 "Why thenne hys wylle bee donne
- "My honest fiennde, my faulte has beene 145
 "To serve Godde and mye prynce,
 "And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 "My dethe wylle soone convynce
- "Ynne Londonne cite was I borne,
 "Of parents of grete note, 150
 "My fadre dydd a nobile armes
 "Emblazon onne hys cote
- "I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
 "Where soone I hope to goe,
 "Where wee for ever shall bee blest, 155
 "From oute the reech of woe

- “Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
“Wyth pitie to unite,
“And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
“The wronge cause fromm the ryghte 160
- “Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
“To feede the hungrie pooie,
“Ne lett mye saivants dryve awaie
“The hungrie fromme my doore
- “And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe 165
“I have hys wordyes kept,
“And summ’d the actyonns of the daie
“Eche nyghte before I slept
- “I have a spouse, goe aske of hei,
“Yff I defyl’d hei bedde? 170
“I have a kynge, and none can laie
“Blacke treason onne my hedde
- “Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
“Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne,
“Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175
“To leave thys worlde of payne?
- “Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,
“I shalle ne see thye dethe,
“Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
“Doe I resign my biethe 180
- “Oh, fickle people! iewyn’d londe!
“Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe,
“Whyle RICHARD’s sonnes exalt themselves,
“Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe
- “Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185
“And godlie HENRIE’s reigne,
“Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
“For those of bloude and peyne?
- “Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne,
“And mangled by a hynde, 190
“I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,
“Hee can ne harm my mynde,
- “Whatte tho’, uphoisted onne a pole,
“Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,

- "And ne ryche monument of brasse
 "CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear, 195
- "Yett ynne the holie booke above,
 "Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 "There wythe the sarvants of the Lorde 200
 "Mye name shall lyve for aie
- "Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 "I leave thys mortall lyfe
 "Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 "Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!
- "Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
 "As e'er the moneth of Maie,
 "Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 "Wyth my dere wyfe to staie"
- QUOD CANYNGE, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
 "To bee prepar'd to die, 210
 "And from thys world of peyne and grefe
 "To Godde ynne Heav'n to fle"
- And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde,
 Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete 215
 A prauncyng onne the grounde
- And just before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220
- "Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere,
 "Ynne quiet lett mee die,
 "Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
 "Maye looke onne dethe as I
- "Sweet FLORENCE! why these brinie teeres? 225
 "Theye washe my soule awaie,
 "And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 "Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie
- "'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
 "Untoe the lande of blysse, 230
 "Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,
 "Receive thys holie kysse"

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kyngel
"My herte ys welle nyghe broke. 235

"Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,
"Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
"The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
"Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe" 240

And nowe the officers came ynne
To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe,
"Truste thou ynne Godde above,
"And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
"And ynne theyre hertes hym love 245

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
"Thatt I theyre fader runne 250
"FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
"Yee officers, leade onne"

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere,
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"— 255
Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare

"Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore,
Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore 260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete,
Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
Appeared to the syghte, 270

Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psauame
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt,
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstielles came, 275
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came,
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From iewscue of kyng HENRIES friends
Syr CHARLES foir to defend 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Maiched ynne goodlie route

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt, 290
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't,
And theyre attendyng menne echone, 295
Lyke Easterne princes trickt

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge,
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
"Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat 305
The kyng ynne myckle state,
To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare

310

"Thou seest mee, EDWARDE! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie,
"Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

315

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
"Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
"And hast appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne

320

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie,
"I have beene dede 'till nowe,
"And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe

"Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeaes,
"Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande

325

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
"Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde

330

Kynge EDWARDE's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER
Hee thus dydd speke and saie

335

"To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
"Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

340

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke RICHARD sayde,
"And maye echone oure foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
"And feede the carryon crows"

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle,

345

The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded caire
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

350

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye,
"For servynge loyally mye kynge,
"Mye kynge most rightfullie

355

"As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,
"Ne quiet you wylle knowe,
"Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
"And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe

360

"You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,
"Whenne ynne adversitye,
"Lyke mee, untoe the tme cause stycke,
"And for the true cause dye"

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
Hys partyng soule to take

365

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd his hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke,
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddesh-manne stroke

370

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffold twyne,
And teares, enow to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne

375

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte,
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte

380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure.

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
 A dreery spectacle,
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
 Ynne hyghe-streete most noble

385

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate.

Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
 And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule,
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge¹

390

Mynstrelles Songe¹

O' synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O' droppe the bynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ryver bee,
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree

5

Blacke hys cryne² as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode³ as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale⁴ he lyes ynne the grave belowe,
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree

10

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
 Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O' hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree

15

20

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
 In the briered dells belowe,
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,

¹ Published in *Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude, 1777* Text of Poems, ed Tyrwhitt
 third edition, 1778 The notes are from this edition

² hair

³ complexion

⁴ cold

To the nyghte-mares as heic⁵ goe; 25
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie; 30
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude,
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude,
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde, 35
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleuis be layde,
 Nee one halie Seyncte to save
 Al the celness⁶ of a mayde 40
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
 Rounde his halie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres, 45
 Heere mie boddie styll schalle bee
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne, 50
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie,
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde, 55
 Al under the wyllowe tree

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,⁷
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde
 I die, I comme, mie true love waytes
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed. 60

⁵ they

⁶ coldness

⁷ water-flags

An Excelente Balade of Charitie
As Wroten bie the Gode Prieste Thomas Rowley,¹
1464²

IN VIRGYNE the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees³ did caste his raie,
The apple iodded⁴ from its palie greene,
And the mole⁵ peare did bende the leafy spiaie,
The peede chelandri⁶ sunge the livelong daie, 5
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeaie,
And eke the grounde was dighte⁷ in its mose defte⁸ aumere⁹

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aie, and eke the welken¹⁰ blue,
When from the sea arist¹¹ in dier airaie 10
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring¹² attenes¹³ the sunnis fetive¹⁴ face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent¹⁵ lede,
A hapless pilgim moneynge did abide
Pore in his viewe, ungentle¹⁶ in his weede,
Longe bretful¹⁷ of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almei¹⁸ fle[?] 20
He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal reward in Somersetshire educated at the Convent of St Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire

² Published in *Poems*, 1777 Text of *Poems*, ed Tyrwhitt, third edition, 1778 The preceding note and those that follow are Chatterton's

³ merde

⁴ reddened, ripened

⁵ soft

⁶ pied goldfinch

⁷ drest, arrayed

⁸ neat, ornamental

⁹ a loose robe or mantle

¹⁰ the sky, the atmosphere

¹¹ arose

¹² hiding, shrouding

¹³ at once

¹⁴ beruteous

¹⁵ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity The Abbot of St Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family Rowley was

a Yorkist

¹⁶ beggarly

¹⁷ filled with

¹⁸ beggar

Look in his glommed¹⁰ face, his spighte there scanne,
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd,²⁰ deade¹
 Haste to thie church-glebe-house²¹, asshrewed²² manne!
 Haste to thie kiste,²³ thie onlie dortoure²⁴ bedde 25
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
 Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves,
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle,
 The forswat²⁵ meadowes smethe,²⁶ and drenche²⁷ the raine, 30
 The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,²⁸
 And the full flockes are drivyng ore the plaine,
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott²⁹ againe,
 The welkin opes, the yellow levynne³⁰ flies,
 And the hot fierie smothe³¹ in the wide lowings³² dies 35

Liste¹ now the thunder's rattling clymmynge³³ sound
 Cheves³⁴ slowlie on, and then embollen³⁵ clangs,
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard³⁶ care of terroure hanges,
 The windes are up, the lofty elmen swanges, 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are braste³⁷ attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came,
 His chapournette³⁸ was drented with the reine, 45
 And his pencte³⁹ gyrdle met with mickle shame,

¹⁰ clouded, dejected A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words, and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*

²⁰ dry, sapless

²¹ the grave

²² accursed, unfortunate

²³ coffin

²⁴ a sleeping room

²⁵ sun burnt

²⁶ smoke

²⁷ drink

²⁸ *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright

²⁹ fly

³⁰ lightning

³¹ steam, or vapours

³² flames

³³ noisy

³⁴ moves

³⁵ swelled, strengthened

³⁶ frightened

³⁷ burst

³⁸ a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers

³⁹ printed

He aynewaide tolde his bederoll⁴⁰ at the same,
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist⁴¹ almes craver neere to the holme to bide

His cope⁴² was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne,
 His autremete⁴³ was edged with golden twynne,
 And his shoone pyke a lovers⁴⁴ mighte have binne,
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte, 55
 For the horse-millanare⁴⁵ his head with roses dighte

An almes, sir prieste! the droppyng pilgrim saide,
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer, 60
 Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor,
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche,
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne,
 This is no season almes and prayers to give, 65
 Mie porter never lets a faitour⁴⁶ in,
 None touch mie ryng who not in honour live
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie 70

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thunder rolde,
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen,
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde,
 His cope and jape⁴⁷ were graie, and eke were clene, 75
 A Limitoure he was of oider seene,
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree

An almes, sir priest! the droppyng pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threde, 80
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take,
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline⁴⁸ shake

⁴⁰ He told his beads backwards, a figurative expression to signify cursing

⁴¹ poor, needy

⁴² a cloke

⁴³ a loose white robe, worn by Priests

⁴⁴ a lord

⁴⁵ I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed

⁴⁶ a beggar, or vagabond

⁴⁷ a short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class and secular priests

⁴⁸ joy

Here take this siluer, it maie cathe⁴⁹ thie care,
We aie Goddes stewards all, nete⁵⁰ of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie⁵¹ pilgim, leine of me,
Scathe anie give a ientrolle to then Loide
Here take my semecope,⁵² thou aite bare I see,
Tis thyne, the Seynctes will give me mie iewarde
He left the pilgim, and his waie aborde
Vugynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn glouie,⁵³
Or give the mittee⁵⁴ will, or give the gode man power.

87

90

JOHN LANGHORNE

(1753-1764-1779)

A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan¹

FAREWEL the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant yeais where fancy led,
And sooth'd me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blythe blackbird told his tale
Farewel, the fields of Irwan's vale!

5

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red
No longer I their sweets inhale
Farewel, the fields of Irwan's vale!

10

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has ev'ning clos'd my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks, I've stray'd,
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by!
Full long their loss shall I bewail
Farewel, the fields of Irwan's vale!

15

⁴⁹ ease⁵⁰ nought⁵¹ unhappy⁵² a short under-cloke⁵³ glory⁵⁴ mighty, rich¹ Published in *Solymán and Alméná*, 1762 Text of *The Novelist's Magazine*, Volume II, 1780

Yet still within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day,
Along yon flow'ry banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away,
Fair fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these, and Iiwan's vale¹

20

The Evening Primrose¹

THERE aRE that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame,
There aRE that hold it rueful strife
To risque AMBITION's losing game

That far from ENVY's lurid eye
The fairest fruits of GENIUS rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In Friendship's small but kindly sphere

5

Than vainer flowers tho' sweeter far,
The Evening Primrose shuns the day,
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray

10

In EDEN's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower

15

'Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,'
In pity's simple thought he cries,
'Thy bosom must not feel the glow
'Of splendid suns, or smiling skies

20

'Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
'The hamlet's little train behold,
'Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
'When thine the falling shades unfold

'Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
'When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
'For flowers he rifles all the meads,
'For waking flowers—but thine forbears

25

¹ Published in *Tables of Flora*, 1771 Text of edition of 1794

'Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
 'On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
 'Let smiling suns those gems illumine!
 'Fair flower, to live unseen is death'

30

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
 That o'er the bending meadow blow,
 Or streams that steal thro' even vales,
 And murmur that they move so slow:

35

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
 Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain,
 The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
 And answer'd thus the anxious swain.

40

Live unseen!
 By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
 Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
 Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
 Laughing day may look more sprightly,
 But I love the modest mien,
 Still I love the modest mien,
 Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen

45

Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
 Pleasure is of pensive kind?
 Has thy cottage never known
 That she loves to live alone?
 Dost thou not at evening hour
 Feel some soft and secret power,
 Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
 Leave sweet serenity behind,
 While all disarm'd, the cares of day
 Steal thro' the falling gloom away?
 Love to think thy lot was laid
 In this undistinguish'd shade
 Far from the world's infectious view,
 Thy little virtues safely blew
 Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
 Guard thy emblematic flower

50

55

60

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY

(1724-1766-1805)

The New Bath Guide¹*Letter X**Taste and Spirit—Mr B-n-r-d commences A Beau Garçon*

So LIVELY, so gay, my dear Mother, I'm grown,
 I long to do something to make myself known,
 For Persons of *Taste* and true *Spirit*, I find,
 Are fond of attracting the Eyes of Mankind
 What Numbers one sees, who, for that very Reason 5
 Come to make such a Figure at *Bath* ev'ry Season!
 'Tis this that provokes Mrs SHENKIN AP-LEEK
 To dine at the Ord'nary twice in a Week,
 Tho' at Home she might eat a good Dinner in Comfort,
 Nor pay such a cursed extravagant Sum for't 10
 But then her Acquaintance would never have known
 Mrs SHENKIN AP-LEEK had acquir'd a *Bon Ton*
 Ne'er shewn how in *Taste* the AP-LEEKs can excel
 The Dutchess of TRUFFLES, and Lady MORELL,
 Had ne'er been ador'd by Sir PYE MACARONI, 15
 And Count VERMICELLI, his intimate Crony,
 Both Men of such *Taste*, their Opinions are taken
 From an Ortolan down to a Rasher of Bacon
 What makes KITTY SPICER, and little Miss SAGO,
 To Auctions and Milliner's Shops ev'ry Day go? 20
 What makes them to vie with each other and quarrel
 Which spends the most Money for splendid Apparel?
 Why, *Spirit*—to shew they have much better Sense
 Than their Fathers, who rais'd it by Shillings and Pence
 What sends PETER TEWKSURY every Night 25
 To the Play with such infinite Joy and Delight?
 Why, PETER's a Critic, with true Attic Salt,
 Can damn the Performers, can hiss, and find fault,
 And tell when we ought to express Approbation,
 By thumping, and clapping, and Vociferation, 30
 So he gains our Attention, and all must admire
 Young TEWKSURY's Judgment, his *Spirit* and Fire
 But JACK DILETTANTE despises the Play'rs,
 To Concerts and musical Parties repairs,

¹ Published in 1766 Text of the third edition 1766

With Benefit-Tickets his Pockets he fills, 35
 Like a Mountebank Doctor distributes his Bills,
 And thus his Importance and Interest shews,
 By conferring his Favours wherever he goes
 He's extremely polite both to me and my Cousin, 40
 For he often desires us to take off a Dozen
 He has Taste, without doubt, and a delicate Ear,
 No vile Oratorios ever could bear,
 But talks of the Op'ras and his *Signora*,
 Cries *Bravo, Benissimo, Bravo, Encora!*
 And oft is so kind as to thrust in a Note 45
 While old Lady CUCKOW is straining her Throat,
 Or little Miss WREN, who's an excellent Singer,
 Then he points to the Notes, with a Ring on his Finger,
 And shews her the Crotchet, the Quaver, and Bar,
 All the Time that she warbles, and plays the *Guitar* 50
 Yet I think, tho' she's at it from Morning till Noon,
 Her queer little Thingumbob's never in Tune

Thank Heaven! of late, my dear Mother, my Face is
 Not a little regarded at all public Places,
 For I ride in a Chair with my Hands in a Muff, 55
 And have bought a Silk Coat and embroider'd the Cuff,
 But the Weather was cold, and the Coat it was thin,
 So the Taylor advis'd me to line it with Skin
 But what with my *Nivernois'* Hat can compare,
 Bag-Wig, and lac'd Ruffles, and black Solitaire? 60
 And what can a Man of true Fashion denote,
 Like an Ell of good Ribbon ty'd under the Throat?
 My Buckles and Box are in exquisite Taste,
 The one is of Paper, the other of Paste,
 And sure no *Camayeu* was ever yet seen 65
 Like that which I purchas'd at WICKSTED's Machine
 My Stockings, of Silk, are just come from the Hosier,
 For To-night I'm to dance with the charming Miss TOZIER
 So I'd have them to know when I go to the Ball,
 I shall shew as much *Taste* as the best of them all 70
 For a Man of great Fashion was heard to declare
 He never beheld so engaging an Air,
 And swears all the World must my Judgment confess,
 My *Solidity, Sense, Understanding* in Dress,
 My Manners so form'd, and my Wig so well curl'd, 75
 I look like a Man of the *very first World*
 But my Person and Figure you'll best understand
 From the Picture I've sent, by an eminent Hand
 Shew it young Lady BETTY, by way of Endearance,
 And to give her a Spice of my Mien and Appearance 80
 Excuse any more, I'm in Haste to depart,

For a Dance is the Thing that I love at my Heart.
So now my dear Mother, Ec, Ec, Ec

ROBERT FERGUSON

(1750-1771-1774)

The Daft-Days¹

Now mirk December's dowie face
Glours our the igs wi' sour grimace,
While, thro' his *minimum* of space,
The bleer-ey'd sun,
Wi' blinkin light and stealing pace, 5
His race doth run.

From naked groves nae birdie sings,
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
The breeze nae od'ious flavour brings
From *Borean* cave, 10
And dwyning nature droops her wings,
Wi' visage grave

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train, 15
Wi' frozen spear,
Sends drift ovr a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony caldrife soul, 20
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth,
While round they gar the bicker roll
To weet their mouth

When merry *Yule-day* comes, I trow 25
You'll scantlins find a hungry mou,
Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fou
O' gusty gear,
And kickshaws, strangers to our view, 30
Sin *Fairn-year*

¹ Published in *Weekly Magazine, or Edinburgh Amusement*, January 2, 1772 Text of *Poems by Robert Fergusson*, 1773

Ye browster wives, now busk ye bra,
 And fling your sorrows far awa',
 Then come and gies the tithe! blaw
 Of reaming ale,
 Mair precious than the well of *Spa*,
 Our hearts to heal

35

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
 Amang oursells we'll never quarrel,
 Tho' Discord gie a canker'd snarl
 To spoil our glee,
 As lang's there's pith into the barrel
 We'll drink and 'gree.

40

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
 And roset weel your fiddle-sticks,
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 From out your quorum,
 Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
 Gie's *Tulloch Gorum*.

45

For' nought can cheer the heart sae weel
 As can a canty Highland reel,
 It even vivifies the heel
 To skip and dance.
 Lifeless is he what canna feel
 Its influence

50

Let mirth abound, let social cheer
 Invest the dawning of the year,
 Let blithesome innocence appear
 To crown our joy,
 Nor envy wi' sarcastic sneer
 Our bliss destroy

55

60

And thou, great god of *Aqua Vitæ*
 Wha sways the empire of this city,
 When fou we're sometimes capernoity,
 Be thou prepar'd
 To hedge us frae that black banditti,
 The City-Guard

65

Braid Claith¹

YE WHA are fain to hae your name
 Wrote in the bonny book of fame,
 Let merit nae pretension claim
 To laurel'd wreath,
 But hap ye weel, baith back and wame, 5
 In gude Braid Claith

He that some ells o' this may fa,
 An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
 Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
 Wi' a' this graith, 10
 Whan bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
 O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has na fek o't'
 For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at,
 A chiel that ne'er will be respekkit 15
 While he draws breath,
 Till his four quarters are bedeckit
 Wi' gude Braid Claith

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
 When he has done wi' scrapin wark, 20
 Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
 Gangs trigly, faith'
 Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
 In gude Braid Claith

Weel might ye trow, to see them there, 25
 That they to shave your haffits bare,
 Or curl an' sleek a pickly hair,
 Wou'd be right laith,
 Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air
 In gude Braid Claith 30

If ony mettl'd stirrah green
 For favour frae a lady's ein,
 He maunna care for being seen
 Before he sheath
 His body in a scabbard clean 35
 O' gude Braid Claith

¹Published in *Weekly Magazine, or Edinburgh Amusement*, October 15, 1772
 Text of Poems by Robert Fergusson, 1773

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bairn,
 A feg for him she winna care,
 But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,
 And scald him baith
 Wooids shou'd ay then travel spare
 Without Braid Claith

40

Braid Claith lends fock an unco heese,
 Makes mony kail-worms butter-flies,
 Gies mony a doctor his degrees
 For little skaith
 In short, you may be what you please
 Wi' gude Braid Claith

45

For thof ye had as wise a snout on
 As *Shakespeare* or Sir *Isaac Newton*,
 Your judgment fouk wou'd hae a doubt on,
 I'll tak my aith,
 Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
 O' gude Braid Claith

50

The Farmer's Ingle¹

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,
 Ante focum, si frigus erit* Vng Buc

WHAN gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
 Whan *Batie* ca's his owsen to the byre,
 Whan *Thrasher John*, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
 And lusty lasses at the dighting tye
 What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
 And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain,
 Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,
 Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain,
 Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain

5

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
 Wi' *dwets* theekit frae the weet and drift,
 Sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs the chimley fill,
 And gar their thick'ning smeeek salute the lift,
 The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blyth to find
 Whan he out o'er the *halland* flings his een,
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind,

10

15

¹ Published in *Weekly Magazine, or Edinburgh Amusement*, May 13, 1773 Text of first edition

That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean,
For cleanly house looes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the *gudewife* that the pleughs require
A heartsome *meltith*, and refreshing synd 20
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire
Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *gudle* reeks,
I' the far nook the *bowie* briskly reams,
The readied *kail* stand by the chimley cheeks, 25
And had the riggin het wi' welcome steams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear,
Wad they to labouring lend an eidant hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare, 30
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand
Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drops their noddle and their sense confound, 35
Till death slip sleely on, and gi'e the hindmost wound

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done,
By this did mony wight fu' weirlike bleed 40
In *brulzies* frae the dawn to set o' sun
'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, stiff and strang,
That bent the deidly yew in antient days,
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,
Gar'd Scottish *thristles* bang the Roman *bays*,
For near our *crest* their heads they doughtna raise 45

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,
The cheering *bicker* gars them glibly gash
O' simmer's *showery blinks* and winters sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailins produce hash 50
'Bout *kirk* and *market* eke their tales gae on,
How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,
And there how *Marion*, for a bastard son,
Upo' the *cutty-stool* was forc'd to ride,
The waefu' scald o' our *Mess John* to bide

The fient a chiep's amang the bairnies now, 55
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin'mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane,
In rangles round before the ingle's low

Frae *gudame's* mouth auld warld tales they hear, 60
 O' *Warlocks* loupin round the *Wirnikow*,
 O' gaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gais them shak wi' fear

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be 65
 Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill,
 That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill
 O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
 Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear, 70
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear,
 The mind's ay *cradled* whan the *grave* is near.

Yet *thrift*, industrious, bides her latest days,
 Tho' age her sair dow'd front wi' runcles wave, 75
 Yet frae the russet lap the *spindle* plays,
 Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave
 On some feast-day, the *wee-things* buskit braw
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
 Fu' cadgie that her head was up and saw 80
 Her ain spun cleething on a darling oy,
 Careless tho' death shou'd make the feast her foy

In its auld *lerroch* yet the *deas* remains,
 Whare the gudeman aft streaks him at his ease,
 A waim and canny lean for weary banes 85
 O' lab'ers doil'd upo' the wintry leas
 Round him will *badrins* and the *colly* come,
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
 O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie, 90
 This a' the boon they crave, and, a' the fee

Frae him the *lads* their morning counsel tak,
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till,
 How big a birn maun lie on *bassie's* back,
 For meal and multure to the *thirling mill* 95
 Niest the gudewife her hireling damsels bids
 Giowr thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound,
 Take tent case *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,
 And ca' the leglin's treasure on the ground,
 Whilk spills a *kebbuck* nice, or yellow *pound*

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien, 100
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while,
 The leaden God fa's heavy on their ein,

And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil:
 The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow, 105
 Tacksman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,
 Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
 Till wauken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year, 110
 Lang may his sock and coutei tuirn the gleyb,
 And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear.
 May SCOTIA's simmers ay look gay and green,
 Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed,
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien, 115
 Frae the hard grip of ails and poortith freed,
 And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours succeed.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751-1771-1816)

Song¹

IF A daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
 No peace shall you know, tho' you've buried your wife,
 At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her,
 O, what a plague is an obstinate daughter 5
 Sighing and whining,
 Dying and pining,
 O, what a plague is an obstinate daughter

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
 With letters and lovers for ever they vex us,
 While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her,
 O, what a plague is an obstinate daughter 10
 Wrangling and jangling,
 Flouting and pouting,
 O, what a plague is an obstinate daughter

¹ Published in *Songs in the Duenna*, 1775. Text of *The Duenna*, 1794. Act I
 Scene III

Song¹

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you,
 For tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms wou'd make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet;
 And lovers in the young.

5

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
 And act a brother's part,
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young

10

15

Song²

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty,
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus

Let the toast pass,—
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass

5

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the maid who has none, sir
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.
Chorus Let the toast pass, &c.

10

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry
 Here's to the wife with her face full of woe,

15

¹ Published in *Songs in the Duenna*, 1775 Text of *The Duenna*, 1794, Act I, Scene 1

² Published in *The School for Scandal*, 1777, Act III, Scene III Text of edition of 1823 See Preface

And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus Let the toast pass, &c

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather,

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,

And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus Let the toast pass, &c

20

GEORGE CRABBE

(1754-1772 1832)

The Village¹

Book I

The Subject proposed—Remarks upon Pastoral Poetry—A Tract of Country near the Coast described—An impoverished Borough—Smugglers and their Assistants—Rude Manners of the Inhabitants—Ruinous Effects of a high Tide—The Village Life more generally considered Evils of it—The youthful Labourer—The old Man his Soliloquy—The Parish Workhouse its Inhabitants—The sick Poor their Apothecary—The dying Pauper—The Village Priest

THE Village Life, and every care that reigns

O'er youthful peasants and declining swains,

What labour yields, and what, that labour past,

Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last,

What form the real picture of the poor,

Demand a song—the Muse can give no more

5

Fled are those times when, in harmonious strains,

The rustic poet praised his native plains

No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,

Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse,

Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,

Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,

And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,

The only pains, alas! they never feel

10

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,

If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,

Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,

Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?

15

From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,

¹ Published in 1783 Text of *Works*, 1823, with some modifications in punctuation

Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way? 20

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains
They boast their peasants' pipes, but peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough, 25
And few, amid the rural-tribe, have time
To number syllables, and play with rhyme,
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture, and the peasant's care?
Or the great labours of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade? 30

From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing,
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask
To sing of shepherds is an easy task 35
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain,
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that grazes or for him that farms, 40
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play,
While some, with feeblers heads and fainter hearts, 45
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts.
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast; 50
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates,
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not
Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain, 55
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain,
O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed? 60
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor, 65
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears,
Rank weeds that every art and care defy.

Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war, 70
 There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil,
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf,
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade, 75
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade,
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
 Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn, 80
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose,
 Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
 Exposing most, when most it gilds distress
 Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race, 85
 With sullen wo display'd in every face,
 Who far from civil arts and social fly,
 And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye
 Here too the lawless merchant of the main 90
 Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain,
 Want only claim'd the labour of the day,
 But vice now steals his nightly rest away
 Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
 With rural games play'd down the setting sun,
 Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball, 95
 Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall,
 While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
 Engaged some artful stripling of the throng,
 And fell beneath him, foil'd, while far around
 Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound? 100
 Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
 To show the freighted pinnace where to land,
 To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
 To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
 Oh, when detected in their straggling course, 105
 To foil their foes by cunning or by force,
 Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
 To gain a lawless passport through the land
 Here wand'ring long amid these frowning fields, 110
 I sought the simple life that Nature yields,
 Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurp'd her place,
 And a bold, artful, surly, savage race,
 Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
 The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
 Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high, 115

On the tost vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
Theirs, or the ocean's, miserable prey

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land, 120
While still for flight the ready wing is spread.
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled—
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain, 125
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore,
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away,
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door, 130
And begs a poor protection from the poor!

But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land,
He is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain 135
But yet in other scenes, more fair in view,
Where Plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few—
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor 140

Or will you deem them amply paid in health, 140
Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go, then! and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run,
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat, 145
When the knees tremble and the temples beat,
Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore,
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age, 150
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew,
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride 155
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame,
Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field, 160
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
 Though the head droops not, that the heart is well, 165
 Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
 Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share?
 Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
 Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal—
 Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such 170
 As you who praise would never deign to touch

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
 Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please,
 Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
 Go, look within, and ask if peace be there 175
 If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
 Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire,
 Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
 Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand! 180

Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
 Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease
 For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
 Can with no cares except his own engage,
 Who, propp'd on that rude staff, looks up to see 185
 The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
 On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
 Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
 His steady hand the straightest furrow made,
 Full many a prize he won, and still is proud 190
 To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd
 A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
 He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs
 For now he journeys to his grave in pain,
 The rich disdain him, nay, the poor disdain, 195
 Alternate masters now their slave command,
 Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
 And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
 With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain 200

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
 His winter-charge, beneath the hillock weep,
 Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
 O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
 When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn,
 He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn — 205

“Why do I live, when I desire to be
 “At once from life and life's long labour free?
 “Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
 “Without the sorrows of a slow decay,
 “I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind, 210
 “Nipp'd by the frost, and shivering in the wind,

"There it abides till younger buds come on,

"As I, now all my fellow-vaine are gone,

"Then, from the rising generation thro',

"It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust. 215

"These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,

"Are others' gain, but killing care to me

"To me the children of my youth are lord,

"Cool in their looks, but hasty in their word. 220

"Wants of their own demand their care; and who

"Feels his own want and succours other woe?

"A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go.

"None need my help, and none relieve my woe;

"Then let my bones beneath the turf be hid,

"And men forget the wretch they would not aid." 225

Thus groan the old, till, by disease oppress'd,

They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,

Whose walls of mud scarce bear the bro' en door,

There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play. 230

And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day—

There children dwell, who know no parents' care,

Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,

Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed, 235

Dejected widows with unheeded tears,

And crippled age with more than childhood fears,

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!

The moping idiot and the madman gay

Here too the sick their final doom receive, 240

Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,

Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,

Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below;

Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,

And the cold charities of man to man 245

Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,

And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride.

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,

And pride embitters what it can't deny. 250

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,

Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;

Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance

With timid eye to read the distant glance,

Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,

To name the nameless ever-new disease, 255

Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,

Which real pain, and that alone, can cure—

How would ye bear in real pain to lie,

Despised, neglected, left alone to die?

How would, ye bear to draw your latest breath,
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
 Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides,
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
 And lath and mud are all that lie between,
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head,
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes,
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile
 But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls
 Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
 With looks unalter'd by these scenes of wo,
 With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries fate and physic in his eye
 A potent quack, long veiled in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills,
 Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect
 Paid by the parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer,
 In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes,
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes on the door
 His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain,
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave
 Of man, and silent sinks into the grave
 But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
 Some simple fears, which "bold bad" men despise
 Fain would he ask the parish-priest to prove
 His title certain to the joys above,
 For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
 The holy stranger to these dismal walls,
 And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
 He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year"?
 Ah! no, a shepherd of a different stock,
 And far unlike him, feeds this little flock
 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
 As much as God or man can fairly ask,

The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
 To fields the morning, and to feasts the night,
 None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide, 310
 To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide,
 A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
 And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play.
 Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
 Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed, 315
 To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
 To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
 Less gloomy now, the bitter hour is o'er,
 The man of many sorrows sighs no more — 320
 Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
 The bier moves winding from the vale below,
 There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
 And the glad parish pays the frugal fee 325
 No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear
 Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer,
 No more the farmer claims his humble bow,
 Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
 Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb, 330
 The village children now their games suspend,
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a monarch ruled their little court,
 The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball, 335
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all,
 Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
 Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand,
 While bending low, their eager eyes explore 340
 The mingled relics of the parish poor
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
 Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound,
 The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer, 345
 And, waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest'd

Book II

There are found, amid the Evils of a laborious Life, some Views of Tranquillity and Happiness—The Repose and Pleasure of a Summer Sabbath interrupted by Intoxication and Dispute—Village Detraction—Complaints of the 'Squire—The Evening Riots—Justice—Reasons for this unpleasant View of Rustic Life the Effect it should have upon the Lower Classes, and the Higher—These last have their peculiar Distresses Exemplified in the Life and heroic Death of Lord Robert Manners—Concluding Address to His Grace the Duke of Rutland

No LONGER truth, though shown in verse, disdain,
 But own the Village Life a life of pain
 I too must yield, that oft amid these woes
 Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose,
 Such as you find on yonder sportive Green, 5
 The 'squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between,
 Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends,
 On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends
 Then rural beaux their best attire put on,
 To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won, 10
 While those long wed go plain, and, by degrees,
 Like other husbands, quit their care to please
 Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,
 And loudly praise, if it were preach'd aloud,
 Some on the labours of the week look round, 15
 Feel their own worth, and think their toil renown'd,
 While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,
 Are only pleased to find their labours end

Thus, as their hours glide on, with pleasure fraught,
 Their careful masters brood the painful thought, 20
 Much in their mind they murmur and lament,
 That one fair day should be so idly spent,
 And think that Heaven deals hard, to tithe their store
 And tax their time for preachers and the poor

Yet still, ye humbler friends, enjoy your hour, 25
 This is your portion, yet unclaim'd of power,
 This is Heaven's gift to weary men oppress'd,
 And seems the type of their expected rest
 But yours, alas! are joys that soon decay,
 Frail joys, begun and ended with the day, 30
 Or yet, while day permits those joys to reign,
 The village vices drive them from the plain

See the stout churl, in drunken fury great,
 Strike the bare bosom of his teeming mate!
 His naked vices, rude and unrefined, 35
 Exert their open empire o'er the mind,
 But can we less the senseless rage despise,
 Because the savage acts without disguise?

Yet here disguise, the city's vice, is seen, 40
 And Slander steals along and taints the Green

At her approach domestic peace is gone,
 Domestic broils at her approach come on,
 She to the wife the husband's crime conveys,
 She tells the husband when his consort strays, 45
 Her busy tongue through all the little state
 Diffuses doubt, suspicion, and debate,
 Peace, tim'rous goddess! quits her old domain,
 In sentiment and song content to reign

Nor are the nymphs that breathe the rural air

So fair as Cynthia's, nor so chaste as fair
 These to the town afford each fresher face,
 And the clown's trull receives the peer's embrace,
 From whom, should chance again convey her down,
 The peer's disease in turn attacks the clown

Here too the 'squire, or 'squire-like farmer, talk,
 How round their regions nightly pilferers walk,
 How from their ponds the fish are borne, and all
 The up'ning treasures from their lofty wall,
 How meaner rivals in their sports delight,
 Just rich enough to claim a doubtful right,
 Who take a licence round their fields to stray,
 A mongrel race! the poachers of the day.

And hark! the riots of the Green begin,
 That sprang at first from yonder noisy inn,
 What time the weekly pay was vanish'd all,
 And the slow hostess scored the threat'ning wall,
 What time they ask'd, their friendly feast to close,
 A final cup, and that will make them foes,
 When blows ensue that break the arm of toil,
 And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.

Save when to yonder Hall they bend their way,
 Where the grave justice ends the grievous fray,
 He who recites, to keep the poor in awe,
 The law's vast volume—for he knows the law —
 To him with anger or with shame repair
 The injured peasant and deluded fair

Lo! at his throne the silent nymph appears,
 Frail by her shape, but modest in her tears,
 And while she stands abash'd, with conscious eye,
 Some favourite female of her judge glides by,
 Who views with scornful glance the strumpet's fate,
 And thanks the stars that made her keeper great,
 Near her the swain, about to bear for life
 One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife,
 But, while the falt'ring damsel takes her oath,
 Consents to wed, and so secures them both

Yet, why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
 Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
 To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
 How near in vice the lowest are allied,
 Such are their natures and their passions such,
 But these disguise too little, those too much
 So shall the man of power and pleasure see
 In his own slave as vile a wretch as he,
 In his luxurious lord the servant find
 His own low pleasures and degenerate mind
 And each in all the kindred vices trace

Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race,
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last 100

And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you call the great,
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress,
While sloth with many a pang torments her slave, 105
Fear waits on guilt, and danger shakes the brave.

Oh! if in life one noble chief appears,
Great in his name, while blooming in his years,
Born to enjoy whate'er delights mankind,
And yet to all you feel or fear resign'd, 110
Who gave up joys and hopes, to you unknown,
For pains and dangers greater than your own
If such there be, then let your murmurs cease,
Think, think of him, and take your lot in peace

And such there was —Oh! grief, that checks our pride! 115
Weeping we say, there was—for Manneis died
Beloved of Heaven, these humble lines forgive,
That sing of Thee, and thus aspire to live

As the tall oak, whose vigorous branches form
An ample shade and brave the wildest storm, 120
High o'er the subject wood is seen to grow,
The guard and glory of the trees below,
Till on its head the fiery bolt descends,
And o'er the plain the shatter'd trunk extends,
Yet then it lies, all wond'rous as before, 125
And still the glory, though the guard no more

So THOU, when every virtue, every grace,
Rose in thy soul, or shone within thy face,
When, though the son of Granby, thou wert known
Less by thy father's glory than thy own, 130
When Honour loved and gave thee every charm,
Fire to thy eye and vigour to thy arm,
Then from our lofty hopes and longing eyes,
Fate and thy virtues call'd thee to the skies,
Yet still we wonder at thy tow'ring fame, 135
And, losing thee, still dwell upon thy name

Oh! ever honour'd, ever valued! say,
What verse can praise thee, or what work repay?
Yet verse (in all we can) thy worth repays,
Nor trusts the tardy zeal of future days,— 140
Honours for thee thy country shall prepare,
Thee in their hearts, the good, the brave shall bear,
To deeds like thine shall noblest chiefs aspire,
The Muse shall mourn thee, and the world admire
In future times, when, smit with Glory's charms, 145

The untried youth first quits a father's arms,—
 "Oh! be like him," the weeping sire shall say,
 "Like Manners walk, who walk'd in Honour's way;
 "In danger foremost, yet in death sedate,
 "Oh! be like him in all things, but his fate!"

150

If for that fate such public tears be shed,
 That Victory seems to die now THOU art dead,
 How shall a friend his nearer hope resign,
 That friend a brother, and whose soul was thine?
 By what bold lines shall we his grief express,
 Or by what soothing numbers make it less?

155

'Tis not, I know, the chiming of a song,
 Nor all the powers that to the Muse belong,
 Words aptly cull'd and meanings well express'd,
 Can calm the sorrows of a wounded breast;
 But Virtue, soother of the fiercest pains,
 Shall heal that bosom, Rutland, where she reigns.

160

Yet hard the task to heal the bleeding heart,
 To bid the still-recurring thoughts depart,
 Tame the fierce grief and stem the rising sigh,
 And curb rebellious passion with reply,
 Calmly to dwell on all that pleased before,
 And yet to know that all shall please no more—
 Oh! glorious labour of the soul, to save
 Her captive powers, and bravely mourn the brave

165

170

To such these thoughts will lasting comfort give—
 Life is not measured by the time we live
 'Tis not an even course of threescore years,
 A life of narrow views and paltry fears,
 Gray hairs and wrinkles and the cares they bring,
 That take from death the terrors or the sting,
 But 'tis the gen'rous spirit, mounting high
 Above the world, that native of the sky,
 The noble spirit, that, in dangers brave,
 Calmly looks on, or looks beyond the grave.—
 Such Manners was, so he resign'd his breath,
 If in a glorious, then a timely death

175

180

Cease then that grief, and let those tears subside,
 If Passion rule us, be that passion pride,
 If Reason, Reason bids us strive to raise
 Our fallen hearts, and be like him we praise,
 Or, if Affection still the soul subdue,
 Bring all his virtues, all his worth in view,
 And let Affection find its comfort too
 For how can Grief so deeply wound the heart,
 When Admiration claims so large a part?

185

190

Grief is a foe, expel him, then, thy soul,

Let nobler thoughts the nearer views control¹
 Oh! make the age to come thy better care,
 See other Rutlands, other Granbys there!¹⁹⁵
 And, as thy thoughts through streaming ages glide,
 See other heroes die as Manners died
 And, from their fate, thy race shall nobler grow,
 As trees shoot upwards that are pruned below,
 Or as old Thames, borne down with decent pride,²⁰⁰
 Sees his young streams run warbling at his side,
 Though some, by art cut off, no longer run,
 And some are lost beneath the summer's sun—
 Yet the pure stream moves on, and, as it moves,
 Its power increases and its use improves,²⁰⁵
 While plenty round its spacious waves bestow,
 Still it flows on, and shall for ever flow

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE

(1756-1777-1780)

 The Duke of Benevento
 A Tale¹

I HATE a prologue to a story
 Worse than the tuning of a fiddle,
 Squeaking and dinning,
 Hang order and connection,
 I love to dash into the middle,⁵
 Exclusive of the fame and glory,
 There is a comfort on reflection
 To think you've done with the beginning

 And so at supper one fine night,
 Hearing a cry of Alla, Alla,¹⁰
 The Prince was damnably confounded,
 And in a fright,
 But more so when he saw himself surrounded
 By fifty Turks, and at their head the fierce Abdalla

 And then he look'd a little grave¹⁵
 To find himself become a slave,

¹ Published in *Poetical Trifles* 1778 Text of first edition

And thought the Corsair rather in a hurry,

Out of all rules,

To make the Duke of Benevento curry

And take care of his mules

But as 'twas vain to make a mot,

Without grimace,

Or a wry face,

He gave a shrug, and rubb'd his mules in quiet.

It would have been great sport

To all the puppies of the court

To view these changes, and disasters,

But their enjoyments

Were damp'd by certain slovenly employments,

Not more amusing than their master's

But who can paint his grief,

Who can describe the transports of his sorrow

When he beheld Almida's charms

Conducted to Abdalla's arms,

And saw no prospect of relief?

But that the blooming Maid,

By cruel destiny betray'd,

Must no more triumph in that name to-morrow.

Not understanding what he said,

Seeing him caper like an antic,

And tear his hair, and beat his head,

The Eunuch wisely judg'd him to be frantic

But she, the lovely cause of all his care,

Darting a look to his enraptur'd soul,

Might soften e'en the madness of despair;

Bade him his weak, unmanly rage controul,

Each favouring opportunity improve,

And bade him dare to hope, and bade him dare to love.

The Corsair in a transport of surprise,

When he beheld Almida's sparkling eyes,

Her faultless figure, her majestic air,

The graceful ringlets of her auburn hair,

That twin'd in many a fold to deck,

Not hide, the dazzling whiteness of her neck;

The various charms her flowing robe reveal'd,

While fancy whisper'd to his throbbing heart

Each nameless beauty, that well-judging art,

To fix the roving mind, had carefully conceal'd

'O Mahomet! I thank thee,' he exclaim'd,
 'That to thy servant thou hast given
 'This bright inhabitant of heaven,
 'To gild the progress of his life below,
 'For him this beauteous Houri fram'd,
'Enjoyment I have known, but never lov'd till now.'

 Then with a smile
Might ev'n a Stoic's heart beguile,
 The fair one with a little flattery
To his charm'd ears address'd her battery

 'Still may my Lord (said she) approve
 'The happy object of his love,
 'Then when Almida sues,
'Let not Abdalla's heart her first request refuse
 'Deign to suspend but for three days
 'The progress of your amorous flame,
 'And to console my heart for these delays,
 'Grant me two small requests that I shall name
 'The first is to desire,
 'If you incline,
'Five hundred lashes for two friends of mine,
 'And just as many for a Fry'r,
 'The next a litter, and two mules,
'The heavy hours of absence to amuse,
 'Besides a Muleteer that I shall chuse,
'At my disposal, subject to my rules '

 So said, the culprit knaves appear,
Upon each rascal's pamper'd hide
The stripes are in due form applied,
 Which done, she chose,
 You may suppose,
Her lover for her Muleteer

Then with a voice sweet as an angel's song,
 While Tancred with attentive ear
 In silent rapture stoop'd to hear,
The Beauteous Maid the silence broke,
 Conviction follow'd as she spoke,
And truth, and soft persuasion, dwelt on her enchanting tongue

 'With grief those scenes unwilling I disclose,
 'Whence every error, each misfortune, rose,
 'When pleasures, of the lowest, meanest kind,

'Unner'd your feeble frame, and checked the progress of your
mind 100

'In vain your people's curses, or their tears

'Your heart assail'd.

'Two flattering knaves had charm'd your ears,

'And Raymond vainly counsel'd, or as vainly rail'd;

'He was your father's friend, wise, honest, brave, 105

'Him you displac'd,

'And listening to the malice of a slave,

The Guardian of your Crown was banish'd, and disgrac'd.

'Me too you lov'd, and I approv'd the flame

'In hopes my counsels might have weight, 110

'To prompt you to redress the state,

'And save from infamy your sinking name

'But soon your Confessor, the crafty Priest,

'Rage, hate, and malice, ranking in his breast,

'With timorous scruples fill'd your wavering mind, 115

'In vain each finer feeling strove

'To guard your heart, and court it to be kind,

'While haggard superstition triumph'd over love

'But justice still pursues betimes,

'E'en now, for she directs the hour, 120

'The Priest, and the vile partners of his pow'r,

'Feel vengeance overtake their crimes

'The Turks' unnotic'd march, last night's surprise,

'The foe unthought-of thundering at the gate, 125

'At length have clear'd your eyes,

Their treacherous negligence is found, is felt too late.

'No more of this displeasing strain—

'If thinking, acting like a man,

'Reform'd by slavery's painful chain,

'Virtue within your breast resume her reign, 130

'Inspire your thoughts, and guide your future plan,

'My heart will still be your's e'en Raymond too

'Still loves his Prince, to him repair,

'Confess your faults, his aid demand,

The gallant veteran waits but your command 135

'To spread his conquering banners to the air,

'To sacrifice his life with you,

'Or rescue and relieve his native land

Abdalla claims my promise in three days.

‘Think then on me,

140

‘Danger and death attend delays,

‘Be virtuous, ‘be daring, and be free.’

The Lady’s sermon was a little long,
Not but she talk’d both well and wittily,

And then she look’d so prettily,

145

Her eyes excus’d the freedoms of her tongue.

For when’ a favourite mistress speaks,

We always think her in the right,

E’en though she talks for days, or weeks,

Or in the middle of the night

150

To say the truth, her speech was rather rough,

But as she promis’d him her heart,

Upon the whole he took it in good part,

And as he lov’d her, lik’d it well enough

So thank’d her for the good advice,

155

And took his leave, and ere he went,

By way of compliment,

Call’d her his guardian angel, his sweet tutor,

And kiss’d her fair hand, once, or twice,

160

And swore to be a good boy for the future

In short, it was so settled, the third night,

By good luck too ’twas dark as hell,

Tancred with Raymond and a chosen band

Surprise the guards, who in their fright

165

Make but a shabby stand,

And enter at the gates ‘pell-mell

Mean time Abdalla, snug in bed,

Finding Almida staid away so long,

Suspecting there was something wrong,

Look’d out, and found his troops were kill’d or gone,

170

Himself a prisoner, and alone,

And Tancred reigning in his stead

And now the sore-back’d scoundrels in a trice

Came kindly with their counsels, and advice,

Proposing as a pious work

175

Just to impale

On stick a hedge-stake through the tail

Of the poor Turk

Indignant fury flash'd from Tancred's eye—
 'Ye vile corruptois of my youth, 180
 'Ye foes to honour, honesty, and truth,
 'Hence from my sight, nor offer a reply:
 'If the third day
 'Within the limits of this state
 'Disclose your stay, 185
 'Not e'en Almida's self shall save you from your fate.

 'Go, brave Abdalla, to your native shore;
 'From sloth, from vice, from infamy,
 'Your kind instructions and assistance 190
 'Have haply set me free,
 'Thanks for your visit, pray return no more,
 'Let us be always friends, but at a distance

 'And now, my better angel, whose kind care
 'The mists of error from my sight dispell'd,
 'Burst the vile fetters that my reason held, 195
 'Restor'd fair wisdom's gentle sway,
 'Guided my steps to her, and pointed out the way,
 'Now, while my people's eager voice,
 'And Raymond too confirms my choice,
 'O come, my heavenly fair! 200
 'Ascend, adorn, and bless my throne,
 'Still with that cheering influence preside,
 'My life, my future conduct, guide,
 'Inspire my raptur'd heart, and make it virtuous as your own

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731-1779 1800)

Olney Hymns¹*Walking With God Gen v 24*

OH! for a closer walk with GOD,
 A calm and heav'nly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!

¹ Published in 1779, in collaboration with the Rev John Newton Text of first edition

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

5

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill

10

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast

15

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee

20

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb

Praise for the Fountain Opened Zech xiii 1

There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from EMMANUEL'S veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away

•

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more

10

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die

15

Then in a nobler sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave

20

LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears,
 No other name but thine

25

Contentment Phil iv 11

Fierce passions discompose the mind,
 As tempests vex the sea,
 But calm content and peace we find,
 When, LORD, we turn to thee

In vain by reason and by rule,
 We try to bend the will,
 For none, but in the Saviour's school,
 Can learn the heav'nly skill

5

Since at his feet my soul has sat,
 His gracious words to hear,
 Contented with my present state,
 I cast, on him, my care

10

"Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
 "Then how canst thou complain?
 How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
 With everlasting pain!"

15

If thou of murmuring wouldst be cur'd,
 Compare thy griefs with mine,
 Think what my love for thee endur'd,
 And thou wilt not repine

20

'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
 And rise with me to dwell

In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day,
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away” 25

Thus I who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent, 30
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content

The Happy Change

How blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

Thro' all the storms that veil the skies, 5
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings

Struck by that light, the human heart, 10
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurk'd before

The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within, 15
And owns a heav'nly reign

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal, 20

Has cheer'd the nations, with the joys
His orient rays impart,
But JESUS, 'tis thy light alone,
Can shine upon the heart

I Will Praise the Lord at All Times

Winter has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head

Spring returns, and brings along
 Life-invigorating suns
 Hark! the turtle's plaintive song,
 Seems to speak his dying groans!

Summer has a thousand charms,
 All expressive of his worth,
 'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
 His the air that cools the earth

What, has autumn left to say
 Nothing, of a Saviour's grace?
 Yes, the beams of milder day
 Tell me of his smiling face

Light appears with early dawn,
 While the sun makes haste to rise
 See his bleeding beauties, drawn
 On the blushes of the skies

Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
 Slowly moving in the west,
 Shews an emblem of his grace,
 Points to an eternal rest

The Shrubbery, Written in a Time of Affliction¹

OH, HAPPY shades—to me unblest!
 Friendly to peace, but not to me!
 How ill the scene that offers rest,
 And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
 Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
 Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,
 And please, if any thing could please

But fix'd unalterable care
 Foregoes not what she feels within,
 Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,
 And slights the season and the scene

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1782 Text of *Poems*, 1800

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
 While peace posses'd these silent bow'rs,
 Her animating smile withdrawn,
 Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

16

The saint or moralist should tread
 This moss-grown alley, musing, slow;
 They seek, like me, the secret shade,
 But not, like me, to nourish woe!

20

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
 Alike admonish not to roam,
 These tell me of enjoyments past,
 And those of sorrows yet to come

Verses

Supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk, During
 His Solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez¹

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh, solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place

5

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;
 I start at the sound of my own
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me

10

15

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,

20

¹ Published in *Poems*, 1782 Text of *Poems*, 1800

Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold 25
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford
But the sound of the church-going bell 30
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore 35
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend, 40
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift wing'd arrows of light. 45
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there,
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest, 50
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought! 55
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot

The Diverting History of John Gilpin,
Showing How He Went Farther Than he Intended,
and Came Safe Home Again¹

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we

He soon replied—I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go

Quoth Mrs Gilpin—That's well said,
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind

¹ Written in October, 1782. Published in the *Public Advertiser*, November 14, 1782.
Text of *Poems*, 1800

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud 35

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin! 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again, 45

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in 50

So down he came, for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more 55

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs—
"The wine is left behind!" 60

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound 65

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew, 70

And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat, 75
He manfully did throw

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed! 80

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat

So, Fair and softly, John he cried, 85
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright, 90
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got 95
Did wonder more and more

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig!—
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig! 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away

Then might all people well discern 105
The bottles he had slung,
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all, 110
And ev'ry soul cried out—Well done!
As loud as he could bawl

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race! 115
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw 120

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd, 130
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came upon the Wash 135
Of Edmonton so gay

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house— 145
They all at once did cry,

The dinner waits, and we are tir'd
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there, 150
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly—which brings me to 155
The middle of my song

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's 160
His horse at last stood still

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him —

What news? what news? your tidings tell, 165
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke, 170
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke —

I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here— 175
They are upon the road

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word, 180
But to the house went in,

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the wiser for wear,
Each comely in its kind

He held them up, and, in his turn, 185
Thus show'd his ready wit—
My head is twice as big as your's,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away 190
That hangs upon your face,
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case

Said John—It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare, 195
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware!

So, turning to his horse, he said—
I am in haste to dine,
'Twas for your pleasure you came here, 200
You shall go back for mine

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear,
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he 205
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before

Away went Gilpin, and away 210
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first—
For why?—they were too big!

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down 215
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown,

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell—
This shall be yours when you bring back 220
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again,

Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein,

But, not performing what he meant, 225
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels¹— 230
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear, 235
They rais'd the hue and cry

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too!¹— 245
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down

Now let us sing—Long live the king, 250
And Gilpin long live he,
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

The Task¹

Book I

The Sofa

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK—Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa—A School-boy's ramble—A walk in the country—The scene

¹ Published in 1785 Text of *Poems*, 1800

described—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful—Another walk—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected—Colonnades commended—Alcove, and the view from it—The wilderness—The grove—The thresher—The necessity and the benefits of exercise—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure—Change of scene sometimes expedient—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced—Gipsies—The blessings of civilized life—That state most favourable to virtue—The South Sea Islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai—His present state of mind supposed—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured—Fate chimpette—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures

I SING the SORA I, who lately sang
 Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe
 The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
 Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
 Now seek repose upon an humbler theme.
 The theme though humble, yet august and proud
 Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song
 Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
 Save their own painted skins, our sires had none
 As yet black breeches were not, satin smooth,
 Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile
 The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
 Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'ly bank
 Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
 Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength
 Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next
 The birth-day of invention, weak at first,
 Dull in design, and clumsy to perform
 Joint-stools were then created, on three legs
 Upborn they stood Three legs upholding firm
 A massy slab, in fashion square or round
 On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
 And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms
 And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
 May still be seen, but perforated sore,
 And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
 By worms voracious eating through and through
 At length a generation more refin'd
 Improv'd the simple plan, made three legs four,
 Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
 And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,
 Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,
 Yellow and red, of tap'stry richly wrought,
 And woven close, or needle-work sublime
 There might ye see the piony spread wide,

The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish, sever'd into stripes 40
That interlac'd each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
The new machine, and it became a chair
But restless was the chair, the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease, 45
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding pair
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor
These for the rich the rest, whom fate had plac'd
In modest mediocrity, content 50
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fixt,
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd 55
Than the firm oak of which the frame was form'd
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd
In Albion's happy isle The lumber stood
Pond'rous and fixt by its own massy weight
But elbows still were wanting, these, some say, 60
An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But, rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs, 65
And bruise'd the side, and, elevated high,
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears
Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind The ladies first 70
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex
Ingenious fancy, never better pleas'd
Than when employ'd t'accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd
The soft settee, one elbow at each end, 75
And in the midst an elbow it receiv'd,
United yet divided, twain at once
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne,
And so two citizens who take the air,
Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one 80
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,
Was bliss reserv'd for happier days So slow

The growth of what is excellent, so hard
 T' attain perfection in this nether world 85
 Thus first necessity invented stools,
 Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
 And luxury th'accomplish'd Sora last
 The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
 Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he, 90
 Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
 To sleep within the carriage more secure,
 His legs depending at the open door
 Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
 The tedious rector drawling o'er his head, 95
 And sweet the clerk below But neither sleep
 Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,
 Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour
 To slumber in the carriage more secure,
 Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk, 100
 Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,
 Compar'd with the repose the Sora yields
 Oh may I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
 From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe 105
 Of libertine excess The Sora suits
 The gouty limb, 'tis true, but gouty limb,
 Though on a Sora, may I never feel
 For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes
 Of grassy swarth, close cropt by nibbling sheep, 110
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm
 Of thorny boughs, have lov'd the rural walk
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
 E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds
 T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames, 115
 And still remember, nor without regret
 Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,
 How oft, my slice of pocket store consum'd,
 Still hung'ring, pennyless and far from home,
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws, 120
 Or blushing crabs, or berries, that imboss
 The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere
 Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
 Disdains not, nor the palate, undeprav'd
 By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems 125
 No Sora then awaited my return,
 Nor Sora then I needed Youth repairs
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
 Incurring short fatigue, and, though our years
 As life declines speed rapidly away, 130
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes

Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare,
Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot 135
That mounts the style with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfer'd yet, nor yet impair'd 140
My relish of fair prospect, scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing and of pow'r to charm me still
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive 145
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere, 150
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have born 155
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside 160
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy¹
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course 165
Delighted There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut,
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale, 170
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear, 175
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote
Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives

Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years
 Praise justly due to those that I describe 180
 Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid Nature Mighty winds,
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood 185
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once 190
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length 195
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To sooth and satisfy the human ear
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one 200
 The live-long night nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud, 205
 The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake
 Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought 210
 Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy¹
 Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,
 Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself¹
 More delicate, his tim'rous mate retires
 When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet, 215
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
 Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
 The task of new discov'ries falls on me
 At such a season, and with such a charge,
 Once went I forth, and found, till then unknown, 220
 A cottage, whither oft we since repair
 'Tis perch'd upon the green-hill top, but close
 Environ'd with a ring of branching elms
 That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
 Peeps at the vale below, so thick beset 225
 With foliage of such dark redundant growth,

I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the *peasant's nest*
 And, hidden as it is, and far remote
 From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
 In village or in town, the bay of curs 236
 Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
 And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,
 Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine
 Here, I have said, at least I should possess
 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge 240
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords
 Its elevated scite forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well, 240
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And, heavy-laden, brings his bev'rage home,
 Far-fetch'd and little worth, nor seldom waits,
 Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door, 245
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consum'd
 So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest!*
 If solitude make scant the means of life,
 Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view, 250
 My visit still, but never mine abode
 Not distant far, a length of colonnade
 Invites us Monument of ancient taste,
 Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate
 Our fathers knew the value of a screen 255
 From sultry suns; and, in their shaded walks
 And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
 The gloom and coolness of declining day
 We bear our shades about us, self-depriv'd
 Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread, 260
 And range an Indian waste without a tree
 Thanks to Benevolus—he spares me yet
 These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines,
 And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
 The obsolete prolixity of shade 265
 Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
 A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge
 We pass a gulph, in which the willows dip
 Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink
 Hence, ancle-deep in moss and flow'ry thyme, 270
 We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step
 Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
 Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil
 He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,

Disfigures earth, and, plotting in the dark, 275
 Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
 That may record the mischiefs he has done
 The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove
 That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
 The grand retreat from injuries impress'd 280
 By rural carvers, who with knives deface
 The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
 In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss
 So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
 Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few 285
 Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd
 Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
 And even to a clown Now roves the eye,
 And, posted on this speculative height,
 Exults in its command The sheep-fold here 290
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe
 At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
 The middle field, but, scatter'd by degrees,
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land
 There from the sun-burnt hay-field, homeward creeps 295
 The loaded wain, while, lighten'd of its charge,
 The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
 The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
 Vociferous, and impatient of delay
 Nor less attractive is the woodland scene, 300
 Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
 Alike, yet various Here the gray smooth trunks
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
 Within the twilight of their distant shades,
 There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood 305
 Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
 Though each its hue peculiar, paler some,
 And of a wannish gray, the willow such,
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf, 310
 And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm,
 Of deeper green the elm, and deeper still,
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak
 Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts 315
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
 Diffusing odours nor unnoted pass
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
 Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright 320
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
 Of hill and valley interpos'd between),

The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen 325

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
 And such the re-ascent, between them weeps
 A little naiad her improv'rish'd urn
 All summer long, which winter fills again
 The folded gates would bar my progress now, 330

But that the lord of this enclos'd demesne,
 Communicative of the good he owns,
 Admits me to a share, the guiltless eye
 Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys
 Refreshing change¹ where now the blazing sun² 335

By short transition we have lost his glare,
 And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime
 Ye fallen avenues¹ once more I mourn
 Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice 340

That yet a remnant of your race survives
 How airy and how light the graceful arch,
 Yet awful as the consecrated roof

Re-echoing pious anthems¹ while beneath
 The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
 Brush'd by the wind So sportive is the light 345
 Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
 Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
 And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
 Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot

And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits cheer'd, 350
 We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
 With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
 Deception innocent—give ample space

To narrow bounds The grove receives us next,
 Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms 355

We may discern the thresher at his task
 Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
 That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
 Full on the destin'd ear Wide flies the chaff
 The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist 360

Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam
 Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
 And sleep not see him sweating o'er his bread
 Before he eats it —'Tis the primal curse,
 But soften'd into mercy, made the pledge 365

Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan
 By ceaseless action all that is subsists
 Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel
 That nature rides upon maintains her health,
 Her beauty, her fertility She dreads 370

An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves
 Its own revolvency upholds the world
 Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
 And fit the limpid element for use, 375
 Else noxious oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
 All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
 By restless undulation ev'n the oak
 Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm.
 He seems indeed indignant, and to feel 380
 Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
 Frowning as if in his unconscious arm
 He held the thunder but the monarch owes
 His firm stability to what he scorns—
 More fixt below, the more disturb'd above 385
 The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
 Binds man the lord of all Himself derives
 No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
 From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease
 The sedentary stretch their lazy length 390
 When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
 For none they need the languid eye, the cheek
 Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
 And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
 Reproach their owner with that love of rest 395
 To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves
 Not such th' alert and active Measure life
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
 And their's alone seems worthy of the name
 Good health, and, its associate in most, 400
 Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task,
 The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are their's;
 Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them,
 With clear exemption from its own defects 405
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
 The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay
 Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most, 410
 Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
 Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least
 The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
 Is Nature's dictate Strange! there should be found,
 Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons, 415
 Renounce the odours of the open field
 For the unscented fictions of the loom,
 Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,
 Prefer to the performance of a God

Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
 Lovely indeed the mimic works of art, 420
 But Nature's works far lovelier I admire—
 None more admires—the painter's magic skill,
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls 425
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature ev'ry sense
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods—no works of man 430
 May rival these, these all bespeak a pow'r
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast,
 'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd,
 Who scorns it starves deservedly at home 435
 He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
 And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
 Escapes at last to liberty and light 440
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue,
 His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires,
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
 And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze
 He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd 445
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
 With acrid salts, his very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd 450
 With visions prompted by intense desire
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left,
 Far distant, such as he would die to find—
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more 455
 The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns,
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears, 460
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own
 It is the constant revolution, stale
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
 A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down 465
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart

Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
 Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
 No smartness in the jest, and wonders why
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on, 470
 Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
 The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort,
 Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits, 475
 Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
 And silent cypher, while her proxy plays
 Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
 Between supporters, and, once seated, sit,
 Through downright inability to rise, 480
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again
 These speak a loud memento Yet ev'n these
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
 That overhangs a torrent to a twig
 They love it, and yet loath it, fear to die, 485
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live
 Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
 And their invet'rate habits, all forbid 490
 Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams 495
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he
 But save me from the gaiety of those
 Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed, 500
 And save me too from their's whose haggard eyes
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
 For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe 505
 The earth was made so various, that the mind
 Of desultory man, studious of change,
 And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd
 Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
 Till half their beauties fade, the weary sight, 510
 Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off,
 Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes
 Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
 Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,

Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting At his waist
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble, there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets

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There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid ribband bound
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers, fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smil'd again! And now she roams
The dreary waste, there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still, and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve, but needful food,
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate is craz'd!

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I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,

560

Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloin'd
 From his accusom'd peich Hard faring race!
 They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge, 565
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
 The spark of life The sportive wind blows wide
 Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and more 570
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthless dross into its place,
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal
 Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
 In human mould, should brutalize by choice 575
 His nature, and, though capable of arts
 By which the world might profit, and himself,
 Self-banish'd from society, prefer
 Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!
 Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft, 580
 They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note
 When safe occasion offers, and, with dance,
 And music of the bladder and the bag, 585
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
 Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
 The houseless rovers of the sylvan world,
 And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,
 Need other physic none to heal th' effects 590
 Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold
 Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd
 By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
 Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
 His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn, 595
 The manners and the arts of civil life
 His wants, indeed, are many, but supply
 Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
 Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands
 Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil, 600
 Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
 And terrible to sight, as when she springs
 (If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
 And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,
 And strength is lord of all, but gentle, kind, 605
 By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
 And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd
 War and the chase engross the savage whole,
 War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
 The envied tenants of some happier spot, 610

The chase for sustenance, precarious trust¹
 His hard condition with severe constraint
 Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
 Of wisdom, proves a school in which he learns
 Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate, 615
 Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside
 Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
 And thus the rangers of the western world,
 Where it advances far into the deep,
 Towards th' antarctic. Ev'n the favour'd isles, 620
 So lately found, although the constant sun
 Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
 Can boast but little virtue, and, inert
 Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
 In manners—victims of luxurious ease 625
 These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote
 From all that science traces, art invents,
 Or inspiration teaches, and enclosed
 In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd
 By navigators uninform'd as they, 630
 Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again
 But, far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
 Thee, gentle savage¹ whom no love of thee
 Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
 Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw 635
 Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here
 With what superior skill we can abuse
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life
 The dream is past, and thou hast found again
 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, 640
 And homestall thatch'd with leaves But hast thou found
 Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
 And heard our music, are thy simple friends, 645
 Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
 As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
 Lost nothing by comparison with our's?
 Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude
 And ignorant, except of outward show) 650
 I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
 And spiritless, as never to regret
 Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known
 Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
 And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot 655
 If ever it has wash'd our distant shore
 I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
 A patriot's for his country thou art sad

At thought of her forlorn and abject state, 660
 From which no pow'r of thine can raise her up.
 Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
 Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus
 She tells me, too, that duly ev'ry morn
 Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye 665
 Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
 For sight of ship from England Ev'ry speck
 Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
 With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
 But comes at last the dull and dusky eve, 670
 And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepar'd
 To dream all night of what the day denied
 Alas! expect it not We found no bait
 To tempt us in thy country Doing good,
 Disinterested good, is not our trade 675
 We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought,
 And must be brib'd, to compass earth again,
 By other hopes and richer fruits than your's
 But, though true worth and virtue in the mild
 And genial soil of cultivated life 680
 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
 Yet not in cities oft in proud and gay
 And gain-devoted cities Thither flow,
 As to a common and most noisome sew'r,
 The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land 685
 In cities foul example on most minds
 Begets its likeness Rank abundance breeds
 In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
 And wantonness and gluttonous excess
 In cities vice is hidden with most ease, 690
 Or seen with least reproach, and virtue, taught
 By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
 Beyond th' achievement of successful flight
 I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
 In which they flourish most, where, in the beams 695
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
 The fairest capital of all the world,
 By riot and incontinence the worst 700
 There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
 All her reflected features Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips 705
 Nor does the chissel occupy alone
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much,

Each province of her art her equal care
 With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile with what charms so'er she will, 710
 The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
 In London. where her implements exact, 715
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
 In London Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied, 720
 As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing, London? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth than she,
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now
 She has her praise Now mark a spot or two, 725
 That so much beauty would do well to purge,
 And show this queen of cities, that so fair
 May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,
 That she is slack in discipline, more prompt 730
 T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law
 That she is rigid in denouncing death
 On petty robbers, and indulges life
 And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
 To peculators of the public gold 735
 That thieves at home must hang, but he, that puts
 Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
 That, through profane and infidel contempt 740
 Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
 The total ordinance and will of God,
 Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
 And cent'ring all authority in modes 745
 And customs of her own, till sabbath rites
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
 And knees and hassocs are well-nigh divorc'd
 God made the country, and man made the town
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts 750
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
 Possess ye, therefore, ye, who, borne about

In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue 755
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element, there only can ye shine,
 There only minds like your's can do no harm
 Our groves were planted to console at noon 760
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades At eve
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendour of your lamps, they but eclipse 765
 Our softer satellite Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes the thrush departs
 Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute
 There is a public mischief in your mirth,
 It plagues your country Folly such as your's, 770
 Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
 Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
 A mutilated structure, soon to fall

Book III

The Garden

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK—Self-recollection and reproof—Address to domestic happiness—some account of myself—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise—Justification of my censures—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions—Domestic happiness addressed again—Few lovers of the country—My tame hare—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden—Pruning—Framing—Greenhouse—Sowing of flower-seeds—The country preferable to the town even in the winter—Reasons why it is deserted at that season—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expensive improvement—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis

As ONE who, long in thickets and in brakes
 Entangled, winds now this way and now that
 His devious course uncertain, seeking home,
 Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd 5
 And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
 Plunging, and half despairing of escape,
 If chance at length he find a greensward smooth
 And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
 He chirrupps brisk his ear-erecting steed,
 And winds his way with pleasure and with ease, 10
 So I, designing other themes, and call'd
 T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
 To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
 Have rambled wide In country, city, seat

Of academic fame (howe'er deserv'd),
 Long held, and scarcely disengag'd at last
 But now, with pleasant pace, a cleaner road
 I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
 Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
 If toil await me, or if dangers new

Since pulpits fail, and sounding-boards reflect
 Most part an empty ineffectual sound,
 What chance that I, to fame so little known,
 Nor conversant with men or manners much,
 Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
 Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
 For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
 And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
 Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
 My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains,
 Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
 And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
 Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth,
 There, undisturb'd by folly, and appriz'd
 How great the danger of disturbing her
 To muse in silence, or at least confine
 Remarks that gall so many to the few
 My partners in retreat Disgust conceal'd
 Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
 Is obstinate and cure beyond our reach

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
 Though few now taste thee unimpan'd and pure,
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm,
 Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
 Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup
 Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again
 Thou art not known where pleasure is ador'd,
 That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
 Of novelty, her fickle frail support,
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
 And finding, in the calm of truth-tied love,
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
 Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
 Till prostitution elbows us aside
 In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less

'Than to release th' adultress from her bond.
 Th' adultress! what a theme for angry verse!
 What provocation to th' indignant heart
 That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
 Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame!
 No —let her pass, and, chaffed along
 In guilty splendour, shake the public ways,
 The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white!
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
 Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,
 And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
 Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time.
 Not to be pass'd and she, that had renounc'd
 Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
 By all that priz'd it, not for prud'ry's sake.
 But dignity's, resentful of the wrong
 'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a wail,
 Desirous to return, and not receiv'd,
 But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
 And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all
 Men, too, were nice in honour in those days.
 And judg'd offenders well Then he that shar'p'd,
 And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd,
 Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
 His country, or was slack when she requir'd
 His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
 Paid, with the blood that he had basely spar'd,
 The price of his default But now—yes, now
 We are become so candid and so fair,
 So lib'ral in construction, and so rich
 In Christian charity, (good-natur'd age!)
 That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
 Transgress what laws they may Well dress'd, well bred,
 Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
 To pass us readily through ev'ry door
 Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
 (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
 May claim this merit still—that she admits
 The worth of what she mimics with such care,
 And thus gives virtue indirect applause,
 But she has burnt her mask, not needed here,
 Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
 And specious semblances have lost their use
 I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
 Long since, with many an arrow deep infixt,
 My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades
 There was I found by one who had himself
 Been hurt by th' archers In his side he bore,
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars
 With gentle force soliciting the darts, 115
 He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from those
 My former partners of the peopled scene,
 With few associates, and not wishing more 120
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life to come,
 I see that all are wand'ers, gone astray
 Each in his own delusions, they are lost 125
 In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd
 And never won Dream after dream ensues,
 And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
 And still are disappointed Rings the world
 With the vain stir I sum up half mankind, 130
 And add two thirds of the remaining half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams, empty dreams The million flit as gay
 As if created only like the fly,
 That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon, 135
 To sport their season, and be seen no more
 The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
 And pregnant with discov'ries new and rare
 Some write a narrative of wars, and feats 140
 Of heroes little known, and call the rant
 An history describe the man, of whom
 His own coevals took but little note,
 And paint his person, character, and views,
 As they had known him from his mother's womb
 They disentangle from the puzzled skein, 145
 In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,
 The threads of politic and shrewd design,
 That ran through all his purposes, and charge
 His mind with meanings that he never had,
 Or, having, kept conceal'd Some drill and bore 150
 The solid earth, and from the strata there
 Extract a register, by which we learn,
 That he who made it, and reveal'd its date
 To Moses, was mistaken in its age
 Some, more acute, and more industrious still, 155
 Contrive creation, travel nature up
 To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
 And tell us whence the stars, why some are fix'd,

And planetary some, what gave them first
 Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light 160
 Great contest follows, and much learned dust
 Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
 And truth disclaiming both And thus they spend
 The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,
 In playing tricks with nature, giving laws 165
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own
 Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
 Should ever tease the lungs and blear the sight
 Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
 That, having wielded th' elements, and built 170
 A thousand systems, each in his own way,
 They should go out in fume, and be forgot?
 Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
 But frantic who thus spend it? all for smoke—
 Eternity for bubbles, proves at last 175
 A senseless bargain When I see such games
 Play'd by the creatures of a pow'r who swears
 That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
 To a sharp reck'ning that has liv'd in vain,
 And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well, 180
 And prove it in th' infallible result
 So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
 Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,
 If this be learning, most of all deceiv'd
 Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps 185
 While thoughtful man is plausibly amus'd
 Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
 From reveries so airy, from the toil
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
 And growing old in drawing nothing up! 190
 'Twere well, says one sage erudite, profound,
 Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose,
 And overbuilt with most impending brows,
 'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
 As the world pleases What's the world to you?— 195
 Much I was born of woman, and drew milk,
 As sweet as charity, from human breasts
 I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
 And exercise all functions of a man
 How then should I and any man that lives 200
 Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
 Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,
 And catechise it well, apply thy glass,
 Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
 Congenial with thine own and, if it be, 205
 What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose

Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
 One common Maker bound me to the kind?
 True, I am no proficient, I confess, 210
 In arts like your's. I cannot call the swift
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
 And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath,
 I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
 The parallax of yonder luminous point, 215
 That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss
 Such pow'rs I boast not—neither can I rest
 A silent witness of the headlong rage
 Or heedless folly by which thousands die,
 Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine 220
 God never meant that man should scale the heav'ns
 By studies of human wisdom In his works
 Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
 To seek *him* rather, where his mercy shines
 The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above, 225
 Views him in all, ascribes to the grand cause
 The grand effect, acknowledges with joy
 His manner, and with rapture tastes his style
 But never yet did philosophic tube,
 That brings the planets home into the eye 230
 Of observation, and discovers, else
 Not visible, his family of worlds,
 Discover him that rules them, such a veil
 Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
 And dark in things divine Full often, too, 235
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
 Of nature, overlooks her author more,
 From instrumental causes proud to draw
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake
 But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray 240
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
 Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
 Then all is plain Philosophy, baptiz'd
 In the pure fountain of eternal love,
 Has eyes indeed, and, viewing all she sees 245
 As meant to indicate a God to man,
 Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own
 Learning has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r 250
 Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews
 Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage¹
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,
 And in his word sagacious Such too thine,

Milton, whose genius had angelic wings, 255
 And fed on manna¹ And such thine, in whom
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
 Immortal Hale¹ for deep discernment prais'd
 And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd 260

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him ignoble graves 265
 Nothing is proof against the gen'ial curse
 Of vanity, that seizes all below

The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
 Is virtue, th' only lasting treasure, truth
 But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's question, put 270
 To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply
 And wherefore? will not God impart his light
 To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
 His glory, and his nature, to impart

But to the proud, uncandid, insincere, 275
 Or negligent inquirer, not a spark
 What's that which brings contempt upon a book,
 And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
 The method clear, and argument exact? 280

That makes a minister in holy things
 The joy of many, and the dread of more,
 His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—
 That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
 Depreciates and undoes us in our own? 285

What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
 That learning is too proud to gather up,
 But which the poor, and the despis'd of all,
 Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
 Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth 290

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd¹
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect 295

To understand and choose thee for their own
 But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
 Ev'n as his first progenitor, and quits,
 Though placed in paradise, (for earth has still
 Some traces of her youthful beauty left) 300
 Substantial happiness for transient joy
 Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
 The growing seeds of wisdom, that suggest,

By ev'ry pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind, 305
Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot, and defile with blood
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale, 310
Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares,
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye,
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreat, 315
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek 320
For their own sake its silence and its shade
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultur'd and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack, 325
And clamours of the field?—Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain,
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endu'd
With eloquence, that agonies inspire, 330
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs!
Vain tears, alas, and sighs, that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—one at least is safe One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell 335
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar, she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread, 340
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine
Yes—thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee, thou may'st frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd, 345
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love
If I survive thee I will dig thy grave,
And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say, 350

I knew at least one hare that had a friend
 How various his employments, whom the world
 Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
 Esteems that busy world an idler too!
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen, 355
 Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
 And nature in her cultivated trim
 Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
 Can he want occupation who has these?
 Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy? 360
 Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
 Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
 Not waste it, and aware that human life
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
 When He shall call his debtors to account 365
 From whom are all our blessings, bus'ness finds
 Ev'n here while sedulous I seek t' improve,
 At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
 The mind he gave me, driving it, though slack 370
 Too oft, and much impeded in its work
 By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
 To its just point—the service of mankind
 He that attends to his interior self,
 That has a heart, and keeps it, has a mind 375
 That hungers, and supplies it, and who seeks
 A social, not a dissipated life,
 Has business, feels himself engag'd t' achieve
 No unimportant, though a silent, task
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem, 380
 To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd,
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies
 He that is ever occupied in storms,
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead, 385
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize
 The morning finds the self-sequester'd man
 Fresh for his task, intend what task he may
 Whether inclement seasons recommend
 His warm but simple home, where he enjoys, 390
 With her who shares his pleasures and his heart,
 Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph
 Which neatly she prepares, then to his book,
 Well chosen, and not sullenly perus'd
 In selfish silence, but imparted oft 395
 As aught occurs that she may smile to hear,
 Or turn to nourishment, digested well
 Or, if the garden with its many cares,
 All well repaid, demand him, he attends

The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
 Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye, 400
 Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erseen,
 Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
 Nor does he govern only or direct,
 But much performs himself No works indeed
 That ask robust tough sinews, bred to toil, 405
 Servile employ, but such as may amuse,
 Not tire, demanding rather skill than force
 Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees
 That meet (no barren interval between)
 With pleasure more than ev'n their fruits afford, 410
 Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel
 These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge,
 No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
 None but his steel approach them What is weak,
 Distemper'd, or has lost prolific pow'rs, 415
 Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
 Dooms to the knife nor does he spare the soft
 And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
 But barren, at th' expence of neighb'ring twigs
 Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick 420
 With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
 That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
 Large expectation, he disposes neat
 At measur'd distances, that air and sun,
 Admitted freely, may afford their aid, 425
 And ventilate and warm the swelling buds
 Hence summer has her riches, autumn hence,
 And hence ev'n winter fills his wither'd hand
 With blushing fruits, and plenty, not his own
 Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd, 430
 And wise precaution, which a clime so rude
 Makes needful still, whose spring is but the child
 Of churlish winter, in her froward moods
 Discov'ring much the temper of her sire
 For oft, as if in her the stream of mild 435
 Maternal nature had revers'd its course,
 She brings her infants forth with many smiles,
 But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown
 He, therefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies
 Her want of care, screening and keeping warm 440
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
 His garlands from the boughs Again, as oft
 As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
 The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,
 And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day 445
 To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,

So grateful to the palate, and when rare
 So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—
 Food for the vulgar merely—is an art 450
 That toiling ages have but just matur'd,
 And at this moment unassay'd in song.
 Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
 Their eulogy, those sang the Mantuan bard,
 And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains, 455
 And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye
 The solitary shilling Pardon then,
 Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
 Th' ambition of one, meaner far, whose pow'rs,
 Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
 Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste 460
 Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,
 A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce
 The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
 Impregnated with quick fermenting salts, 465
 And potent to resist the freezing blast
 For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf
 Deciduous, when now November dark
 Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
 Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins. 470
 Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed,
 He seeks a favour'd spot, that where he builds
 Th' agglomerated pile his frame may front
 The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
 Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
 Impervious to the wind First he bids spread 475
 Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
 Th' ascending damps, then leisurely impose,
 And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
 From the full fork, the saturated straw
 What longest binds the closest forms secure 480
 The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
 By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
 Shelt'ring the base with its projected eaves.
 Th' uplifted frame, compact at ev'ry joint,
 And overlaid with clear translucent glass, 485
 He settles next upon the sloping mount,
 Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
 From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls
 He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.
 Thrice must the voluble and restless earth 490
 Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
 Slow gathering in the midst, through the square mass
 Diffus'd, attain the surface when, behold!
 A pestilent and most corrosive steam,

Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast,
 And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash,
 Asks egress, which obtain'd, the overcharg'd
 And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,
 In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank,
 And, purified, rejoices to have lost 500
 Its foul inhabitant But to assuage
 Th' impatient fervour which it first conceives
 Within its reeking bosom, threat'ning death
 To his young hopes, requires discreet delay
 Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft 505
 The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
 Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
 Th' auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat,
 Friendly to vital motion, may afford
 Soft fomentation, and invite the seed 510
 The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,
 And glossy, he commits to pots of size
 Diminutive, well fill'd with well-prepar'd
 And fruitful soil, that has been treasur'd long,
 And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds 515
 These on the warm and genial earth, that hides
 The smoking manure that o'erspreads it all,
 He places lightly, and, as time subdues
 The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
 In the soft medium, till they stand immers'd 520
 Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick,
 And spreading wide their spongy lobes, at first
 Pale, wan, and livid, but assuming soon,
 If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,
 Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green 525
 Two leaves produc'd, two rough indented leaves,
 Cautious he pinches from the second stalk
 A pimple, that portends a future sprout,
 And interdicts its growth Thence straight succeed
 The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish, 530
 Prolific all, and harbingers of more
 The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
 And transplantation in an ampler space
 Indulg'd in what they wish, they soon supply
 Large foliage, overshadowing golden flow'rs, 535
 Blown on the summit of th' apparent fruit
 These have their sexes, and, when summer shines,
 The bee transports the fertilizing meal
 From flow'r to flow'r, and ev'n the breathing air
 Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use 540
 Not so when winter scowls Assistant art
 Then acts in nature's office, brings to pass

The glad espousals, and ensures the crop
 Grudge not, ye rich, (since luxury must have
 His dainties, and the world's more num'rous half 515
 Lives by contriving delicates for you)
 Grudge not the cost Ye little know the cares,
 The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,
 That day and night are exercis'd, and hang
 Upon the ticklish balance of suspense, 550
 That ye may garnish your profuse regales
 With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns
 Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
 The process Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,
 Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies, 555
 Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
 Dire disappointment that admits no cure,
 And which no care can obviate It were long,
 Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts
 Which he that fights a season so severe 560
 Devises, while he guards his tender trust,
 And oft, at last, in vain The learn'd and wise
 Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song
 Cold as its theme, and, like its theme, the fruit
 Of too much labour, worthless when produced 565
 Who loves a garden loves a green-house too
 Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
 There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
 While the winds whistle and the snows descend
 The spiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf 570
 Shines there, and flourishes The golden boast
 Of Portugal and western India there,
 The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
 Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
 And seem to smile at what they need not fear 575
 Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs
 And cherries hangs her twigs Geranium boasts
 Her crimson honours, and the spangled beau,
 Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long
 All plants, of ev'ry leaf, that can endure 580
 The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,
 Live there, and prosper Those Ausonia claims,
 Levantine regions these, th' Azores send
 Their jessamine, her jessamine remote
 Caffraia foreigners from many lands, 585
 They form one social shade, as if conven'd
 By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre
 Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
 But by a master's hand, disposing well
 The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r, 590

Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms,
 And dress the regular yet various scene
 Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
 The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still
 Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand 595
 So once were rang'd the sons of ancient Rome,
 A noble show! while Roscius trod the stage,
 And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,
 The sons of Albion, fearing each to lose
 Some note of Nature's music from his lips, 600
 And covetous of Shakespeare's beauty, seen
 In ev'ry flash of his far-beaming eye
 Nor taste alone and well-contriv'd display
 Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace
 Of their complete effect Much yet remains 605
 Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,
 And more laborious, cares on which depends
 Their vigour, injur'd soon, not soon restor'd
 The soil must be renew'd, which, often wash'd,
 Loses its treasure of salubrious salts, 610
 And disappoints the roots, the slender roots
 Close interwoven, where they meet the vase,
 Must smooth be shorn away, the sapless branch
 Must fly before the knife, the wither'd leaf
 Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor 615
 Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
 Contagion, and disseminating death
 Discharge but these kind offices, (and who
 Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
 Well they reward the toil The sight is pleas'd,
 The scent regal'd, each odorif'rous leaf, 620
 Each op'ning blossom, freely breathes abroad
 Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets
 So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
 All healthful, are th' employs of rural life, 625
 Reiterated as the wheel of time
 Runs round, still ending, and beginning still
 Nor are these all To deck the shapely knoll,
 That, softly swell'd and gaily dress'd, appears
 A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn 630
 Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due
 To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
 Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
 And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
 And by contrasted beauty shining more) 635
 Is needful Strength may wield the pond'rous spade,
 May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home,
 But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,

And most attractive, is the fair result
 Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind. 640
 Without it all is gothic as the scene
 To which th' insipid citizen resorts
 Near yonder heath, where industry mispent,
 But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
 Has made a heav'n on earth, with suns and moons 645
 Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' encumber'd soil,
 And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust
 He, therefore, who would see his flow'rs dispos'd
 Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
 The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds, 650
 Forecasts the future whole, that, when the scene
 Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,
 Each for itself, and all as with one voice
 Conspiring, may attest his bright design
 Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd 655
 His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
 Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind
 Uninjur'd, but expect th' upholding aid
 Of the smooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied,
 Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age, 660
 For int'rest sake, the living to the dead
 Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd
 And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
 Like virtue, thriving most where little seen
 Some, more aspiring, catch the neighbour shrub 665
 With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
 Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon
 And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
 The strength they borrow with the grace they lend
 All hate the rank society of weeds, 670
 Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
 Th' improv'rish'd earth, an overbearing race,
 That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
 Disturb good order, and degrade true worth
 Oh, blest seclusion from a jarring world, 675
 Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
 Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
 Lost innocence, or cancel follies past,
 But it has peace, and much secures the mind
 From all assaults of evil, proving still 680
 A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease
 By vicious custom, raging uncontroll'd
 Abroad, and desolating public life
 When fierce temptation, seconded within
 By traitor appetite, and arm'd with darts
 685
 Temper'd in hell, invades the throbbing breast,

To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is safe
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here? 690
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton, though a wand'ring, muse,
And constant occupation without care
Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss,
Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds, 695
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys that I describe,
Allur'd by my report but sure no less,
That, self-condemn'd, they must neglect the prize, 700
And what they will not taste must yet approve
What we admire we praise, and, when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that, its worth
Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too
I therefore recommend, though at the risk 705
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
The cause of piety and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes which God ordain'd
Should best secure them and promote them most,
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive 710
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd
Pure is the nymph, though lib'ral of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfin'd, whom I extol
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth 715
To grace the full pavilion His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake
My charmer is not mine alone, my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too, 720
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
Is free to all men—universal prize
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want 725
Admirers, and be destin'd to divide
With meaner objects ev'n the few she finds!
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flow'rs,
She loses all her influence Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines, 730
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd
By roses, and clear suns, though scarcely felt,
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure

From clamour, and whose very silence charms, 735
 To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse
 That Metropolitan volcanos make,
 Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long,
 And to the stir of commerce, driving slow, 740
 And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels?
 They would be, were not madness in the head,
 And folly in the heart, were England now
 What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
 And undebauch'd But we have bid farewell 745
 To all the virtues of those better days,
 And all their honest pleasures Mansions once
 Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds
 Who had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son
 Now the legitimate and rightful lord 750
 Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd,
 And soon to be supplanted He that saw
 His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
 Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
 To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again 755
 Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon a while,
 Then advertis'd, and auctioneer'd away
 The country starves, and they that feed th' o'ercharg'd
 And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
 By a just judgment strip and starve themselves 760
 The wings that waft our riches out of sight
 Grow on the gamester's elbows, and th' alert
 And nimble motion of those restless joints,
 That never tire, soon fans them all away
 Improvement too, the idol of the age, 765
 Is fed with many a victim Lo, he comes!
 Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
 Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
 Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race,
 But tasteless Springs a palace in its stead, 770
 But in a distant spot, where, more expos'd,
 It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,
 And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd
 Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove
 He speaks The lake in front becomes a lawn,
 Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise 775
 And streams, as if created for his use,
 Pursue the track of his directing wand,
 Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
 Now murm'ring soft, now roaring in cascades—
 Ev'n as he bids! Th' enraptur'd owner smiles 780
 'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,
 Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,

A mine to satisfy th' enormous cost
 Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,
 He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd plan 785
 That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day
 Labour'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams,
 Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the heav'n
 He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy!
 And now perhaps the glorious hour is come, 790
 When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear
 Her int'rests, or that gives her sacred cause
 A moment's operation on his love,
 He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal 795
 To serve his country Ministerial grace
 Deals him out money from the public chest;
 Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse
 Supplies his need with an usurious loan,
 To be refunded duly when his vote,
 Well-manag'd, shall have earn'd its worthy price 800
 Oh innocent, compar'd with arts like these,
 Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball
 Sent through the trav'ler's temples! He that finds
 One drop of heav'n's sweet mercy in his cup,
 Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content, 805
 So he may wrap himself in honest rags
 At his last gasp, but could not for a world
 Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
 From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
 Sordid and sick'ning at his own success 810
 Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd
 By endless riot, vanity, the lust
 Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,
 As duly as the swallows disappear, 815
 The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town
 London ingulphs them all! The shark is there,
 And the shark's prey, the spendthrift, and the leech
 That sucks him There the sycophant, and he
 Who, with bare-headed and obsequious bows,
 Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail 820
 And groat per diem, if his patron frown
 The levee swarms, as if, in golden pomp,
 Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door,
 "BATTER'D AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MEND'D HERE."
 These are the charms that sully and eclipse 825
 The charms of nature Tis the cruel gripe
 That lean hard-handed poverty inflicts
 The hope of better things, the chance to win
 The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,
 That at the sound of winter's hoary wing 830

Unpeople all our counties of such herds
 Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loose
 And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
 And boundless as it is, a crowded coop

835

Oh thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
 Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
 And spotted with all crimes, in whom I see
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,
 And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
 That plearest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh
 And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
 Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
 Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
 And thou hast many righteous—Well for thee—
 That salt preserves thee, more corrupted else,
 And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour
 Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
 For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain

840

845

Sonnet to William Wilberforce, Esq.¹

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
 Hears thee, by cruel men and impious call'd
 Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose th' enthrall'd
 From exile, public sale, and slav'ry's chain
 Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
 Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain
 Thou hast achiev'd a part, hast gain'd the ear
 Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause,
 Hope smiles, joy springs, and though cold caution pause
 And weave delay, the better hour is near
 That shall remunerate thy toils severe
 By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws
 Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
 From all the Just on earth, and all the Blest above

5

10

On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture Out of Norfolk The Gift of My Cousin Ann Bodham²

OH THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last

¹ Published in the *Northampton Mercury*, April, 1792 Text of *Poems*, 1815

² Published in 1798 Text of *Poems*, 1800

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me,
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say, 5
 “Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles time’s tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same. 10

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
 Who bidd’st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
 But gladly, as the precept were her own,
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she 20

My mother! when I learn’d that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hover’d thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gav’st me, though unseen, a kiss, 25
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes
 I heard the bell toll’d on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nurs’ry window, drew 30
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more! 35
 Thy maidens griev’d themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return
 What ardently I wish’d, I long believ’d,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceiv’d, 40
 By disappointment every day beguil’d,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn’d at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplor’d thee, ne’er forgot 45

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nurs’ry floor,
 And where the gard’ner Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wiapt 50

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
 Short-liv'd possession¹ but the record fair
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there, 55
 Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid, 60
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum,
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, 65
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
 That humour interpos'd too often makes,
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so, to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may,
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little notic'd here
 Could time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours, 75
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear, 80
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much, 85
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again
 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle, 90
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, 95
 So thou, with sails how swift¹ hast reach'd the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide

Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
 Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
 Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some curient's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'ious course 105
 But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth,
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise— 110
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies
 And now, farewell—time, unrevok'd, has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again, 115
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft— 120
 Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

The Castaway¹

OBSCUREST night involv'd the sky,
 Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
 When such a destin'd wretch as I,
 Wash'd headlong from on board,
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
 His floating home for ever left

No braver chief could Albion boast
 Than he with whom he went,
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
 With warmer wishes sent 10
 He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
 Nor him beheld, nor her again

Not long beneath the 'whelming brine,
 Expert to swim, he lay,

¹ Written in 1799. Published in Hayley's *Life and Posthumous Writings*, 1803. Text of edition of 1806.

Nor soon he felt his strength decline, 15
 O! courage die away,
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted nor his friends had fail'd 20
 To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
 That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind

Some succour yet they could afford, 25
 And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
 Delay'd not to bestow
But he (they knew) nor ship, nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them, 35
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld,
And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
 His destiny repell'd, 40
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before 45
Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
 Could catch the sound no more
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him but the page 50
 Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its 'semblance in another's case

55

60

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he

65

THOMAS RUSSELL

(1762-1782-1788)

Sonnet
To Oxford¹

OXFORD, since late I left thy peaceful shore,
 Much I regret thy domes with turrets crown'd,
 Thy crested walls with twining ivy bound,
 Thy Gothic fanes, dim isles, and cloysters hoar,
 And treasur'd rolls of Wisdom's ancient lore,
 Nor less thy varying bells, which hourly sound
 In pensive chime, or ring in lively round,
 Or toll in the slow Curfeu's solemn roar,
 Much too thy moonlight walks, and musings grave
 Mid silent shades of high-embowering trees,
 And much thy Sister-Streams, whose willows wave
 In whispering cadence to the evening breeze,
 But most those Friends, whose much-lov'd converse gave
 Thy gentle charms a tenfold power to please

5

10

¹ Published in *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems*, 1789 Text of first edition

Sonnet
To Valclusa¹

WHAT tho', VALCLUSA, the fond Bard be fled
 That woo'd his Fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
 Long lov'd her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
 And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
 What tho' no more he teach thy shades to mourn
 The hapless chances that to Love belong,
 As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn
 He charm'd wild ECHO with his plaintive song!
 Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
 Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
 Yet still soft Music breathes in every gale,
 Still undecay'd the Fairy-garlands bloom,
 Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
 Still PETRARCH'S GENIUS weeps o'er LAURA'S tomb.

Sonnet
Suppos'd to be Written at Lemnos²

ON THIS lone Isle, whose rugged rocks affright
 The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
 Great Pæan's Son, unwonted erst to tears,
 Wept o'er his wound alike each rolling light
 Of heaven he watch'd, and blam'd it's lingering flight,
 By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
 Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave,
 And savage howlings chas'd his dreams by night
 HOPE still was his in each low breeze, that sigh'd
 Thro' his rude grot, he heard a coming oar,
 In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
 Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
 Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
 That parts fam'd Trachis from th' Euboic shore

¹ Published in *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems*, 1789 Text of first edition

² Published in *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems*, 1789 Text of first edition

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757-1783-1827)

Poetical Sketches¹*To Spring*

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
 Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
 Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
 Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning
 Vallies hear, all our longing eyes are turned
 Up to thy bright pavillions issue forth,
 And let thy holy feet visit our clime

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
 Kiss thy perfumed garments, let us taste
 Thy morn and evening breath, scatter thy pearls
 Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers, pour
 Thy soft kisses on her bosom, and put
 Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
 Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

To Summer

O THOU, who passest thro' our vallies in
 Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
 That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,
 Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and oft
 Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
 With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard
 Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car
 Rode o'er the deep of heaven, beside our springs
 Sit down, and in our mossy vallies, on
 Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy

¹ Published in 1783 Text of *Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed Geoffrey Keynes, 1927 By permission

Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream
Our vallies love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver wire:
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains:
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance.
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

15

To the Evening Star

THOU fair-hair'd angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love, thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and, while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake, speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw, then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares thro' the dun forest
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with
Thy sacred dew protect them with thine influence.

5

10

Song

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languish'd air,
By love are driv'n away,
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have

5

His face is fair as heav'n,
When springing buds unfold,
O why to him was't giv'n,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all worship'd tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come

10

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet,
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat

15

Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

Mad Song

THE wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold,
Come hither, Sleep,
And my 'griefs unfold
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn

Lo! to the vault
Of paved heaven,
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day,
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe,
After night I do croud,
And with night will go,
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With fiantic pain

To the Muses

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From antient melody have ceas'd,

Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on chrystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the antient love
 That bards of old enjoy'd in you!¹
 The languid strings do scarcely move!
 The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

15

Songs of Innocence¹

Introduction

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
 So I piped with merry chear
 "Piper, pipe that song again,"
 So I piped he wept to hear

5

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 "Sing thy songs of happy chear "
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

10

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 "In a book, that all may read "
 So he vanish'd from my sight,
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

15

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear

20

The Ecchoing Green

THE Sun does arise,
 And make happy the skies;
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring,
 The skylark and thrush,
 The birds of the bush,
 Sing louder around

5

¹ Engraved in 1789 Text of *Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed Geoffrey Keynes, 1927 By permission

To the bells' chearful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green 10

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk
They laugh at our play, 15
And soon they all say
"Such, such were the joys
"When we all, girls & boys,
"In our youth time were seen
"On the Ecchoing Green " 20

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry,
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end
Round the laps of their mothers 25
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green 30

The Lamb

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, & bid thee feed
By the stream & o'er the mead,
Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
Softest clothing, wooly, bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, & he is mild, 15
He became a little child
I a child, & thou a lamb,

We are called by his name
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!

20

The Little Black Boy

MY MOTHER bore me in the southern wild,
 And I am black, but O! my soul is white,
 White as an angel is the English child,
 But I am black, as if bereav'd of light

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
 And sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap and kissed me,
 And pointing to the east, began to say

5

"Look on the rising sun there God does live,
 "And gives his light, and gives his heat away,
 "And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
 "Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday

10

"And we are put on earth a little space,
 "That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
 "And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
 "Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove

15

"For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
 "The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
 "Saying 'Come out from the grove, my love & care,
 "'And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice'"

20

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
 And thus I say to little English boy
 When I from black and he from white cloud free,
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
 To lean in joy upon our father's knee,
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
 And be like him, and he will then love me

25

The Chimney Sweeper

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!'"
 So your chimneys I sweep, & in soot I sleep

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
 That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd so I said
 "Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare
 "You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair"

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
 As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!
 That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,
 Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
 And he open'd the coffins & set them all free,
 Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine in the Sun

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
 They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind,
 And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
 He'd have God for his father, & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
 And got with our bags & our brushes to work
 Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;
 So if all do their duty they need not fear harm

The Divine Image

To MERCY, Pity, Peace, and Love
 All pray in their distress,
 And to these virtues of delight
 Return their thankfulness

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 Is God, our father dear,
 And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 Is Man, his child and care

For Mercy has a human heart,
 Pity a human face,
 And Love, the human form divine,
 And Peace, the human dress

Then every man, of every clime,
 That prays in his distress,
 Prays to the human form divine,
 Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace

And all must love the human form,
 In heathen, turk, or jew,
 Where Mercy, Love, & Pity dwell
 There God is dwelling too

20

Holy Thursday

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
 The children walking two & two, in red & blue & green,
 Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like 'Thames' waters flow

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town! 5
 Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven among 10
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor,
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

Night

THE sun descending in the west,
 The evening star does shine,
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine
 The moon like a flower
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
 Where flocks have took delight 10
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
 The feet of angels bright,
 Unseen they pour blessing
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom, 15
 And each sleeping bosom

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are cover'd warm,
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm 20
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,

They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed

When wolves and tygers howl for prey, 2
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep,
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful, 30
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries, 35
And walking round the fold,
Saying "Wrath, by his meekness,
"And by his health, sickness
"Is driven away
"From our immortal day 40

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
"I can lie down and sleep,
"Or think on him who bore thy name,
"Graze after thee and weep
"For, wash'd in life's river, 45
"My bright mane for ever
"Shall shine like the gold
"As I guard o'er the fold "

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And everything else is still

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down 5
"And the dews of night arise,
"Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
"Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day
"And we cannot go to sleep, 10
"Besides, in the sky the little birds fly
"And the hills are all cover'd with sheep "

‘Weil, well, go & play till the light fades away
 “And then go home to bed.”
 The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh’d
 And all the hills ecchoed.

15

On Another's Sorrow

CAN I see another's woe,
 And not be in sorrow too?
 Can I see another's grief,
 And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear
 And not feel my sorrow's share?
 Can a father see his child
 Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

5

Can a mother sit and hear
 An infant groan an infant fear?
 No, no! never can it be!
 Never, never can it be!

8

And can he who smiles on all
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,
 Hear the small bird's grief & care,
 Hear the woes that infants bear,

15

And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity in their breast,
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear,

20

And not sit both night & day,
 Wiping all our tears away?
 O, no! never can it be!
 Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
 He becomes an infant small,
 He becomes a man of woe,
 He doth feel the sorrow too

25

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
 And thy maker is not by,
 Think not thou canst weep a tear
 And thy maker is not near

30

O' he gives to us his joy
 That our grief he may destroy;
 Till our grief is fled & gone
 He doth sit by us and moan.

85

The Book of Thel¹

Thel's Motto

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
 Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
 Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
 Or Love in a golden bowl?

I

THE daughters of the Seraphim led round their sunny flocks,
 All but the youngest she in paleness sought the secret air,
 To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day
 Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard,
 And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew

5

"O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water,
 "Why fade these children of the spring, born but to smile & fall?
 "Ah! Thel is like a wat'ry bow, and like a parting cloud,
 "Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows in the water,
 "Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's face,
 "Like the dove's voice, like transient day, like music in the air
 "Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head,
 "And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear the voice
 "Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time"

10

The Lilly of the valley, breathing in the humble grass,
 Answer'd the lovely maid and said "I am a wat'ry weed,
 "And I am very small and love to dwell in lowly vales,
 "So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head
 "Yet I am visited from heaven, and he that smiles on all
 "Walks in the valley and each morn over me spreads his hand,
 "Saying, 'Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born lilly flower,
 "Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks,
 "For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna,
 "Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains and the
 springs

15

20

¹ Engraved in 1789 Text of Poetry and Prose of William Blake, ed Geoffrey
 Keynes, 1927 By permission

“To flourish in eternal vales ’ Then why should Thel complain? ²⁵
 “Why should the mistress of the vales of Har utter a sigh?”

She ceas’d & smil’d in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine

Thel answer’d “O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
 “Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o’ertired,
 “Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky ³⁰
 garments,

“He crops thy flowers while thou sittest smiling in his face,
 “Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints
 “Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,
 “Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that
 springs,

“Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed ³⁵
 “But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun
 “I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place?”

“Queen of the vales,” the Lilly answer’d, “ask the tender cloud,
 “And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,
 “And why it scatters its bright beauty thro’ the humid air ⁴⁰
 “Descend, O little Cloud, & hover before the eyes of Thel.”

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bow’d her modest head
 And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grass

II

“O little Cloud,” the virgin said, “I charge thee tell to me ⁴⁵
 “Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fade away
 “Then we shall seek thee, but not find Ah! Thel is like to thee
 “I pass away yet I complain, and no one hears my voice”

The Cloud then shew’d his golden head & his bright form
 emerg’d,
 Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel

“O Virgin, know’st thou not our steeds drink of the golden ⁵⁰
 springs

“Where Luvah doth renew his horses? Look’st thou on my youth,
 “And fearest thou, because I vanish and am seen no more,
 “Nothing remains? O maid, I tell thee, when I pass away
 “It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace and raptures holy
 “Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers, ⁵⁵
 “And court the fair-eyed dew to take me to her shining tent
 “The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,
 “Till we arise link’d in a golden band and never part,
 “But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers”

"Dost thou, O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee, 60
 "For I walk thro' the vales of Har, and smell the sweetest flowers,
 "But I feed not the little flowers, I hear the warbling birds,
 "But I feed not the warbling birds, they fly and seek their food
 "But Thel delights in these no more, because I fade away,
 "And all shall say, 'Without a use this shining woman liv'd, 65
 " 'Or did she only live to be at death the food of worms?'"

The Cloud reclin'd upon his airy throne and answer'd thus:

"Then if thou art the food of worms, O virgin of the skies,
 "How great thy use, how great thy blessing! Every thing that lives
 "Lives not alone nor for itself Fear not, and I will call 70
 "The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice
 "Come forth, worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen "

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lilly's leaf,
 And the bright Cloud sail'd on, to find his partner in the vale

III

Then Thel astonish'd view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed 75

"Art thou a Worm? Image of weakness, art thou but a Worm?
 "I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lilly's leaf
 "Ah! weep not, little voice, thou canst not speak, but thou canst
 weep
 "Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked, weeping,
 "And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mother's smiles 80

The Clod of Clay heard the Worm's voice & rais'd her pitying head.

She bow'd over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd
 In milky fondness then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes

"O beauty of the vales of Har! we live not for ourselves
 "Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed 85
 "My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark,
 "But he, that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head,
 "And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast,
 "And says 'Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee
 " 'And I have given thee a crown that none can take away' 90
 "But how this is, sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know,
 "I ponder, and I cannot ponder, yet I live and love "

The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white
 veil,
 And said "Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep

"That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot ⁹⁵
 "That wilful bruise'd its helpless form, but that he cherish'd it
 "With milk and oil I never knew, and therefore did I weep,
 "And I complain'd in the mild air, because I fade away,
 "And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot."

"Queen of the vales," the matron Clay answer'd, "I heard thy ¹⁰⁰
 sighs,

"And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have call'd them
 down

"Wilt thou, O Queen, enter my house? 'Tis given thee to enter

"And to return fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet."

IV

The eternal gates' terrific porter lifted the northern bar ¹⁰⁵
 Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown
 She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots
 Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists
 A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen

She wander'd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, list'ning ¹¹⁰
 Dolours & lamentations, waiting oft beside a dewy grave
 She stood in silence, list'ning to the voices of the ground,
 Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down,
 And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit

"Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?
 "Or the glist'ning Eye to the poison of a smile? ¹¹⁵
 "Why are Eyelids stor'd with arrows ready drawn,
 "Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?
 "Or an Eye of gifts & graces show'ring fruits & coined gold?
 "Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?
 "Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in? ¹²⁰
 "Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling, & affright?
 "Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy?
 "Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?"

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek ¹²⁵
 Fled back unhinder'd till she came into the vales of Har

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell¹*The Argument*

RINTRAH roars & shakes his fires in the burden'd air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep

Once meek, and in a perilous path,
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death
Roses are planted where thorns grow,
And on the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

Then the perilous path was planted,
And a river and a spring
On every cliff and tomb,
And on the bleached bones
Red clay brought forth,

Till the villain left the paths of ease,
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility,
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam

RintraH roars & shakes his fires in the burden'd air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent, the Eternal Hell revives. And lo¹ Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb his writings are the linen clothes folded up Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into Paradise See Isaiah xxxiv & xxxv Chap

Without Contraries is no progression Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil Good is the passive that obeys Reason Evil is the active springing from Energy

Good is Heaven Evil is Hell

¹ Engraved cir 1793 Text of *Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed Geoffrey Keynes, 1927 By permission

The Voice of the Devil

ALL Bibles or sacred codes have been the causes of the following Errors

1 That Man has two real existing principles. Viz. a Body & a Soul

2 That Energy, call'd Evil, is alone from the Body, & that Reason, call'd Good, is alone from the Soul

3 That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies

But the following Contraries to these are True:

1 Man has no Body distinct from his Soul, for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age

2 Energy is the only life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy

3 Energy is Eternal Delight

THOSE who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained, and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling

And being restrain'd, it by degrees becomes passive, till it is only the shadow of desire

The history of this is written in Paradise Lost, & the Governor or Reason is call'd Messiah

And the original Archangel, or possessor of the command of the heavenly host, is call'd the Devil or Satan, and his children are call'd Sin & Death

But in the Book of Job, Milton's Messiah is call'd Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties

It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was cast out, but the Devil's account is, that the Messiah fell, & formed a heaven of what he stole from the Abyss

This is shewn in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the comforter, or Desire, that Reason may have Ideas to build on, the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he who dwells in flaming fire

Know that after Christ's death, he became Jehovah

But in Milton, the Father is Destiny, the Son a Ratio of the five senses, & the Holy-ghost Vacuum!

Note The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it

A Memorable Fancy

As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to Angels look like torment and in-

sanity, I collected some of their Proverbs, thinking that as the sayings used in a nation mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell show the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments

When I came home on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, & read by them on earth

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

Proverbs of Hell

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy
Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom
Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence
The cut worm forgives the plow
Dip him in the river who loves water
A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star
Eternity is in love with the productions of time
'The busy bee has no time for sorrow
The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom,
no clock can measure
All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap
Bring out number, weight & measure in a year of dearth
No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings
A dead body revenges not injuries
The most sublime act is to set another before you
If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise
Folly is the cloke of knavery
Shame is Pride's cloke
Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of
Religion
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God
The nakedness of woman is the work of God
Excess of sorrow laughs Excess of joy weeps
The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the
stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity,
too great for the eye of man
The fox condemns the trap, not himself
Joys impregnate Sorrows bring forth

Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep
 The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship
 The selfish, smiling fool, & the sullen, frowning fool shall be
 both thought wise, that they may be a iod
 What is now proved was once only imagin'd
 The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit watch the roots, the lion,
 the tyger, the horse, the elephant watch the fruits
 The cistern contains the fountain overflows
 One thought fills immensity
 Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base men will
 avoid you
 Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth
 The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to
 learn of the crow
 The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion
 Think in the morning Act in the noon Eat in the evening Sleep
 in the Night
 He who has suffer'd you to impose on him, knows you
 As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers
 The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.
 Expect poison from the standing water
 You never know what is enough unless you know what is more
 than enough
 Listen to the fool's reproach! it is a kingly title!
 The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the
 beard of earth
 The weak in courage is strong in cunning
 The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor
 the lion, the horse, how he shall take his prey
 The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest
 If others had not been foolish, we should be so
 The soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd
 When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius; lift
 up thy head!
 As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on,
 so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys
 To create a little flower is the labour of ages
 Damn braces Bless relaxes
 The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest
 Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!
 Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!
 The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the
 hands & feet Proportion
 As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the
 contemptible
 The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl that every thing
 was white
 Exuberance is Beauty

If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning
 Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without
 Improvement are roads of Genius

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted
 desires

Where man is not, nature is barren

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be
 believ'd

Enough! or Too much

THE ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or
 Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the
 properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and
 whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could perceive

And particularly they studied the genius of each city & coun-
 try, placing it under its mental deity,

Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of, &
 enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental
 deities from their objects thus began Priesthood,

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales

And at length they pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd such
 things

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast

A Memorable Fancy

THE Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked
 them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spoke to
 them, and whether they did not think at the time that they would
 be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition

Isaiah answer'd "I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite
 "organical perception, but my senses discover'd the infinite in
 "everything, and as I was then perswaded, & remain confirm'd,
 "that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared
 "not for consequences, but wrote"

Then I asked "does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make
 "it so?"

He replied "All poets believe that it does, & in ages of
 "imagination this firm perswasion removed mountains, but many
 "are not capable of a firm perswasion of any thing"

Then Ezekiel said "The philosophy of the east taught the
 "first principles of human perception some nations held one
 "principle for the origin, and some another we of Israel taught
 "that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first prin-
 "ciple and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause
 "of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries,
 "and prophecying that all Gods would at last be proved to orig-
 "inate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius, it was
 'this that our great poet, King David, desired so fervently &

"invokes so pathetic'ly, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms, and we so loved our God, that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled from these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews "

"This," said he, "like all firm perswasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the jews' code and worship the jews' god, and what greater subjection can be?"

I heard this with some wonder, & must confess my own conviction After dinner I ask'd Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works, he said none of equal value was lost Ezekiel said the same of his

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years? he answer'd "the same that made our friend Diogenes, the Grecian "

I then asked Ezekiel why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answer'd, "the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite this the North American tribes practise, & is he honest who resists his genius or conscience only for the sake of present ease or gratification?"

THE ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment

But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged, this I shall do by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern

A Memorable Fancy

I WAS in a Printing house in Hell, & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a cave's mouth, within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock &

the cave, and others adorning it with gold, silver and precious stones

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite, around were numbers of Eagle-like men who built palaces in the immense cliffs

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire, raging around & melting the metals into living fluids

In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms, which cast the metals into the expanse

There they were reciev'd by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries

THE Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence, and now seem to live in it in chains, are in truth the causes of its life & the sources of all activity, but the chains are the cunning of weak and tame minds which have power to resist energy, according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning

Thus one portion of being is the Prolific, the other the Devouring to the Devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devoure1, as a sea, received the excess of his delights

Some will say "Is not God alone the Prolific?" I answer "God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men"

These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two

Note Jesus Christ did not wish to unite, but to sepearate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says "I came not to send Peace, but a Sword"

Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies

A Memorable Fancy

AN Angel came to me and said "O pitiable foolish young man! "O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon "thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art "going in such career"

I said "Perhaps you will be willing to shew me my eternal "lot, & we will contemplate together upon it, and see whether "your lot or mine is most desirable"

So he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church & down into the church vault, at the end of which was a mill thro' the mill we went, and came to a cave down the winding cavern we groped

our tedious way, till a void boundless as a nether sky appear'd beneath us, & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this immensity, but I said "if you please, we will commit ourselves to this void, and see whether providence is here also if you will not, I will " but he answer'd "do not presume, O young man, but as we here remain, behold thy lot which will soon appear "when the darkness passes away "

So I remain'd with him, sitting in the twisted root of an oak, he was suspended in a fungus, which hung with the head downward into the deep

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city, beneath us, at an immense distance, was the sun, black but shining, round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd vast spiders, crawling after their prey, which flew, or rather swum, in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption, & the air was full of them, & seem'd composed of them these are Devils, and are called Powers of the air I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said "between the black & white spiders "

But now, from between the black & white spiders, a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro' the deep, black'ning all beneath, so that the nether deep grew black as a sea, & rolled with a terrible noise, beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking east between the clouds & the waves, we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire, and not many stones' throw from us appear'd and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent, at last, to the east, distant about three degrees, appear'd a fiery crest above the waves, slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks, till we discover'd two globes of crimson fire, from which the sea fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw it was the head of Leviathan, his forehead was divided into streaks of green & purple like those on a tyger's forehead soon we saw his mouth & red gills hang just above the raging foam, tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward us with all the fury of a spiritual existence

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill I remain'd alone, & then this appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight, hearing a harper, who sung to the harp, & his theme was "The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind "

But I arose and sought for the mill, & there I found my Angel, who, surprised, asked me how I escaped?

I answer'd "All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics, for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you yours?" he laugh'd at my proposal, but I by force

suddenly caught him in my aims, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earth's shadow, then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborg's volumes, sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to saturn here I stay'd to rest, & then leap'd into the void between saturn & the fixed stars

"Here," said I, "is your lot, in this space—if space it may be call'd" Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended, driving the Angel before me, soon we saw seven houses of brick, one we enter'd, in it were a number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species, chain'd by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but withheld by the shortness of their chains however, I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong, and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with, & then devour'd, by plucking off first one limb and then another, till the body was left a helpless trunk, this, after grinning & kissing it with seeming fondness, they devour'd too, and here & there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off his own tail, as the stench terribly annoy'd us both, we went into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotle's Analytics

So the Angel said "thy phantasy has imposed upon me, & thou oughtest to be ashamed"

I answer'd "we impose on one another, & it is but lost time to converse with you whose works are only Analytics"

OPPOSITION is true Friendship.

I HAVE always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise, this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning

Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books

A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceiv'd himself as much wiser than seven men It is so with Swedenborg he shews the folly of churches, & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious, & himself the single one on earth that ever broke a net

Now hear a plain fact Swedenborg has not written one new truth Now hear another he has written all the old falsehoods

And now hear the reason He conversed with Angels who are all religious, & conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions

Thus Swedenborg's writings are a recapitulation of all super-

ficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime—but no further

Have now another plain fact Any man of mechanical talents may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's, and from those of Dante or Shakespear an infinite number

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine

A Memorable Fancy

ONCE I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud, and the Devil utter'd these words

"The worship of God is Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God "

The Angel hearing this became almost blue, but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last white, pink, & smiling, and then replied

"Thou Idolater¹ is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments? and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?"

The Devil answer'd "bray a fool in a mortar with wheat, yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him, if Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree, now hear how he has given his sanction to the law of ten commandments did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbath's God? murder those who were murder'd because of him? turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray'd for his disciples, and when he bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules "

When he had so spoken, I beheld the Angel, who stretched out his arms, embracing the flame of fire, & he was consumed and arose as Elijah

Note This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend, we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense, which the world shall have if they behave well

I have also The Bible of Hell, which the world shall have whether they will or no

ONE Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression

A Song of Liberty

I

THE Eternal Female groan'd¹ it was heard over all the Earth
2 Albion's coast is sick, silent, the American meadows faint¹
3 Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the
rivers, and mutter across the ocean France, rend down thy
dungeon¹
4 Golden Spain, burst the barriers of old Rome¹
5 Cast thy keys, O Rome, into the deep down falling, even to
eternity down falling,
6 And weep
7 In her trembling hands she took the new born terrior,
howling
8 On those infinite mountains of light, now barr'd out by the
atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king¹
9 Flag'd with grey brow'd snows and thunderous visages, the
jealous wings wav'd over the deep
10 The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield,
forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and
hurl'd the new born wonder thro' the starry night
11 The fire, the fire is falling¹
12 Look up¹ look up¹ O citizen of London, enlarge thy counte-
nance¹ O Jew, leave counting gold¹ return to thy oil and wine
O African¹ black African¹ (go, winged thought, widen his fore-
head)
13 The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun
into the western sea
14 Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary element roaring
fled away
15 Down rush'd, beating his wings in vain, the jealous king,
his grey brow'd councillors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans,
among helms, and shields, and chariots, horses, elephants, ban-
ners, castles, slings, and rocks
16 Falling, rushing, ruining¹ buried in the ruins, on Urthona's
dens,
17 All night beneath the ruins, then, their sullen flames faded,
emerge round the gloomy king
18 With thunder and fire, leading his starry hosts thro' the
waste wilderness, he promulgates his ten commands, glancing his
beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,
19 Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the morn-
ing plumes her golden breast,
20 Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony
law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night,
crying

EMPIRE IS NO MORE¹ AND NOW THE LION & WOLF SHALL CEASE.

CHORUS

Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn no longer, in deadly black,
with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted brethren
—whom, tyrant, he calls free—lay the bound or build the roof
Nor pale religious lechery call that virginity that wishes but acts
not!

For every thing that lives is Holy.

Songs of Experience¹

Holy Thursday

Is THIS a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!⁵

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak & bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns:
It is eternal winter there ¹⁰

For where-e'er the sun does shine,
And where-e'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall ¹⁵

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisp'rings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down, ⁵
And the dews of night arise,

¹ Engraved in 1794 Text of *Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed Geoffrey Keynes, 1927 By permission

Your spring & your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

The Tyger

TYGER! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art, 10
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

The Little Vagabond

DEAR Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold,
But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;
Besides I can tell where I am used well,
Such usage in Heaven will never do well

But if at the Church they would give us some Ale, 5
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, & drink, & sing, 10
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring,

And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as he,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Barrel, 15
But kiss him, & give him both drink and apparel

London

I WANDER thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe

In every ciy of every Man, 5
In every Infant's ciy of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls, 10
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear, 15
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

A Little Boy Lost

"NOUGHT loves another as itself,
"Nor venerates another so,
"Nor is it possible to Thought
"A greater than itself to know

"And Father, how can I love you 5
"Or any of my brothers more?
"I love you like the little bird
"That picks up crumbs around the door"

The Priest sat by and heard the child,
In trembling zeal he siez'd his hair 10
He led him by his little coat,
And all admir'd the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
"Lo! what a fiend is here!" said he,

"One who sets reason up for judge
"Of our most holy Mystery"

15

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain,
They strip'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain,

20

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before
The weeping parents wept in vain
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

Preface to Milton, A Poem in 2 Books To Justify the Ways of God to Men¹

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

5

Bring me my Bow of burning gold
Bring me my Arrows of desire
Bring me my Spear O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire

10

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green & pleasant Land.

15

¹ Engraved in 1804 Text of *Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. Geoffrey Keynes, 1927 By permission

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-1786-1796)

The Twa Dogs, A Tale¹

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
 That bears the name o' auld king COIL,
 Upon a bonie day in June,
 When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
 Forgather'd ance upon a time

5

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
 Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure,
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpet some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gang to fish for Cod

10

His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar
 Shew'd him the *gentleman* an' *scholar*,
 But tho' he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride na pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
 Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipse's *messan*
 At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie,
 Nae tawted *tyke*, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him

15

20

The tither was a *ploughman's collie*,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in *Highland sang*,
 Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang.

25

He was a gash an' faithfu' *tyke*,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke

30

His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place,
 His breast was white, his towzie back,
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black,
 His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl

35

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither,

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition

Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket,
 Whyles mice and modewurks they howket, 40
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion,
 Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
 They set them down upon their arse,
 An' there began a lang digression 45
 About the *lords o' the creation*

CAESAR

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the *gentry's* life I saw,
 What way *poor bodies* liv'd ava 50
 Our *Laird* gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents.
 He rises when he likes himsel,
 His flunkies answer at the bell,
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse, 55
 He draws a bonie, silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd *Geordie* keeks
 Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling, 60
 An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,
 Yet ev'n the *ha' folk* fill their peghan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie
 Our *Whipper-in*, wee, blastet wonner, 65
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony *Tenant-man*
 His Honor has in a' the lan'
 An' what poor *Cot-folk* pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension 70

LUATH

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough;
 A *Cotter* howkan in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,
 Bairan a quarry, an' sic like, 75
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' raep
 An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters, 80

Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger.
 But how it comes, I never kent yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented,
 An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is

85

CAESAR

But then, to see how ye're negleket,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespek't!
 L—d man, our gentry care as little
 For *delters*, *dutchers*, an' sic cattle,
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinkan brock

90

I've notic'd, on our Laird's *court-day*,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor *tenant bodies*, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a *factor's* snash,
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll *apprehend* them, *pound* their gear,
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

95

100

I see how folk live that hae riches,
 But surely poor-folk maun be wretches!

LUATH

They're no sae wretched 's ane wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright

105

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided,
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment

110

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives,
 The *prattling things* are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire side

115

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' *nappy*
 Can mak the bodies unco happy,
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
 They'll talk o' *patronage* an' *priests*,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in LON'ON

120

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
 They get the jovial, rantan *Kirns*,
 When *rural life*, of ev'ry station, 125
 Unite in common recreation,
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's *care* upo' the earth.

That *merry day* the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's, 130
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam,
 The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' icht guid will,
 The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, 135
 The young anes rantan thro' the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barked wi' them

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd, 140
 There's monie a creditable *stock*
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster 145
 In favor wi' some *gentle Master*,
 Wha aiblins thrang a *parliamentin*,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin —

CAESAR

Haith lad ye little ken about it,
 For *Britain's guid* guid faith! I doubt it 150
 Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft, 155
 To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,
 To make a *tour* an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'

There, at VIENNA or VERSAILLES, 160
 He rives his father's auld entails,
 Or by MADRID he takes the rout,
 To thrum *guittars* an' fecht wi' nowt,
 Or down *Italian Vista* startles,
 Wh—re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles.
 Then bowses drumlie *German-water*, 165
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,

O' curst *Venetian* b—res an' ch—ncres
 For *Britain's guid'* for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction!

170

LUATH

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten and harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

175

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The *Laird*, the *Tenant*, an' the *Cotter'*
 For thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,
 Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their *Limmer*,
 Or shootin of a hare or moorcock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

180

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
 Sure *great folk's* life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them

185

CAESAR

L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am,
 The *gentles* ye wad neer envy them!

196

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat,
 They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill *auld-age* wi' grips an' granes,
 But *human-bodies* are sic fools,
 For a' their colledges an' schools,
 That when nae *real* ills perplex them,
 They *mak* enow themsels to vex them,
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion, less will hurt them.

195

200

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His *acre's* till'd, he's right eneugh,
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her *dizzen's* done, she's unco weel,
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'n down *want o' wark* are curst
 They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy,
 Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy,
 Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,

205

Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless 210
 An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart
 The *Men* cast out in *party-matches*, 215
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches
 Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring
 The *Ladies* arm-in-arm in clusters, 220
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters,
 But hear their *absent thoughts* o' ither,
 They're a run deils an' jads thegither
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty,
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, 225
 Pore owre the devil's *pictur'd beuks*,
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony *unhang'd blackguard*
 There's some exceptions, man an' woman,
 But this is Gentry's life in common 230

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin' brought the night:
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtan i' the loan,
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs, 235
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*,
 An' each took off his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day

The Holy Fair¹

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation,
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon,
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition

I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the callor air
 The rising sun, our GALSTON Muirs, 5
 Wi' glorious light was glintan,
 The hares were hirplan down the furr,
 The lav'rocks they were chantan
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, 10
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three *huzzies*, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way
 Twa had mantees o' dolefu' black, 15
 But ane wi' lyart lining,
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin, 20
 In feature, form an' claes,
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
 As light as ony lambie, 25
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 "I think ye seem to ken me,
 "I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, 30
 "But yet I canna name ye"
 Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak,
 An' taks me by the han's,
 "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
 "Of a' the *ten comman's* 35
 A screed some day"

"My name is FUN—your cronie dear,
 "The nearest friend ye hae,
 "An' this is SUPERSTITION here, 40
 "An' that's HYPOCRISY
 "I'm gaun to * * * * * *holy fair*,
 "To spend an hour in daffin
 "Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
 "We will get famous laughin 45
 At them this day"

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't,
 "I'll get my sunday's sark on,
 "An' meet you on the holy spot,
 "Faith, we'se hae fine remaikin'"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, 50
 An' soon I made me ready,
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, 55
 Gaed hoddan by their cotters,
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springan owre the gutters
 The lasses, skelpen barefit, thrang, 60
 In silks an' scarlets glitter,
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An' *farls*, bak'd wi' buttei,
 Fu' crump that day

When by the *plate* we set our nose, 65
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr *black-bonnet* throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'ran, 70
 Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'ian
 Right loud that day

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry, 75
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twathree wh—res,
 Are blinkan at the entry
 Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads,
 Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck,
 An' there, a batch o' *Wabster lads*,
 Blackguarding frae K * + * * * ck 80
 For *fun* this day.

Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes,
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, 85
 Anither sighs an' prays
 On this hand sits an *Elect* swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces.

On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkan on the lasses
 To *chauns* that day 90

O happy is that man, an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkan down beside him!
 Wi' arm repos'd on the *chair-back*, 95
 He sweetly does compose him,
 Which, by degrees, slips round her *neck*,
 An's loof upon her *bosom*
 Unkend that day

Now a' the congregation o'er 100
 Is silent expectation,
 For * * * * * speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' s—lv—t—n
 Should *Horne*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him, 105
 The vera sight o' * * * * *'s face,
 To's ain *het hame* had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith 110
 Wi' rattlin' an' thumpin'
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampan, an' he's jumpan!
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel an' gestures, 115
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like *cantharidian* plaisters
 On sic a day!

But hark! the *tent* has chang'd it's voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer,
 For a' the *real judges* rise, 120
 They canna sit for anger
 * * * * * opens out his cauld harangues,
 On *practice* and on *morals*,
 An' aff the *godly* pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels 125
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of *moral pow'rs* an' *reason*?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season 130

Like SOCRATES or ANTONINE,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The *moral man* he does define,
But ne'er a word o' *faith* in
That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poosion'd nostrum,
For * * * * *, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the *holy rostrum*
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While COMMON-SENSE has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate*
Fast, fast that day

Wee * * * * * niest, the Guard relieves, 145
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables
 But faith' the birkie wants a *Manse*,
 So, cannilie he hums them, 150
 Altho' his *carnal* Wit an' Sense
 Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
 At times that day

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,	
Wi' <i>yull-caup</i> Commentators	155
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,	
An' there the pint-stowp clatters,	
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,	
Wi' <i>Logic</i> , an' wi' <i>Scripture</i> ,	
They raise a din, that, in the end,	160
Is like to breed a rupture	
O' wrath that day	

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
 Than either School or Colledge
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge
 Be't *whisky-gull* or *penny-wheep*,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our *notion*,
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith *saul* an' *body*,

Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the *toddy* 175
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're makin observations,
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' forming *assignments* 180
 To meet some day

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are raran,
 An' echos back return the shouts,
 Black * * * * * is na sparian 185
 His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow,
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera "Sauls does harrow"
 Wi' fright that day!

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless *Pit*, 190
 Fill'd fou o' *loran brunstare*,
 Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The *half asleep* start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaran, 195
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor *snoran*
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How monie stories past, 200
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Among the furms an' benches,
 An' *cheese* an' *bread*, frae women's laps, 205
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day

In comes a gawsie, gash *Gudwife*,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her *kebbuck* an' her knife, 210
 The lasses they are shyer
 The auld *Gudmen*, about the *grace*,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gies them't, like a *tether*, 215
 Fu' lang that day

Waesucks¹ for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething¹
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his biaw claithing¹ 220
 O *Wives* be mindfu', ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a *kebbuck-heel*,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day¹ 225

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlan tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon,
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon
 At slaps the billies halt a blink, 230
 Till lasses strip their shoon
 Wi' *faith* an' *hope*, an' *love* an' *drink*,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day

How monie hearts this day converts, 235
 O' sinners and o' Lasses¹
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
 As saft as ony flesh is
 There's some are fou o' *love divine*,
 There's some are fou o' *brandy*, 240
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in *Houghmagandie*
 Some ither day

Address to the Deil¹

*O Prince, O chief of many throned pow'rs,
 That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—*
 MILTON

O THOU, whatever title suit thee¹
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie, 5
 To scaud poor wretches!

Let *Warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *Hags*,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags, 50
 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed,
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howcket dead

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, 55
 May plunge an' plunge the *kirn* in vain,
 For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill,
 An' dawtet, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gane
 As yell's the Bill 60

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On *Young-Guidmen*, fond, keen an' croose,
 When the best *wark-lume* i' the house,
 By contraip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse, 65
 Just at the bit

When throwes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 An' float the jinglan icy boord,
 Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
 By your direction, 70
 An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction

An' aft your moss-travelsing *Spunkies*
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is
 The bleezan, curst, mischievous monnies 75
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise

When MASONS' mystic *word* an' *grip*,
 In storms an' tempests raise you up, 80
 Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The *youngest Brother* ye wad whip
 Aff straught to H—ll

Lang syne in EDEN'S bonie yard, 85
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r 90

The Cotter's Saturday Night
 Inscribed to R. A. —, Esq.¹

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the Poor*

GRA1

I

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
 No mercenary Bard his homage pays,
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The *lowly train* in life's sequester'd scene,
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
 What A - - - in a *Cottage* would have been,
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

II

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh,
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose
 The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his *spades*, his *mattocks* and his *hoes*,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend

III

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,
 The expectant *wee-things*, toddlan, stacher through
 To meet their *Dad*, wi' flichterin noise and glee
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonnie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wifie's* smile,
 The *lispin infant*, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary *knave* and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition

IV.

Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,
 At *Service* out, amang the Farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hardship be.

10

85

V.

With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *sisters* meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers.
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet,
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears
 The Parents partial eye their hopeful years,
Anticipation forward points the view,
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due

40

45

VI

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
 The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey,
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play
 "And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!"
 "And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night!"
 "Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 "Implere his *counsel* and assisting *might*
 "They never sought in vain that sought the LORD aright."

50

VII

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame
 The wily Mother sees the *conscious flame*
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak,
 Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless *Rake*.

55

60

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben;
 A *strappan youth*, he takes the Mother's eye; 65
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the *visit's* no ill taen,
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
 The *Youngster's* artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave,
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy 70
 What makes the *youth* sae bashfu' and sae grave,
 Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

IX

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*, 75
 And sage EXPERIENCE bids me this declare—
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 "One *cordial* in this melancholy *Vale*,
 "'Tis when a youthful, loving, *modest* Pair,
 "In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, 80
 "Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

X

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art, 85
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Conscience*, all exil'd?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
 Then paints the *ruin'd Maid*, and *their* distraction wild! 90

XI

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA'S food
 The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood, 95
 The *Dame* brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid,
 The frugal *Wife*, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face, 100
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide,
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare, 105
 Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care,
 "*And let us worship GOD!*" he says with solemn air.

XIII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise, 110
 They tune their *hearts*, by far the noblest aim.
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name,
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of SCOTIA'S holy lays 115
 Compar'd with these, *Italian trills* are tame,
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
 Nae unison hae they, with our CREATOR'S praise

XIV

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abiam* was the Friend of GOD on high; 120
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny,
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,
 O, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry, 125
 Or rapt *Israh's* wild, setaphic fire,
 Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *sacred lyre*

XV

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How *guiltless blood* for *guilty man* was shed,
 How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head 130
 How His first *followers* and *servants* sped,
 The *Piecepts sage* they wote to many a land
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by Heaven's com-
 mand 135

XVI

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays.
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days
 There, ever bask in *uncreated* rays, 140
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their CREATOR'S praise,
 In *such* society, yet still more dear,
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII

Compar'd with *this*, how poor Religion's pride, 145
 In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
 The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole, 150
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the *Soul*,
 And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
 The youngling *Cottagers* retire to rest 155
 The Parent-pair their *secret* homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That HE who stills the *raven's* clam'rous nest,
 And decks the *lily* fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His *Wisdom* sees the best, 160
 For *them* and for their *little ones* provide,
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside

XIX

From scenes like these, old SCOTIA'S grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad 165
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noble[st] work of GOD"
 And *certainly*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the *wretch* of human kind, 170
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX

O SCOTIA! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of *rustic toil*,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! 175
 And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From *Luxury's* contagion, weak and vile!
 Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd ISLE 180

XXI.

O THOU! who pour'd the *patriotic tide*,
 That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE' heart,
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or *nobly die*, the second glorious part
 (The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art, 185
 His *friend, inspirer, guardian* and *reward*!)
 O never, never SCOTIA'S realm desert,
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Baird*,
 In bright succession raise, her *Ornament* and *Guard*!

To a Mouse,
 On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
 November, 1785.¹

WEE, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous *beastie*,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, 5
 Wi' murd'ring *pattle*!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle, 10
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' *fellow-mortal*!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may *thieve*;
 What then? poor *beastie*, thou maun live!

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition

A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
 'S a sma' request
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

15

Thy wee-bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak *December's winds* ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen!

20

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
 An' weary *Winter* comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
 Out thro' thy cell

25

30

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the *Winter's sleety dribble*,
 An' *cranreuch* cauld!

35

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,
 In proving *foresight* may be vain
 The best laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
 Gang aft agley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy!

40

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me*!
 The *present* only toucheth thee
 But Och! I *backward* cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' *forward*, tho' I canna *see*,
 I *guess* an' *fear*!

45

Man was Made to Mourn, A Dirge¹

WHEN chill November's sultry blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wand'ered forth,
 Along the banks of AIRE,
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

5

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
 Began the rev'rend Sage,
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful Pleasure's rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began,
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man

10

15

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride,
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn

20

O Man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!
 Alternate Follies take the sway,
 Licentious Passions burn,
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn

25

30

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
 Or Manhood's active might,
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,

35

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition

Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn 40

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest,
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest
But Oh! what clouds in ev'ry land, 45
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn!

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame! 50
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn, 55
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil, 60
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*,
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave, 65
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn? 70
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast
This partial view of human-kind 75
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn! 80

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn,
 But Oh! a blest relief for those
 That weary-laden mourn!

85

To a Mountain-Daisy,
 On turning one down, with the Plough,
 in April — 1786¹

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

b

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi's speckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

10

Cauld blew the bitter-biting *North*
 Upon thy early, humble birth,
 Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*
 Thy tender form

15

The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,
 High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane

20

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,

25

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock 1786 Text of first edition

Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise,
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies! 30

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!¹
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid 35
 Low i' the dust

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of *prudent Lore*, 40
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning div'n 45
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but HEAV'N,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date, 50
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

To a Louse,
 On Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet at Church¹

HA! WHARE ye gaun, ye cowlan ferlie!
 Your impudence protects you sairly
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre *gawze* and *lace*, 5
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
 On sic a place

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition

Epistle to J. Lapraik¹

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
 An' Patricks sraichan loud at e'en,
 And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien', 5
 I pray excuse

On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin,
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt, 10
 At length we had a hearty yokin,
 At *sang about*

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had addrest, 15
 To some sweet wife
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life

I've scarce heard ough't describ'd sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel, 20
 Thought I, "Can this be *Pope*, or *Steele*,
 Or *Beattie's* wark,"
 They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Murkirk*

It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, 25
 An' sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't, 30
 It was sae fine

That set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either douse or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches, 35
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matches

¹ Published in *Poems*, Kilmarnock, 1786 Text of first edition.

Then up I gat, an swoor an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
 Or die a cadger pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
 A *pint* an' *gill* I'd gie them *baith*,
 To hear your crack

40

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
 Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel eneugh.

45

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
 But just a *Rhymer* like by chance,
 An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at hei

50

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 "You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 "To mak a *sang*?"
 But by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang

55

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
 If honest Nature made you *fools*,
 What sairs your Grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up *spades* and *shools*,
 Or *knappin-hammers*

65

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
 Confuse their brains in *Colledge-classes*!
 They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
 Plain truth to speak,
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

70

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire,
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart

75

O for a spunk o' ALLAN'S glee,
 Or FERGUSON'S, the bauld an' slee, 80
 Or bright L * * * * K'S, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be *lear* enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow, 85
 Tho' *real friends* I b'lieve are few,
 Yet if your catalogue be fow,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list 90

I winna blaw about *mysel*,
 As ill I like my fauts to tell,
 But friends an' folk that wish me well,
 They 'sometimes roose me,
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still, 95
 As far abuse me

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
 For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or faa 100
 Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
 They weel can spare

But MAUCLINE Race or MAUCLINE Fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there, 105
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to *care*,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhymn-ware*,
 Wi' ane anither

The *four-gill chap*, we'se gar him clatter, 110
 An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water,
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To chear our heart,
 An' faith, we'se be *acquainted* better
 Before we part

Awa ye selfish, warly race, 115
 Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
 Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
 To *catch-the-plack*!
 I dinna like to see your face, 120
 Nor hear your crack

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the *tide of kindness* warms,
 Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 "Each aid the others,"
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

125

But to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the gristle,
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing, or whistle,
 Your friend and servant

130

Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous¹

*My Son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither,
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anther
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caw in,
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin*

SOLOMON — Eccles ch vii. vers 16

A ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your Neebours' fauts and folly¹
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter

5

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door
 For glaikit Folly's portals,
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances

10

15

¹ Published in *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, Edinburgh, 1787 Text of first edition

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard
 What maks the mighty differ, 20
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hiding

Think, when your castigated pulse 25
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way, 30
 But, in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It makes an unco leeway.

See Social-life and Glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown 35
 Debauchery and Drinking
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences,
 Or your more dreaded h—ll to state,
 D—mnation of expences! 40

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
 Suppose a change o' cases, 45
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination —
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation

Then gently scan your brother Man, 50
 Still gentler sister Woman,
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it, 55
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
 Decidedly can try us.

He knows each chord its various tone,
 Each spring its various bias
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it,
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*

66

Green Grow the Rashes. A Fragment¹

Chorus

*Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O*

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O
Green grow, &c

5

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O,
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O
Green grow, &c

10

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my Dearie, O,
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c

15

For your sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O
Green grow, &c

20

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O

¹ Published in *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, Edinburgh, 1787 Text of first edition

Her prentice han' she ty'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c

25

I Love My Jean¹

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bony Lassie lives,
 The Lassie I lo'e best
 There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between,
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

5

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair,
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her chaime the air
 There's not a bony flower, that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bony bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean

10

15

Whistle o'er the Lave o't²

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air,
 Now we're married, spier nae mair,
 But Whistle o'er the lave o't

Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
 Sweet and harmless as a child,
 Wiser men than me's begul'd,
 So Whistle o'er the lave o't

5

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we gree,
 I carena by how few may see,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't

10

¹ Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol III, 1790 Text of first edition

² Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol III, 1790 Text of first edition

Wha I wish were maggots meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write, but Meg maun see't,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't

15

My Heart's in the Highlands¹

MY HEART'S in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,
 A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
 The birth place of Valour, the country of Worth,
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love

5

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

10

15

John Anderson My Jo²

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first Acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bony brow was brent,
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo, John,

5

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill the gither,
 And mony a canty day John,
 We've had wi' ane another

10

¹ Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol III, 1790 Text of first edition
 - Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol III, 1790 Text of first edition

Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep the gither at the foot,
 John Anderson my Jo 15

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut¹

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see,
 Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie
 We are na fou, We're nae that fou, 5
 But just a drappie in our e'e,
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow aie we, 10
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie, 15
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, &c

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he! 20
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, &c.

Tam Glen²

MY HEART is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen

¹ Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol III, 1790 Text of first edition
² Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol III, 1790 Text of first edition

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow, 5
 In poortith I might mak a fen.
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Gude day to you biute" he comes ben 10
 He brags and he blaws o' his sillei,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen

My Minnie does constantly deave me,¹
 And bids me beware o' young men,
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me, 15
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him, 20
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten,
 For thrice I drew anc without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin 25
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen¹

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry,
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen, 30
 Gif ye will advise me to Marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen

Tam o' Shanter¹

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate, 5
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,

¹ Published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, March, 1791 *Text of Life and Works*, ed Alexander Peterkin, Edinburgh, 1815

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whaie sits our sulky sullen dame, 10
 Gathering hei biows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
 As he fiae Ayr ae night did cantei,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, 15
 For honest men and bonny lasses)

O *Tam'* hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum, 20
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sobei,
 That ilka melder, wi' the millei,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had sillei,
 That ev'iy naig was ca'd a shoe on, 25
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday
 She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Doon*, 30
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd sage advices, 35
 The husband fiae the wife despises!

But to our tale Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely, 40
 And at his elbow, souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
 They had been fou for weeks thegither
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter, 45
 And ay the ale was growing better
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus 50
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

55

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm—

60

Nae man can tether time or tide
 The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride,
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in,
 And sic a night he takes the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in

65

70

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
 The rattlin' showers rose on the blast
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd,
 That night, a child might understand,
 The deil had business on his hand

75

Weel mounted on his gray mare, *Meg*—
 A better never lifted leg—

80

Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire,
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares

85

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd,
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken *Charlie* brak 's neck-bane,
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn,
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel—

90

95

Before him *Doon* pours all his floods,
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Near and more near the thunders roll,
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,

100

Thro' ilka boie the gleams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing —

Inspiring bold *John Baileycorn*! 105

What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil,

Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil! —

The swats sae iewm'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle 110

But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,

Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,

She ventur'd forward on the light,

And, vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance, 115

Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels

A winnock-bunker in the east,

There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast, 120

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,

To gie them music was his charge

He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl —

Coffins stood round, like open presses, 125

That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses,

And by some devilish cantrip slight,

Each in its cauld hand held a light, —

By which heroic *Tam* was able

To note upon the haly table, 130

A murder's bane in gibbet airns,

Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns,

A thief new-cutted frae a rape,

Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape

Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted, 135

Five scimitars wi' murder crusted,

A garter, which a babe had strangled,

A knife, a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,

The grey hairs yet stack to the heft, 140

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',

Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious

The piper loud and louder blew, 145

The dancers quick and quicker flew,

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

And coost her duddies to the wark,

And linket at it in her sark! 150

Now *Tam*, O *Tam*! had thae been queens
 A' plump an' strapping, in their teens,
 Their saiks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

155

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach

160

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore!
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie,—
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

165

170

175

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r!
 To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang)
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enich'd,
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark
 And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied

180

185

190

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke,
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose,
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud,

195

So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow 200
 Ah, *Tam*! Ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast you like a herin!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin'
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*, 205
 And win the key-stane of the brig,
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake! 210
 For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle,
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale, 215
 But left behind her ain gray tail
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump
 Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, 220
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember *Tam o' Shanter's* mare

Ae Fond Kiss¹

AE FOND kiss, and then we sever,
 Ae farewell and then for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him 5
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae chearfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me

 I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy 10
 But to see her, was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,

¹ Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol IV, 1792 Text of first edition

Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

15

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, Alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

20

The Banks o' Doon¹

YE BANKS and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bud,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return

6

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bud sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me

10

15

Afton Water²

Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,

5

¹ Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol IV, 1792 Text of first edition

² Published in *The Scots Musical Museum* Vol IV, 1792 Text of first edition

Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills, 10
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, 15
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave 20

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

Scots Wha Hae¹

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has after led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie

Now's the day, and now's the hour, 5
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie¹

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee¹

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

¹ Published in the *Morning Chronicle*, May 8, 1794 Text of *Life and Works*, ed Alexander Peterkin, Edinburgh, 1815.

FREEMAN stand, O! FREELMAN fa',
Let him follow me!

15

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

20

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!
Let us DO, O! DIL!

For A' That and A' That¹

Is THERE, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that,
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that

5

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

10

15

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that
For a' that, and a' that
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that

20

¹ Published in the *Glasgow Magazine*, August, 1795 Text of *Life and Works*, ed. Alexander Peterkin, Edinburgh, 1815

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that, 30
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that

 Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
 May bear the gree, and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Its comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that 40

A Red Red Rose¹

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June,
 O My Luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune

 As fair are thou, my bonie lass, 5
 So deep in luve am I,
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry

 Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun 10
 O I will love thee still my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run

Auld Lang Syne²

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne!

¹ Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol V, 1796 Text of first edition

² Published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Vol V, 1796 Text of first edition

Fo! auld lang syne, my jo,
 Fo! auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 Fo! auld lang syne

5

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!¹
 And surely I'll be mine!¹
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne
 For auld, &c

10

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c

15

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c

20

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!¹
 And gie's a hand o' thine!¹
 And we'll tak a right gude-willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne
 For auld, &c

25

Duncan Gray¹

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!¹
 On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!¹
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!¹

5

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!¹

10

¹ Published in *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*, Vol I, 1798 Text of first edition

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 15

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 20
 "Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
 "For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!"—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 25
 Meg grew sick as he grew hail,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And O, her een they spak sic things!—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 30

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 35
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 40

Highland Mary¹

YE BANKS and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 Their simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the longest tarry, 5

¹ Published in *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*, Vol II, 1799 Text of first edition

For there I took the last fa'ieweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, 10
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie, 15
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender,
And, pledging aft to meet again, 20
We tore oursels asunder,
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, 25
I aft have kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly! 30
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary

The Jolly Beggars A Cantata¹

Recitativo

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the ayrd, 1
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast,
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite, 5
In hoary cranreuch diest,
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,

¹ Published in Stewart and Meikle, *Poetical Miscellany*, 1799 Text of *Life and Works*, ed Alexander Peterkin, Edinburgh, 1815

In Poesie-Nansie's held the spoile,
 To drink their orra duddies 10
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags, 15
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order,
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
 She blinket on her sodger 20
 An' ay he gies the tozie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumos dish
 Ilk smack still, did crack still, 25
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then staggering and swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up—

Air

Tune—"SOLDIERS' JOY"

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come, 30
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum
 Lal de daudle, &c

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram, 35
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum
 Lal de daudle, &c

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb, 40
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum
 Lal de daudle, &c

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, 45

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair,
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie
Sing, Lal de lal, &c

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song,
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie
Sing, Lal de lal, &c

Recitativo

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the steirling,
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
And had in mony a well been ducked
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman

Air

Tune—"O AN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman

Chorus

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman'
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman'
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay,

Chorus

*I am a fiddler to my trade,
 An' a' the tunes that e're I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.* 150

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 An' O' sae nicely's we will fare,
 We'll bouse about till Daddie Care 155
 Sing whistle owre the lave o't
 I am, &c

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursels about the dyke,
 An' at our leisure, when we like, 160
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't
 I am, &c

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms, 165
 May whistle owre the lave o't
 I am, &c

Recitativo

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gutsclaper,
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard, 170
 And draws a rusty rapier —
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he would from that time forth,
 Relinquish her for ever 175

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 And so the quarrel ended 180
 But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinker prest her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the caird address'd her.

AIR

Tune—"CLOUD THE CAUDRON."

My bonnie lass, I work in brass, 185
 A tinker is my station,
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron, 190
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the caudion
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin', 195
 An' tak' a share wi' those that bear
 The *budget* an' the *apron*
 An' *by* that stowp' my faith an' houe,
 An' *by* that dear Keilbagie,
 I' e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant, 200
 May I ne'er weet my craigie
 An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO

The caird prevail'd—the unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair, 205
 An' partly she was drunk
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk 210
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie, 215
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 An shor'd them Dainty Davie
 O boot that night

He was a care-defying blade 220
 As ever Bacchus listed,

Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it
 He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted,
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested,
 His sang that night

225

Air

Tune—"FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT."

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that,
 But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that
 Chorus

230

*For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that,
 I've lost but aye, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that*

235

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that,
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My *Helicon* I ca' that,
For a' that, &c.

240

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that
For a' that, &c.

245

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that,
 But for how lang the *flie may stang*,
 Let *inclination* law that
For a' that, &c

250

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that,
 But clear your decks, and here's the *sex'*
 I like the jads for a' that
*For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that,
 My dearest bluid, to do them gund,
 They're welcome till't for a' that*

255

Recitativo

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's 260
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth,
 'They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 'They scarcely left to co'er their fuds, 265
 To quench their lowan drouth

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best 270
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa *Deborahs*,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus

Air

Tune—"JOLLY MORTALS FILL YOUR GLASSES"

SEE! the smoking bowl befoir us, 275
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing

Chorus

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected, 280
Churches built to please the priest

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter *how* or *where!* 285
 A fig, &c

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day,
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay 290
 A fig, &c

Does the train-attended *carnage*
 Through the country lighter rove?

Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love? 295
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a *variorum*,
 We regard not how it goes,
 Let them cant about *decorum*
 Who have characters to lose 300
 A fig, &c

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged *brats and callets*!
 One and all cry out, Amen! 305

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

Holy Willie's Prayer¹

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill 5
 They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace, 10
 A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
 To a' this place

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation,
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation, 15
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause

¹ Published in Stewart and Meikle, *Poetical Miscellany*, 1799 Text of *Life and Works* ed Alexander Peterkin, Edinburgh, 1815

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, 20
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whar damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake

Yet I am here a chosen sample, 25
 To show thy grace is great an' ample,
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an' example
 To a' thy flock 30

But yet, O L—d' confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust
 An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in, 35
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin

O L—d' yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
 O' may it ne'er be a livin' plague
 To my dishonour, 40
 An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g
 Again upon her

Besides, I farther maun allow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow,
 But, L—d, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her, 45
 Or else, thou kens, thy *servant true*
 Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*,
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn, 50
 Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
 'Cause he's sae *gifted*,
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place, 55
 For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*,
 But G-d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame 60

L—d, mind G—n H—n's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at carts,
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
 Wi' grit an' sma',
 Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa' 65

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the wauld in a ioar
 O' laughin' at us, 70
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
 Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr,
 Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
 Upo' their heads, 75
 L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare
 For their misdeeds

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A—n,
 My very heart an' saul aie quakin',
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
 An p—d wi' dread, 80
 While he, wi' hingrin' lips and snakin',
 Held up his head

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him, 85
 L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
 An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r,
 But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare. 90

But, L—d, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
 An' a' the glory shall be thine, 95
 Amen, Amen.

Mary Morison¹

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour,
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That makes the miser's treasure poor.
 How blythly wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich rewaid secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 "Ye aie na Mary Morison"

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die!
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown,
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison

Address to a Lady²

OH WERT thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,

¹ Published in *Works*, ed Currie, Vol IV, 1800 Text of first edition

² Published in *Works*, ed Currie, 1800 Text of *Life and Works*, ed Alexander
 Peterkin Edinburgh, 1815

The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown,
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

15

Ye Flowery Banks¹

YE FLOWERY banks o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye blume sae fair,
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart thou bonie bird
 That sings upon the bough,
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luvie was true

5

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
 That sings beside thy mate,
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate

10

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the wood-bine twine,
 And ilk brid sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine

15

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae aff its thorny tree,
 And my fause luvie staw my rose,
 But let the thorn wi' me.

20

¹ Published in *Reliques*, ed Cromek, 1808 Text of first edition

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

(1762-1789-1850)

Sonnets¹*Sonnet V*

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
 Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
 The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
 And wood, I think of those that have no friend, 5
 Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
 Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
 Unseen, and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
 Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye 10
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
 Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
 Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

*Sonnet IX**At Dover Cliffs, July 20, 1787*

ON THESE white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
 Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood, 5
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
 Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow, of the friends he lov'd most dear;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part 10
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
 The World his country, and his God his guide

¹ Published in 1789 Text of ninth edition, 1805

Sonnet XIV

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away,
 On Thee I rest my only hope at last, 5
 And think, when thou hast dry'd the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour, 10
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient show'r
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while —
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Sonnet XV

LANGUID, and sad, and slow, from day to day
 I journey on, yet pensive turn to view
 (Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue)
 The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away
 So fares it with the children of the earth 5
 For when life's goodly prospect opens round
 Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,
 Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth
 But them vain hope and easy youth beguiles,
 And soon a longing look, like me, they cast 10
 Back on the pleasing prospect of the past
 Yet Fancy points where still far onward smiles
 Some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
 'Till cheerless on their path the night descends

*Sonnet XVI**On a Distant View of England*

AH! FROM mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
 Of thy own cliffs, that lift their summits white
 Above the wave, once more my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails! 5
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,

And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave!¹ 10
 Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to your haunts again,
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

*Sonnet XXIII**Netley Abbey*

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate,
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate 5
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once full proudly in their prime
 And beauteous might have stood, till bow'd by time
 Or injury, their early boast forgot,
 They may have fallen like thee Pale and forlorn, 10
 Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
 They lift, majestick yet, as they would scorn
 This short-liv'd scene of vanity and woe,
 Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
 The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care!

WRITERS FOR *The Anti-Jacobin; or,*
Weekly Examiner

(1797-1798)

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder¹

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

"NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast,—your hat has got a hole in't,
 So have your breeches!"

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones, 5
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike—

¹ By George Canning and J H Frere Published in No II, November 27, 1797
 Text of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, London 1799

-road, what hard work 'tis crying all day "Knives and
"Scissors to grind O!"

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you? 10
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?"

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little 15
All in a lawsuit?"

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story" 20

KNIFE-GRINDER

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle

"Constables came up for to take me into 25
Custody; they took me before the justice,
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
-Stocks for a vagrant

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence, 30
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir "

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance— 35
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
thropy*]

The Progress of Man, Canto Twenty-third¹

HAIL¹ beauteous lands that crown the Southern Seas;
 Dear happy seats of Liberty and Ease¹
 Hail¹ whose green coasts the peaceful ocean laves,
 Incessant washing with his watery waves¹
 Delicious islands¹ to whose envied shore

5

Thee, gallant Cook¹ the ship Endeavour bore
 There laughs the sky, there zephyr's frolic train,
 And light-wing'd loves, and blameless pleasures reign:
 There, when two souls congenial ties unite,
 No hireling *Bonzes* chant the mystic rite,
 Free every thought, each action unconfin'd,
 And light those fetters which no rivets bind

10

There in each grove, each sloping bank along,
 And flow'rs and shrubs and odorous herbs among,
 Each shepherd clasp'd, with undisguis'd delight,
 His yielding fair one,—in the Captain's sight;
 Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
 Pieferr'd new lovers to her sylvan bed

15

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind
 Europe's cold laws, and colder customs bind—
 O¹ learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
 What Otaheite is, let Britain be¹

20

Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark th' amusing game—
 The Partners *changing*, but the sport the *same*
 Else would the Gamester's anxious ardour cool,
 Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool
 —Yet must *one* Man, with one unceasing Wife,
 Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life

25

Yes¹ human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
 The generous passion straighten and confine,
 And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
 Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
 So, Passion narrow'd to one channel small,
 Unlike the former, does not flow at all

30

—For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings,
 When uncontroll'd by Priestcraft or by Kings

35

Such the strict rules that, in these barbarous climes,
 Choke youth's fair flow'rs, and feelings turn to crimes
 And people every walk of polish'd life,
 With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE

40

Yet bright examples sometimes we observe,
 Which from the general practice seem to swerve,

¹ By George Canning and J H Frere Published in No XXI, April 2, 1798
 Text of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, London, 1799

Such as, presented to Germania's view,
 A Kotzbue's bold emphatic pencil drew,
 Such as, translated in some future age,
 Shall add new glories to the British stage,
 —While the moved audience sit in dumb despair,
 "Like Hottentots, *and at each other stare*"

With look sedate, and staid beyond her years,
 In matron weeds a *Housekeeper* appears.
 The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
 Her 'kerchief colour'd, and her aprong *check*
 Can that be Adelaide, that "soul of whim,"
Reform'd in practice, and in manner prim?
 —On household cares intent, with many a sigh
 She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie,
 Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham,
 From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam,
 Bids brandied cherries, by infusion slow,
 Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
 Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe!
 While still, responsive to each mournful moan,
 The saucepan simmers in a softer tone

The Rovers, or, The Double Arrangement¹

Song by Rogero²

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,—
 —niversity of Gottingen
 [*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he
 wipes his eyes, gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*]

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in!—
 Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
 At least I thought so at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen

¹ Published in No XXX, June 4, 1798 Text of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*,
 London, 1798
² By George Canning

*[At the repetition of this Line Rogero clanks his
Chains in cadence*

Baibs! baibs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view,
Forloin I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen

15

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I enter'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen

20

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—
—tor, Law Professor at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen

25

30

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru—
—el never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen

35

*[During the last Stanza Rogero dashes his head repeat-
edly against the walls of his Prison, and, finally, so
hard as to produce a visible contusion He then throws
himself on the floor in an agony The Curtain drops—
the Music still continuing to play, till it is wholly
fallen*

New Morality¹

From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes,
To animate the weak, unite the wise,
To trace the deep infection, that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades,

¹ By George Canning, J H Frere, William Gifford, and George Ellis Published in
No XXXVI, July 9, 1798 Text of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, London 1799

To mark how wide extends the mighty waste 5
O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste,
To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies,
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant Dullness back to day, 10
Much yet remains—To you these themes belong,
Ye favour'd sons of virtue and of song!

Say, is the field too narrow? are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age, 15
Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage
The doating miser, and the lavish heir,
The follies, and the foibles of the fair,
Sir Job, Sir Balaam, and old Euclio's thrift,
And Sappho's diamonds with her dirty shift, 20
Blunt, Charteris, Hopkins,—meaner subjects fir'd
The keen-eyed Poet, while the Muse inspir'd
Her ardent child,—entwining, as he sate,
His laurell'd chaplet with the thorns of hate

But say,—indignant does the Muse retire, 25
Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire?
No pious hand to feed the sacred flame,
No raptur'd soul a poet's charge to claim?

Bethink thee, G—ff—rd, when some future age 30
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page,—
"The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,
"Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!"—
Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
The tame secession of thy languid Muse?

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long 35
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with Taste and Virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflam'd, and patriot pride,
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe — 40

No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierc'd with many a wound
Thou too!—the nameless Bard,—whose honest zeal

For law, for morals, for the public weal, 45
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
The stream of verse, and many-languag'd prose,
Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advis'd dislike
The guiltless head with random censure strike,—
Though quaint allusions, vague and undefin'd, 50
Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind,—
Through the mix'd mass yet truth and learning shine,
And manly vigour stamps the nervous line,

And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires¹

Yet more remain unknown —for who can tell
What bashful genius, in some rural cell,
As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
In joyless leisure wastes his life away?

In him the flame of early fancy shone,
His genuine worth his old companions own,
In childhood and in youth their chief confess'd,
His master's pride his pattern to the rest
Now, far aloof retiring from the strife

Of busy talents, and of active life,
As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views
Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news,
He loaths the world,—or, with reflection sad,
Concludes it irrecoverably mad,

Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft,
No hope, no prospect to redeem it left

Awake¹ for shame¹ or e'er thy nobler sense
Sink in the' oblivious pool of indolence¹
Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side,
Unknown to truth, to virtue unallied?

Arise¹ nor scorn thy country's just alarms,
Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms
Of lofty satire pour th' indignant strain,
Leagued with her friends, and aident to maintain
'Gainst Learning's, Virtue's, Truth's, Religion's foes,
A kingdom's safety, and the world's repose

If Vice appal thee,—if thou view with awe
Insults that brave, and crimes that 'scape the law,—
Yet may the specious bastard blood, which claim
A spurious homage under Virtue's name,
Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes,
The *New Philosophy* of modern times,—
Yet, these may rouse thee¹—With unsparing hand,
Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land¹

First, stein Philanthropy —not she, who dries
The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes,
Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide —
But *French* Philanthropy,—whose boundless mind
Glow with the general love of all mankind,—
Philanthropy,—beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away

Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
Condorcet, filter'd through the dregs of Paine,
Each pert adept disowns a Briton's part,
And plucks the name of England from his heart.

What shall a name, a word, a sound control
 The' aspiring thought, and cramp the' expansive soul?
 Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
 A love, that glows for all Creation, bound?
 And social charities contract the plan 105
 Fram'd for thy Freedom, UNIVERSAL MAN?
 —No—through the' extended globe his feelings run
 As broad and general as the' unbounded sun!
 No narrow bigot *he*,—*his* reason'd view
 Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru! 110
 France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
 But heaves for Turkey's woes the' impartial sigh,
 A steady Patriot of the World alone,
 The Friend of every Country—but his own
 Next comes a gentler Virtue—Ah! beware 115
 Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare
 Visit her not too roughly,—the warm sigh
 Breathes on her lips,—the tear-drop gems her eye
 Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshin'd
 In the fine foldings of the feeling mind,— 120
 With delicate Mimosa's sense endu'd,
 Who shrinks instinctive from a hand too rude,
 Or, like the *anagallis*, prescient flower,
 Shuts her soft petals at the' approaching shower
 Sweet child of sickly Fancy!—her of yore 125
 From her lov'd France Rousseau to exile bore,
 And, while midst lakes and mountains wild he ran,
 Full of himself, and shunn'd the haunts of man,
 Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep
 To lisp the story of his wrongs, and weep, 130
 Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
 Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
 And pour them in the brooks that babbled by,— }
 —Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
 False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong,— 135
 —For the crush'd beetle *first*,—the widow'd dove,
 And all the warbled sorrows of the grove,—
 Next for poor suff'ring *guilt*,—and *last* of all,
 For Parents, Friends, a King and Country's fall 140
 Mark her fair votaries, prodigal of grief,
 With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
 Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower,
 O'er a dead jack-ass pour the pearly shower,—
 But hear, unmov'd, of *Loué's* ensanguin'd flood, 145
 Chok'd up with slain,—of *Lyons* drench'd in blood;
 Of crimes that blot the age, the world with shame,
 Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name,
 Altars and thrones subverted, social life

Trampled to earth,—the husband from the wife,
 Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn,— 150
 Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn,
 In friendless exile,—of the wise and good
 Staining the daily scaffold with their blood,—
 Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
 The rage of madness with hell's lusts combin'd— 155
 Of hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast,—
 They hear—and hope, that ALL IS FOR THE BEST
 Fond hope!—but JUSTICE sanctifies the pray'r—
 JUSTICE!—here, Satire, strike! 'twere sin to spare!
 Not she in British Courts that takes her stand, 160
 The dawdling balance dangling in her hand,
 Adjusting punishments to fraud and vice,
 With scrupulous quibs, and disquisition nice —
 But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,
 The' avenging angel of regenerate France, 165
 Who visits ancient sins on modern times,
 And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes
 Such is the liberal JUSTICE which presides
 In these our days, and modern patriots guides,— 170
 JUSTICE, whose blood-stain'd book one sole decree,
 One statute fills—"the People shall be Free"
 Free by what means?—by folly, madness, guilt,
 By boundless rapines, blood in oceans spilt,
 By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils 175
 The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,
 Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away,
 To glut the short-liv'd tyrant of the day —
 By laws, religion, morals, all o'erthrown —
 —Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim your own — 180
 The licence that enthral's, the truth that blinds,
 The wealth that starves you, and the pow'r that grinds
 —So JUSTICE bids —'Twas her enlighten'd doom,
 Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb!
 'Twas JUSTICE claim'd, in that accursed hour, 185
 The fatal forfeit of too lenient pow'r
 —Mourn for the Man we may,—but for the King,—
 Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charming thing!
 "Much may be said on both sides"—Haik! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,— 190
 The voice of CANDOUR—Hail! most solemn sage,
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
 CANDOUR, which softens party's headlong rage
 CANDOUR,—which spares its foes,—nor e'er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends
 CANDOUR,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell 195
 Of acting foolishly, but meaning well,

Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinc'd that *all* men's *motives* are the same,—
 And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 BLACK's not *so* black,—nor WHITE *so* very white 200

“Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong —
 “But then Pitt's words, you'll own, were *rather* strong
 “Both must be blam'd, both pardon'd,—’twas just so
 “With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago,
 “So Walpole, Pulteney,—factions in all times, 205
 “Have had their follies, ministers their crimes”

Give me the' avow'd, the' erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow,
 But of all plagues, good heav'n, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!* 210

“Barras loves plunder,—Meilin takes a bribe,—
 “What then?—shall CANDOUR these good men proscribe?
 “No! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,
 “Prove,—not the facts,—but, that *they thought them wrong* 215
 “Why hang O'Quigley?—he, misguided man,
 “In sober thought his country's weal *might* plan
 “And, while his deep-wrought Treason sapp'd the throne,
 “*Might* act from *taste in morals*, all his own”

Peace to such Reasoners!—let them have their way,
 Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day — 220
 Priestley's a Saint, and Stone a Patriot still,
 And La Fayette a Hero, if they will

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
 Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defin'd 225
 Who scouts and scorns, in canting CANDOUR's spite,
 All *taste in morals*, innate sense of right,
 And Nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art,
 And feelings fine, that float about the heart
 Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe, 230
 On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law
 Who owns, when Traitors feel the' avenging rod,
 Just retribution, and the hand of God,
 Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,
 Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his King— 235
 Hears unappall'd —though Faction's zealots preach—
 Unmov'd, unsoften'd by F—t—p—tr—ck's speech
 —That speech on which the melting Commons hung,
 “While truths divine came mended from *his* tongue”—
 How loving husband clings to duteous wife,— 240
 How pure religion soothes the ills of life,—
 How Popish ladies trust their pious fears
 And naughty actions in their chaplain's ears —
 Half novel and half sermon on it flow'd,
 With pious zeal THE OPPOSITION glow'd,

And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
Sigh'd as he whim'd, and as he whimper'd wept,—
E'en C—w—n dropt a sentimental tear,
And stout St A—dr—w yelp'd a softer "Hear!"

245

O' nuse of crimes and fashions' which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain,
How do we ape thee, France! but blundering still
Disgrace the patten by our want of skill
The borrow'd step our awkward gait reveals
(As clumsy C—itn—y mars the verse he steals)
How do we ape thee, France!—nor claim alone
Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own,
But to thy Worthies render homage due,
Their "hair-breadth scapes" with anxious interest view,
Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores,
Tho' plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

250

255

260

See Louvet, patriot, pamphleteer, and sage,
Tempering with amorous fire his virtuous rage
Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see,—
The luscious novel, the severe decree
—Then mark him welt'ring in his nasty sty,
Bare his lewd transports to the public eye
Not *his* the love in silent groves that strays,
Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze
In Lodoiska's full possession blest,
One craving void still aches within his breast;—
Plung'd in the filth and fondness of her arms,
Not to himself alone he stints her charms,
Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie,
But know no joy, unless the world stands by.
—The fool of vanity, for her alone

265

270

275

He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known
His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid,
Eager to join her Louvet's parted shade
In those bright realms where sainted lovers stray,—
But harsh emetics tear that hope away
—Yet hapless Louvet! where thy bones are laid,
The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade
There, in the laughing morn of genial spring,
Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing,
Eringoes, o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom,
And flies of Spain buzz softly round the tomb

280

285

But hold, severer virtue claims the Muse—
Roland the just, with ribands in his shoes—
And Roland's spouse who paints with chaste delight
The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night,—
Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
And how the rigid Minister prevail'd

290

And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien, }
 Guide of the world, prefeiment's golden queen, }
 Neckar's fair daughter,—Stael the Epicene! } 295
 Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pumple nose
 The bloom of young desire unceasing glows!
 Fain would the Muse—but ah! she daies no more,
 A mournful voice from lone Guyana's shore,
 —Sad Quatremer—the bold presumption checks, 300
 Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex

To thee, proud Barras bows,—thy charms control
 Rewbell's brute rage, and Merlin's subtle soul,
 Rais'd by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will, 305
 Thy pow'r, thy guiding influence, governs still,
 Where at the blood-stain'd board expert he plies,
 The lame artificer of fraud and lies,
 He with the mitred head and cloven heel,—
 Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel,
 To stand the playful buffet, and to hear 310
 The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear,
 While all the five Directors laugh to see
 "The limping priest so deft at his new ministry"

Last of the' ANOINTED FIVE behold, and least,
 The Directorial Lama, Sovereign Priest,— 315
 Lepaux —whom atheists worship,—at whose nod
 Bow their meek heads *the men without a God*

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd Isle,
 Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
 Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect 320
 The genuine Theo-Philanthropic sect,—
 The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,—
 Led by their Pontiff, good La Reveillere
 —Rejoic'd our CLUBS shall greet him, and install
 The holy Hunch-back in thy dome, St Paul! 325
 While countless votaries thronging in his train
 Wave their Red Caps, and hymn this jocund strain

"*Couriers* and *Stars*, Sedition's Evening Host,
 "Thou *Morning Chronicle*, and *Morning Post*, 330
 "Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme,
 "Your Country libel, and your God blaspheme,
 "Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
 "Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux

"And ye five other wandering Bards, that move 335
 "In sweet accord of harmony and love,

"C—dge and S—th—y, L—d, and L—be and Co
 "Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!

"Pr—tl—y and W—f—ld, humble, holy men,
 "Give praises to his name with tongue and pen! 340

"Th—lw—l, and ye that lecture as ye go,

"And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!"

"Praise him each Jacobin, or fool, or I have,

"And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!"

"All creeping creatures, venomous and low,

"Paine, W—ll—ms, G—dw—n, H—ler—st, praise Lepaux!" 355

"——— and ——— with ——— join'd,

"And every other beast after his kind

"And thou *Leviathan*! on ocean's brim

"Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;

"Thou in whose nose by Burke's gigantic hand 350

"The hook was fix'd to drag thee to the land,

"With ———, ———, and ——— in thy train,

"And ——— wallowing in the yeasty main—

"Stull as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,

"In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!" 355

Britain, beware, nor let the' insidious foe,

Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow

Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,

And when her aims are vain, by arts prevail 360

True, thou art rich, art powerful!—thio' thine Isle

Industrious skill, contented labour, smile,

Far seas are studded with thy countless sails,

What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails!

True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land

In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand, 365

Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,

And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze!

But what avails to guard each outward part,

If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,

Spite of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth, 370

Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side

Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,

Tow'rs from the earth, and rearing to the skies

Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies 375

Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,

To its cool shade the panting herds repair—

The treacherous current works its noiseless way,—

The fibres loosen, and the roots decay,

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies, and all 380

That shar'd its shelter, perish in its fall

O thou!—lamented Sage!—whose prescient scan

Pierc'd through foul Anarchy's gigantic plan,

Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose

The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes,— 385

Thou, on whose name each distant age shall gaze,

The mighty sea-mark of these troubled days!

O large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,

Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind!—
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd,
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd,
Well hast thou found (if such thy Country's doom)
A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!

390

As, in far realms, where Eastern kings are laid,
In pomp of death, beneath the cypress shade,
The perfum'd lamp with unextinguish'd light
Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of night —
So, mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn,
To Fancy's view, the lamp of Truth shall burn
Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes,
Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise

395

400

There *are*, to whom (*their* taste such pleasures cloy)
No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy
Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts,
Peace—such as sloth, as ignorance imparts!—
Pleas'd may they live to plan their Country's good,
And crop with calm content their flow'ry food!

405

What though thy venturous spirit lov'd to urge
The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge,
Kindling and mounting from th' enraptur'd sight,—
Still anxious wonder watch'd thy daring flight!
—While vulgar minds, with mean malignant stare,
Gaz'd up, the triumph of thy fall to share!
Poor triumph! price of that extorted praise,
Which still to daring Genius Envy pays

410

415

Oh! for thy playful smile,—thy potent frown,—
To' abash bold Vice, and laugh pert Folly down!
So should the Muse in Humour's happiest vein,
With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain,
And apt allusions to the rural trade,
Tell of *what wood young JACOBINS are made*,
How the skill'd Gardener grafts with nicest rule
The *ship* of Coxcomb, on the *stock* of Fool,—
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
A thing to wonder at, perhaps a *Whig* —
Should tell, how wise each half-fledg'd pedant prates
Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions states—
—That rules of policy, and public good,
In Saxon times were rightly understood,
—That Kings are proper, *may be* useful things,
But then some Gentlemen object to Kings,
—That in all times the Minister's to blame,
—That British Liberty's an empty name,
Till each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its Members by *the Rule of Three*
So should the Muse, with verse in thunder cloth'd,

420

425

430

435

Proclaim the crimes by God and Nature loath'd
 Which—when fell poison revels in the veins—
 (That poison fell, which frantic Gallia drains
 From the crude fruit of Freedom's blasted tree) 441
 Blots the fair records of Humanity

To feeble nations let proud France afford
 Her damning choice,—the chalice or the sword,—
 To drink or die,—or fraud! oh specious lie!
 Delusive choice! for *if* they drink, they die 445

The sword we dread not —of ourselves secure,
 Firm were our strength, our Peace and Freedom sure
 Let all the world confederate all its pow'rs,
 "Be they not back'd by those that should be ours," 450
 High on his rock shall BRITAIN'S GENIUS stand,
 Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land

Guard we but our own hearts with constant view
 To ancient morals, ancient manners true,
 True to the manlier virtues, such as nerv'd
 Our fathers' breasts, and this proud Isle preserv'd 455
 For many a rugged age —and scorn the while,—
 Each philosophic atheist's specious guile —

The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
 Of gay morality, and easy vice —
 So shall we brave the storm,—our 'stablish'd pow'r 460
 Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier hour —

—But, French *in heart*—tho' victory crown our brow,
 Low at our feet though prostrate nations bow,
 Wealth gild our cities, commerce crowd our shore,—
 London may shine, but England is no more 465

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¹ LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS — *ES*=*Englische Studien*, *JEGP*=*Journal of English and Germanic philology*, *LM*=*London mercury*, *MLN*=*Modern language notes*, *MLR*=*Modern language review*, *MP*=*Modern philology*, *PMLA*=*Publications of the Modern Language Association*, *PQ*=*Philological quarterly*, *RAA*=*Revue anglo-américaine*, *RES*=*Review of English studies*, *SP*=*Studies in philology*, *TLS*=*Times literary supplement*

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GLOSSARY OF SCOTTISH WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

THIS glossary includes all the words or phrases in the selections from Ramsay, Feigusson, and Burns which might be expected to trouble readers not familiar with the dialects in which those poets worked

- Aboon*, above
Abroad, abroad
Agley, amiss
Aibhns, perhaps, possibly
Airts, points of the compass
Asklent, askant
Auld Reikie, Edinburgh
Aumos dish, alms-dish
Ava, at all

Badrins, cats
Bairan, laying bare, stripping (of earth)
Bangs, overcomes
Bannock, thick, round cake
Bassie, an old horse
Bauckie-bird, bat
Bauks, strips, ridges
Baws'nt, streaked with white
Beet, kindle or mend the fire
Beld, bald
Belyve, by and by
Ben, inwards, inside, within
Benmost, farthest in, innermost
Bent, open field
Bicker, wooden dish
Bield, shelter
Bienly, comfortably
Big, build
Birkie, lively smart youth
Birn, burden, load
Blastet, worthless
Blate, shy
Bleez, blaze, get angry
Blellum, idle, talking fellow
Bleth'ran, talking nonsense
Boddle, copper coin of the value of one-sixth of an English penny, hence anything of trifling value
Boortries, elder-trees
Bore, hole, chink
Borrows-town, royal borough
Bousing, drinking
Bowie, milk pail
Brattle, sudden start
Brent, high and unwrinkled

Broachie, small brooch
Brock, badger
Browster wife, ale-wife
Brulzies, fights or disturbances
Burdly, stalwart, good-looking
Bumman, humming
Busk, adorn, dress, deck
But, without
Butt an' ben, in both outer and inner rooms
Byke, swarm, crowd
Byre, cowhouse

Cadgei pownie, huckster's pony
Cadgie, gray
Caff, chaff
Caldrie, chilly
Callet, prostitute
Callor, fresh
Canny, cozy, comfortable
Cantie, contented
Cantrip, magic spell
Canty, pleasant
Capei noity, bad-tempered
Carlin, old woman
Cavie, hen-coop
Chiel, fellow, person
Chiep, cheep, sound
Cleek, clutch
Cod, pillow
Coft, bought
Coof, fool or simpleton
Coost, cast, tossed
Cosh, neat, snug, comfortable
Cour, lower, let sink
Couter, coulter
Couth, social
Crack, conversation, gossip
Crackan, talking
Craigie, throat
Crambo-jingle, doggerel rime
Cranreuch, hoar-frost
Creeshie, greasy
Crouse, cheerful
Cruizy, oil lamp

- Crummock**, staff with a crooked head
Crump, crisp
Daffin, sport
Dails, deal boards
Daimen-ickei, occasional ear (of corn)
Dawds, large pieces of bread
Dawted, petted
Deas, settle, long seat
Deave, worry, bother
Deil-haet, nothing at all
Dight, wipe off, (of wheat) freed from chaff, winnowed
Divets, divots, pieces of turf used in a thatch
Dizzen, dozen (of cuts of yarn)
Doil'd, tired out
Dorty, fastidious
Douce, douse, serious, sober
Dousie, stupid
Dow'd, worn, marked with wear
Dowf, dull
Dowie, dismal, gloomy
Doxy, sweetheart
Driddle, toddle, walk loiteringly
Droddum, breech
Droukit, drenched
Drumlie, muddy, turbid
Duddie, ragged
Duddies, clothes
Duds, ragged clothes
Dung, fatigued
Dwyning, decaying
Dyke, wall
Eidant, diligent
Eldritch, fearful, ghastly
Elson, shoemaker's awl
Ettle, effort, intent, aim
Eydent, see **Eidant**
Fadge, flat, wheaten loaf
Fain, fond
Fairan, deserts
Farls, oat cakes
Fash'd, troubled
Fatt'rels, ribbon-ends
Fawsont, seemly, respectable
Fecht, fight
Feck, majority
Fek, quantity
Fell, tasty
Ferlie (n), wonder (here as a term of contempt)
Ferlie (v), wonder at, marvel
Fidgean-fam, eager and restless
Fidge'd, fidgeted
Fient, fiend, devil
Fient haet, not a whit
Fiere, companion
Fissle, bustle with pleasure
Fitsted, footprint
Fleech, fleetch, flatter, cajole
Fley'd, frightened
Foughten, oppressed
Fow, full
Foy, farewell feast
Fuds, buttocks
Gabs, palates, appetites
Gads, rods or bars (of metal)
Gangrel, vagabond, tramp-like
Gar, make, cause
Gardies, arms
Gash (v), prattle
Gash (adj), affable, pleasant
Gausy, gawsie, gawsy, big, jolly, plump
Geai, possessions, property
Geck, scoff, mock, deride
Geoidie, gold guinea
Gizz, face
Glakit, senseless, silly
Glowr, gaze, look
Gowd, gold
Gowk, clown, fool
Graith, tackle, equipment
Grat, wept
Gree (n), first place, palm, prize
Gree (v), agree
Grien, long for
Grissle, gristle
Grozet, gooseberry
Grushie, of thriving growth
Gude-willie-waught, hearty drink
Gusty, pleasing to the palate
Gyzen'd, warped
Haffets, locks of hair on the temples
Hafflins (adv), half
Hafflins-wise, half-ways
Haith, an exclamation of surprise
Hald, dwelling
Hallan, halland, partition-wall, partition in a cottage
Han'-daurk, daily manual labor
Happer, hopper of a mill
Harn, coarse cloth of hemp or flax
Hash, damage
Haughs, low, level ground beside a stream
Hawkies, cows
Hech, an exclamation of surprise
Heese, heeze (n or v), lift (in the world), hoist, heave, raise
Hirplan, hobbling
Hirpl'd, limped
Histie, dry
Hizzies, girls, young women
Hoddan, "The motion of a sage

farmer on an old cart horse"
(Burns)

Hoddin, homespun cloth

Hotch'd, jerked, moved clumsily

Houghmagandie, fornication

Howcket, *howket*, exhumed, dug up

Howkan, digging

Hurdies, buttocks

Hynds, farm-servants

Ilka, each, every

Ingine, genius

Ingle, fire

Jads, jades, worthless women

Kail-worms, caterpillars that feed
on cabbage

Kane, rent in kind

Kanny, careful

Kebars, rafters

Kebbock, *kebbuck*, whole cheese

Keek, peep

Kiaugh, anxiety

Kill, kiln

Kirn, harvest-home

Kittle, tickle, touch lightly

Ky, cows

Laithfu', bashful

Lang-kail, cabbage unmashed

Lave, rest, remainder

Lavrocks, larks

Leal (adv), faithfully, thoroughly,
(adj), loyal

Lean, resting place

Lee-lang, whole, entire

Leeze-me-on, commend me to

Leglin, milk-pail with upright handle

Lerroch, place, site

Leuks, looks

Lift, sky

Limmet, loose woman

Lingle, shoemaker's thread

Linket, tripped along

Linn, waterfall

Loof, palm of the hand

Lowan, flaming

Lowpin, leaping

Lucken gowans, globe flowers

Luntan, smoking, puffing

Lyart, faded, gray

Mailin, farm

Mane, moan, complaint

Marrow, mate

Meikle, much

Melder, quantity of oats ground at
one time

Meltith, meal

Melvie, soil with meal

Messan, small dog

Modewurks, moles

Motie, spotted

Multure, toll of meal taken by a
miller for grinding corn

Nappy, foaming ale

Nieve, fist

Niffer, exchange, barter

Nowt, cattle

Orra, spare

Owsen, oxen

Oy, grandchild

Painch, paunch

Patricks, partridges

Pattle, plough-staff

Peghan, stomach

Penny-wheep, small beer

Philibeg, kilt

Pint-stowp, pint-measure

Plack, small coin, one-third of an
English penny

Pliver, plover

Poind, impound

Poortith, poverty

Poossie, cat, hare

Pop'ling, bubbling

Raep, rope

Raibles, discourses

Randie, wild, disorderly

Rangles, groups

Rantan, frolicking

Rash-buss, clump of rushes

Ratches, hunting-dogs

Rattons, rats

Raucle, boisterous, rude

Rax, grow

Reams, froths, foams

Reeket, smoky, smelly

Reestet, shrivelled up

Restit, made up for the night

Riggin, roof, ceiling

Rigs, ridges

Rigwoodie, ill-shaped, lean, bonv

Rockin, spinning bee

Roose, praise

Rozet, resin

Runcles, wrinkles

Ryke, reach

Sark, shirt

Scanlins, scarcely

Scaur, timid

Scowder'd, scorched

Scraichan, screeching

Screed, tear

Shavie, trick

Shaw, grove

Sheugh, ditch or drain, or small stream
Shoi'd, threatened
Skan, share
Skaith, injury, damage
Skeigh, timid
Skellum, scamp, rascal
Skelpin, dashing
Skelpin', smacking
Skirl, sound shrilly
Sklentán, sloping, slanting
Skyte, slap
Slaes, sloes
Slaps, gaps or openings in a wall
Slee, sly
Smeddum, powder
Smeeke, smoke
Smoor'd, smothered
Smytrie, group, collection
Snash, abusive language
Sneeshin mill, snuff-box
Snick-diawing, latch-lifting, stealthy
Snurtle, laugh
Snowket, snuffled, smelled
Sonsie, jolly, cheerful, pleasant
Souter, shoemaker
Sowther, make up
Spairge, sprinkle
Spean, wean
Speer, *spier*, ask
Speet, spit, transfix
Splore, spree, revel, frolic
Sprattle, scramble
Stachei, stagger
Stains, stars
Steek, shut, fasten
Steghan, stuffing with food
Sten, leap, spring
Stents, taxes, assessments
Sturks, young oxen
Sturah, stripling
Stoure, dust, dusty toil
Stowp, liquid measure
Strae, straw
Straths, wide valleys
Strathspey, slow Highland dance
Stroan't, urinated
Strunt, strut
Sugh, gentle murmur or hum
Swatch, sample, batch
Swats, new ale
Sweer, slow, lazy
Swith, get away, begone
Synd, drink

Tacksman, tenant-farmer
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
Tawted, with matted hair
Tent, care, heed

Tenty, careful
Thack, thatch
Thaum, cat-gut, string (of a fiddle)
Theekit, thatched, roofed
Thu'd, pierced, caused to vibrate
Thole, bear, suffer
Thrang, crowded, busy
Thrave, two shocks of grain (24 or 28 sheaves)
Thy-lane, yourself alone
Tids, temper, ill-humor
Timmer, timber, wood
Tine, lose, forfeit
Tirlan, uncovering, unroofing
Tocher, dowry
Toofall, oncoming
Toom, empty
Touzles, dishevels
Towzie, shaggy
Tozie, tipsy
Trig, neat, tidy
Trufs, turfs
Twin, part with
Tyke, dog, cur

Unco, extremely
Unkend, unknown
Usquabae, whiskey

Vauntie, boastful, proud, vain

Waesuck, alas
Wale, pick
Walie, thriving, strapping
Wally, billowy
Wame, belly
Wark-lume, implement
Warly, worldly
Waukin, *wawking*, watching, waking
Waws, walls
Weans, children
Weel-gaun, working smoothly
Weel-hain'd, well kept
Weirlike, warlike
Whang'd, cut, sliced
Whiddan, whisking, darting
Whinger, short dagger
Whins, furze
Whitter, social glass
Whun-stane, hard variety of stone
Win, dwell
Winnock-bunker, window seat
Wissen'd, withered
Wonner, wonder (term of contempt)
Woodie, gallows
Wylecoat, undervest
Wyt, blame

Yill, ale
Yird, earth

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NOTES FOR
A COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH POEMS

1660—1800

By
H. W. TAYLOR
and
R. S. CRANE



HARPER & ROW, PUBLISHERS
New York, Evanston, and London



NOTES

THE following notes have three aims (1) to supply such information as will enable the student to recover the essential meaning of the texts printed in *A Collection of English Poems, 1660-1800* wherever this meaning has become obscure through lapse of time or changes in language and customs, (2) to indicate the intellectual, political, or biographical setting of such poems as depend for their intelligibility upon a knowledge of their antecedents or of other contemporary writings not represented in the anthology, (3) to provide what it is hoped will be a useful apparatus of cross-references and of references to scholarly and critical studies published since 1932 and not, therefore, listed in the bibliography. A few corrections of misprints in the texts or of errors in the bibliographical footnotes have also been included.

It is assumed that users of the anthology will have access to a good dictionary, such as Webster's *New International*, to one of the more inclusive histories of English literature, such as *The Cambridge history of English literature* or Legouis and Cazamian's *History of English literature*, and to an encyclopedia containing biographical notices of the principal poets represented in the volume. To have attempted to supply the place of such familiar helps as these would have extended the notes beyond any reasonable limit. It is likewise assumed that most teachers who may use the collection will prefer that students should rely upon their own sensibility and poetical insight in interpreting the poems rather than upon the critical analysis or appraisals of any editor.

No one has better stated the spirit in which notes such as the following should be used than one of the poets here commented upon. "Notes," wrote Johnson in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare, "are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption, let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness and read the commentators."

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1. TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

18 Verona was captured by Alboin, the Lombard king, in 568. Thereafter it was one of the chief residences of the Lombard kings, and also of the Frankish kings after the Franks had driven the Lombards out of Italy (see l 24). The action of *Gondibert* takes place partly in Verona during the time of the Lombard ascendancy.

2 ODE. OF WIT

Cowley's purpose in this poem is not to give a definition of "wit" as a guide to the general usage of the term, but rather to picture an ideal mode for the functioning of the poetical faculty. "Wit" is virtually equated to "height of genius" (see l 71), it signifies the qualities that make good composition. Therefore it excludes certain things: excessive ornamentation (ll. 33-40), puns or any other sort of play on the sounds or spelling of words (ll. 41-44), indecency (ll. 45-48), bombast (ll. 49-50), strained metaphors (l. 51), the extreme curtness of Senecan prose (l. 52), far-fetched comparisons (ll. 54-55). On the other hand, it includes orderliness of ideas, a harmony and proportion of all parts of the composition (ll. 57-64).

Cowley's use of "wit" as a key word is perhaps explainable by its commonness in the seventeenth century as a name for various aspects of the poetic process (see W. Lee Ustick and Hoyt H. Hudson, "Wit, 'Mixt wit,' and the bee in amber," *Huntington library bulletin*, No. 8 [Oct., 1935], pp. 103-30). Its usual meaning in previous centuries had been the broad one of "intellect" or "mind" in general. During the seventeenth, especially after the middle of the century, it came to signify more particularly what was also called "fancy," the power of seeing resemblances, of discovering analogies between things apparently unlike, hence the power of making metaphors and similes. In this sense it was contrasted to "judgment," the power of making distinctions. Near the end of the century John Locke (*An essay concerning human understanding* [1690], II, xi, 2) defined the two faculties thus:

"*Wit* lying most in the assemblage of *Ideas*, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity . . . *Judgment*, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully *Ideas* one from another, wherein can be found the least difference . . ." (quoted by Ustick and Hudson). Earlier, however, Thomas Hobbes had treated wit as consisting of both fancy and judgment, and had explained that fancy produced the ornaments of a poem, while judgment was responsible for its structure (*Human nature*, in *English works*, ed. Molesworth [1840], IV, 55-56, cited by Ustick and Hudson).

Cowley appears to have a similar distinction in mind, he shows that the faculty of conjuring up images and seeing similarities goes astray unless supported by the faculty of organizing, which of course involves the making of discriminations, and he makes true wit consist in the joining of the two faculties. The main interest of this thesis lies in its exemplifying the attack on false wit which formed an important part of neo-classic doctrine. Briefly, the point of attack was this: a tendency to cultivate ingenious conceits, to make poetry a succession of clever phrases, and to let such cleverness degenerate into strained, far-fetched metaphors and even into mere playing with sounds, had developed in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and this tendency had made poets forget the element of design and movement in poetry, to the detriment of their art. In this vein wrote the Duke of Buckinghamshire, in *An essay upon poetry* (1682)

"Their greatest fault, who in this kind [the elegy] have writ,
Is neither want of words, nor dearth of wit,
But though this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every Couplet be with fancy fill'd,
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model layed
So right, that every step may higher rise,
As in a Ladder, till it reach the Skies,
Trifles like these perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last,
'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will,
But not an Elegie, nor writ with skill"

This misleading and barren art of conceit-writing was later attacked by Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 62, by Pope, in the *Essay on criticism*, ll. 289-96, and by Johnson, in his life of Cowley in the *Lives of the English poets* (to mention only some of the most famous texts out of many). And it is important to note that Cowley himself eventually was assigned to the company of "conceited" poets, along with Cleveland, Crashaw, and others. Johnson in fact regarded him as typical of that company.

5. THE CHRONICLE

78 The chronicles of Holinshed (1577) and Stow (1580) are among the classics of collected information historical or fabulous.

6. THE PRAISE OF PINDAR

"Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari" "Whoever strives to equal Pindar" Horace, *Carmina* IV, 2, 1

8. TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY

The Royal Society (chartered in 1662) represented to its members and friends the spirit of true physical science, i.e., the "inductive," experimental, investigative way of studying nature, as opposed to what they thought to be the barren speculative methods of ancient and medieval natural philosophy, which spun ideas

about nature instead of observing it Cowley's enthusiasm is representative of a new and growing sentiment of this period See R F Jones, *Ancients and moderns, a study of the background of the "Battle of the books"* (St Louis Washington University, 1936).

8-36 These lines epitomize, in a broad way, the account of physical science given in the first part of Sprat's *History*.

9, 37 Sir Francis Bacon, in his *Novum organum* (1620), had set forth the principles of "Induction" and had extolled its merits. Later philosophers have found defects in his analysis of scientific method The early members of the Royal Society, however, acknowledged his importance as the advocate of a new method and the liberator from old shackles (see Chas R Weld, *History of the Royal Society* [London, 1848], I, 57-64, and Jones, *Ancients and moderns, passim*) Robert Boyle (see note to p 59, ll 27-28), *Considerations concerning the usefulness of experimental philosophy* (1663), praised Bacon in these terms " it was owing to the sagacity and freedom of Lord Bacon, that men were then pretty well enabled both to make discoveries, and to remove the impediments that had hitherto kept physics from being useful "

42 Bacon, *Novum organum*, Book I, Aphorism lxxxiv (*Works* [New York, 1878], Vol I, Part II, p 117) " . . with regard to authority, it shows a feeble mind to grant so much to authors and yet deny time his rights, who is the author of authors, nay rather of all authority For rightly is truth called the daughter of time, not of authority It is no wonder therefore if those enchantments of antiquity and authority and consent have so bound up men's powers that they have been made impotent (like persons bewitched) to accompany with the nature of things "

62-68 Bacon, Preface to the *Instauratio magna* (*Works*, Vol I, Part II, pp 33-34) "For all those who before me have applied themselves to the invention of arts have but cast a glance or two upon facts and examples and experience, and straightway proceeded . . to invoke their own spirits to give them oracles I, on the contrary, dwelling purely and constantly among the facts of nature, withdraw my intellect from them no further than may suffice to let the images and rays of natural objects meet in a point, as they do in the sense of vision "

69 The false notions engendered by regarding words as though they were really existent and not mere arbitrary signs, Bacon dubs Idols of the Market-place In the *Novum organum*, Book I, Aphorism lix (*Works*, Vol I, Part II, pp 86-87) he says " . . men believe that their reason governs words, but it is also true that words react on the understanding, and this it is that has rendered philosophy and the sciences sophistical and inactive Now words, being commonly framed and applied according to the capacity of the vulgar, follow those lines of division which are most obvious to the vulgar understanding And whenever an understanding of

greater acuteness or a more diligent observation would alter those lines to suit the true divisions of nature, words stand in the way and resist the change. Whence it comes to pass that the high and formal discussions of learned men end oftentimes in disputes about words and names .”

10, 109ff Sprat, in his *History of the Royal Society*, Part II, Sect XXIII-XXV, shows with much detail the high esteem in which the Society was held, and what high hopes were had for it. At the beginning of Section XXIV (text of 3rd edition, 1722) he says “. . . the *Original* of the *Royal Society* has found a general *Approbation* within our selves, and . . . the most prudent Men of all Professions and Interests, have shewn by their Respects to these hopeful Beginnings, that there is a *Reverence* due to the first Trials and Intentions, as well as to the last Accomplishment of generous Attempts ”

11, 136-47 The telescope and microscope were still novelties in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the realization of their value was a source of excitement. See Marjorie Nicolson, “The telescope and imagination,” *Modern philology*, XXXII (1935), 233-60, “The ‘New astronomy’ and English literary imagination,” *Studies in philology*, XXXII (1935), 428-62, *The microscope and English imagination*, “Smith College studies in modern languages,” Vol XVI, No 4, July, 1935

154. Sprat says (*History of the Royal Society*, Part II, Section XIII) that one concern of the Society was “to regard the *least* and the *plainest* Things, and those that may appear at *first* the most *inconsiderable*, as well as the *greatest Curiosities* ”

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

12 GONDIBERT BOOK II, CANTO V

The action of the poem up to the present section is as follows. Duke Gondibert and Prince Oswald are the two chief warriors of the Lombard kingdom, and as such are the most eligible for the hand of Rhodalind, the daughter of King Aribert. The King prefers Gondibert, and Rhodalind loves him secretly. Gondibert, however, whose nobility of temperament puts him beyond the reach of ordinary political ambition, fails to realize his desirability. On the other hand, Oswald has been scheming to win the affections of Rhodalind.

The armies of Oswald and Gondibert return from successful expeditions. Each army is desirous of having its leader marry Rhodalind and seize the throne. During the annual hunt to celebrate the Lombard ascendancy over the Vandals, Oswald's forces attempt to ambush Gondibert's. Failing to catch Gondibert off guard, Oswald next proposes a duel, in which he is slain. The

result is a desperate battle between the two forces, in which Gondibert is badly wounded. Old Ulfin, a faithful warrior who has served Gondibert's grandfather, persuades Gondibert to seek shelter at the house of the wealthy philosopher and physician, where his wounds can be cured.

Meanwhile the news of Oswald's death is causing great turmoil among his followers, and civil war is barely averted. The story turns away from Gondibert to give an account of these matters, then returns, at the beginning of the section here reproduced, to the arrival of Gondibert with Ulfin, his son Ulfinore, the young soldier Goltho, who had performed brilliantly in the fight, and their train.

14, 73-80 It was an often repeated argument in this and the next century (see also Pope, *Essay on man*, Book I) that the pride of man in supposing himself to be the special concern of creation was not supported by a study of the nature of the universe. In particular, it was thought that the Copernican astronomy by its demonstration that the earth is not a fixed body with the heavens revolving about it, but is itself revolving about the sun, had definitely robbed this cosmic pride of its foundation. See A. O. Lovejoy, "'Pride' in eighteenth-century thought," *MLN*, XXXVI (1921), 31-37.

15, 87 "GREAT NATURES OFFICE" The activities of this institution, together with others mentioned in this canto but not explicitly connected with the "office" itself, are a fair representation of the kinds of learning most in favor in the mid-seventeenth century. Worthy of note is the attention given to astronomy (ll 61-80), to natural history (ll 93-140), to ancient learning (ll 145-76), and to law (ll 177-84). In the main, the house of Astragon favors not only the investigative approach to natural phenomena (cf p 8, and note on Cowley's poem), but also the wide and careful study of the documents of the past.

17, 189-204 This attack upon the accumulation of theological documents seems mainly directed at scholasticism.

18, 205-12 These lines probably refer to the Arabic *Gospel of the infancy*, a narrative in which the Holy Babe declares His divine nature in the cradle. This apocryphal gospel was in existence by the sixth century, in which the action of the present poem takes place.

19, 262 "Heav'n's lov'd Laureat" David

SIR JOHN DENHAM

20 COOPER'S HILL

19 The "Muse" was Edmund Waller, who had written a poem entitled "Upon His Majesty's repairing of Paul's."

21, 67 It was a tradition dating back to the early Middle Ages that Brutus, the grandson of Aeneas, banished from Rome for accidentally killing his father, voyaged to Britain, where he founded London. Albanact was one of the sons of Brutus.

77ff The references are to Edward III, Queen Philippa, and the Black Prince, and to the brilliant military exploits of Edward and his son. The "order" mentioned in l. 83 is the Order of the Garter.

22, 117 Henry VIII destroyed the property and confiscated the wealth of the monastic orders after he had broken with the Catholic authority.

24, 214 "the self-enamoured youth" Narcissus, who fell in love with his own image reflected in the water.

27. NATURA NATURATA

The phrase constituting the title occurs in scholastic philosophy and signifies the "works of nature," the world of phenomena, nature as constituted by the Creator, who, in contrast, is called *Natura naturans*. (See Charles du Fresne, *sieur Du Cange*, *Glossarium mediae et infimae Latinitatis*, ed Favre [Nîort, 1883-87].) These terms had been in common use in the Middle Ages (see R. P. McKeon, *The philosophy of Spinoza* [New York, 1928], p. 69 n.) John Scotus Eriugena, the ninth-century philosopher and theologian, in the beginning of his *De divisione naturae* defines "nature" as the sum of all existence, embracing four types of being: (1) that which creates and is not created, or God as the source (cf. *natura naturans*), (2) that which creates and is created (called by Eriugena the primordial causes, the first creations of the Creator of all which in turn create what exists beneath them [Maieul Cappuyns, *Jean Scot Érigène* (Louvain, 1933), pp. 352-53]), (3) that which does not create but is created, or the world of particulars (cf. *natura naturata*), (4) that which neither creates nor is created, or God as the end or goal of all being.

In Denham's poem, of course, it is the word and not the thought which is borrowed from scholastic philosophy. The conception of nature employed by Denham is one which occasioned much unfavorable comment during the sixteenth century and the first part of the seventeenth. This view, with its moral implications, has been called "libertine naturalism" (see the article by L. I. Bredvold cited on p. 1117), and is connected with the views of the sect called Libertines, though it touched many persons not actually associated with that sect. "Nature" in the Renaissance had, among others, two mutually opposed meanings. It could mean the universal order, by contemplation of which man is able to discover a true and unshakable basis for ethics, and ascertain the laws which must bind his conduct in society, or it could mean (as in the present poem) a happy state of freedom from the restraints

of society, which are mere matters of convention having no basis in the constitution of man or of the universe. In the first sense nature was law (a concept developed by the ancient Stoics and fortified by the expositions of Cicero, see *De legibus*, Book I), in the second, impulse (a notion of the skeptics and Epicureans seen, e.g., in Lucretius, *De rerum natura*, Book V) Montaigne expressed this philosophy of "libertine naturalism" in various ways. In the essay "On custom" he said "the laws of conscience, which pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom, every one, having an inward veneration for the opinions and manners approved and received amongst his own people" (*Essays*, Cotton's translation, ed. Hazlitt [London, 1892], I, 119-20). Similarly, in "The apology for Raimond Sebond," he said "It is no wonder, if people, who take their pattern from the first image of nature, should in most of their opinions, swerve from the common path" (*ibid*, II, 460). The "nature" here mentioned is essentially the same as the divinity appealed to by Shakespeare's Edmund, in *King Lear*, I, ii, ll. 1-3

"Thou, nature, art my goddess, to thy law
My services are bound Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom "

—the "law" of this goddess being, of course, much less restraining than that of the Stoic conception

EDMUND WALLER

30 THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS CANTO I

40 For "king" read "kind "

32 CANTO III

11 Talus was the man of iron who served Artegall in the pursuit of justice. His flail was for the purpose of threshing out falsehood. See Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, Book V, Canto I, stanza xii

33, 62 "the pious Trojan" Aeneas (frequently called "pious" by Virgil in the *Aeneid*) In escaping from Troy, Aeneas became separated from his wife Creusa. Upon discovering his loss, he rushed back into the burning city, only to come upon her spectre

38 ON ST JAMES'S PARK, AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY

91 "that antique Pile" Westminster Abbey

99 The Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey was used as a meeting place for the Commons up to 1547

39 OF THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK

"*Mnatum Limen Olympi*" "He marvels at the threshold of Olympus" Virgil, *Eclogae* v 56

JOHN DRYDEN

45. UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS

Henry, Lord Hastings, son of the Earl of Huntington, died in 1649 at the age of nineteen. The *Lachrymae Musarum*, in which this poem appeared, was a small volume of verses to his memory, by several hands. It appears that Lord Hastings was an extremely talented young man, and that Dryden's expressions of regret were not without warrant.

46, 43. Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), the Danish astronomer, was noted for his expertness in the art of observation. In one of his works he discussed his observations of the "new star" of 1572, correcting the common notion that it was an exhalation from the earth. The "new star" mentioned by Dryden in l. 46 may possibly be an allusion to this appearance. Cf. *Modern philology*, XXXII (1935), 236-37.

47. HEROICK STANZAS.

See note to p. 106.

49, 77. "*Pheretrian Jove*" Feretrius was a surname of Jove. It has been interpreted variously to mean one who strikes down a person who has sworn falsely, or one who brings peace, or one to whom the spoils of battle are dedicated. As Dryden uses the phrase, it conveys certainly the third of the senses mentioned, and suggests also the second.

51. ASTRÆA REDUX

The title is equivalent to "justice restored." See note to p. 106.

52, 9. "Th' Ambitious *Swede*." Charles X of Sweden, who kept his kingdom at war during most of his reign (1654-60).

17. "the fair *Iberian* Bride." In 1659, France and Spain effected a peace treaty, which was cemented by the marriage of the Infanta of Spain to Louis XIV.

53, 67. "soft *Otho*." The Roman emperor Otho is described as having an effeminate manner. He committed suicide after his defeat in the battle of Brixillum.

69-70. The Roman emperor Galba let esteem for ability take precedence over any consideration of blood-ties, when he made Piso his successor.

74. Dryden here alludes to the famous phrase of Francis I of France, "All is lost save honor." At the battle of Worcester (1651) Charles II had conducted himself with great valor in the midst of a rout.

79. "banish'd *David*." Cf. p. 68, l. 59.

54, 101. "Covenanting League." The reference is to Charles's maternal grandfather Henry IV of France (1553-1610) and his war against the Catholic or Holy League. This league bore a resemblance, sufficient for Dryden's purpose, to the Solemn League

and Covenant, an agreement made in 1643 between the English and Scottish Parliaments, for "the reformation and defense of religion," i.e., Presbyterianism, "the honor and happiness of the king," etc

145 "Booth's forward Valour" After the death of Cromwell in 1658, Sir George Booth headed an unsuccessful uprising in Chester

55, 151ff General George Monk, as commander of the English forces in Scotland, took a leading part in the military movements connected with the Restoration

56, 201 Lodovico Sforza (1451-1508) became Duke of Milan supposedly by murdering his nephew, the rightful holder of the title As Duke, he had a brilliant political career, but was finally caught in the meshes of his own designs

219 Scheveline was the small town in Holland from which Charles II set sail for England at the Restoration

58. TO MY HONOUR'D FRIEND DR CHARLETON

Dr Walter Charleton was physician in ordinary to Charles II, besides being a writer upon various scholarly and philosophic subjects In his *Chorea gigantum* he set forth the thesis concerning Stonehenge which Dryden celebrates in his poem

1 "The longest Tyranny" See note on Cowley's "To the Royal Society," p 8

59, 3 "the *Stagirite*" Aristotle

25 William Gilbert was a physician and scientist who became physician to Queen Elizabeth and was prominent in the College of Physicians, rising to the presidency of that institution His great work on the loadstone or magnet, *De magnete magneticisque corporibus* (1600), containing observations on the importance of magnetism in navigation, enhanced his reputation

27-28 Robert Boyle (1627-91) was a physicist and chemist of great ability in original research, who did much for his own day in improving experimental technique To him we owe the familiar Boyle's Law His brother Roger, the first Earl of Orrery, was a statesman and dramatist, one of several literary noblemen of the Restoration whose friendship was of assistance to such professional literary men as Dryden

29-32 William Harvey, physician and physiologist, formulated the laws of the circulation of the blood His treatise on the subject, *De motu cordis et sanguinis in animalibus* (1628), created much excitement, and some futile opposition, especially on the Continent His friend George Ent, also a physician and scientist, published in 1641 a treatise defending the doctrines of Harvey

60, 54 See note to p 53, l 74

62 EPILOGUE

6 Cobb and Otter were characters in Ben Jonson's *Every man in his humour* and *The silent woman*, respectively Cobb was a water-bearer, Otter a "land and sea captain" with a quaint habit

of christening his drinking cups with the name of some animal. In a "Defence of the Epilogue" (1672) Dryden said of Jonson's comic personages "In these low characters of vice and folly, lay the excellency of that inimitable writer."

66 PROLOGUE

11 This line refers to the popular ceremony of "Pope-burning," i.e., burning the Pope in effigy—an anti-Catholic gesture frequently made on the evening of November 5, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.

67, 16-17 Cf. the note to these lines in Dryden's *Works*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury (1885), X, 350. "The meaning is, that the poets rebel against sense and criticism, like the Parliament, in 1641, against the King, and that the audience judge as ill as those who, in 1648, condemned Charles I to the block. The parallel between the political disputes in 1680 and 1681, and those which preceded the great civil war, was fashionable among the Tories."

67 ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

The occasion of this poem was the approaching trial of the first Earl of Shaftesbury on the charge of treason in November, 1681. That trial, which ended in the acquittal of Shaftesbury (see below, note on *The medal*), was the climax of a series of political maneuvers in which Shaftesbury had been a principal performer, but which also involved the complicated politico-religious situation in the royal family. For several years prior to the trial, the problem of whether England was to remain Protestant or become Catholic had been a complicated one. Charles II was nominally Protestant, but was suspected of Catholic sympathies; his brother James, heir to the crown, was an acknowledged Catholic; James's daughter Mary was a Protestant and had married a Protestant prince, William of Orange. And to make the problem more tangled, the Duke of Monmouth, a favorite illegitimate son of Charles and a military leader of some distinction (see the poem, ll. 23-24), allied himself with the "Whig" faction headed by Shaftesbury, and became known as the "Protestant Duke." (The terms Whig and Tory were becoming popular about this time, Dryden refers to them in the prose preface to the poem.)

In 1678, one Titus Oates submitted evidence concerning a "Popish plot" to the magistrate Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey (the poem, ll. 108-15, 517). Though Oates turned out in the end to be a fantastic perjurer, he was taken with great seriousness for the time being, and the fact that in October, 1678, not long after he had given his testimony, Godfrey was found dead with his sword run through his body (l. 676) greatly increased Oates's temporary prestige. Shaftesbury took advantage of the excitement to arouse sentiment against the Catholics, and in May of the next year the Whigs, led by him, introduced into the House of Commons the "Exclusion Bill," designed to shut out James from the succession on the ground of his religion. At this time the popu-

larity of Monmouth was at its height, and the Whigs were pressing his claim to the succession on the basis of his Protestantism and also on the less solid plea that, since his title was uncertain, he would be all the better king, being responsible to the people (ll 224-27) He increased his prestige by quelling the insurrection of the Covenanters in Scotland The situation was so troublesome that in August, 1679, Charles ordered both Monmouth and James out of the country (l 921)

Just what Shaftesbury's motives were is a matter of speculation, but he was certainly willing to press Monmouth's claim He endeavored to bring about a reconciliation of Charles and Monmouth by having the latter return secretly from banishment The maneuver, however, was not pleasing to the King, and Monmouth was forbidden the Court, though he remained in England In the next year (August, 1680) Shaftesbury arranged a royal progress for Monmouth through the west of England (ll 682-746) The effect of this demonstration upon the populace was considerable, but the move only increased the tension at Court The Whigs (or the Patriots, as they called themselves about this time—see ll 179, 965-73) desired the calling of Parliament in the autumn, so that the Exclusion Bill might be voted upon. It would have been dangerous not to grant their request, but as it was, things turned out favorably for the King, for the bill, after being passed by the House of Commons, was rejected by the Lords Shaftesbury continued the struggle through other issues, but without success Moreover, the tide of opinion was turning against Monmouth, and in July, 1681, Shaftesbury was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, and the "conspiracy" came to an ignominious close (See Louise Fargo Brown, *The first Earl of Shaftesbury* [New York, 1933], chaps xv, xvi)

Dryden's choice of a Biblical allegory as a means of representing these incidents is not surprising in view of the evident applicability of the Old Testament story (2 Samuel viii-xviii) He was not the first, however, to find parallels between Charles II, Shaftesbury, and Monmouth on the one hand, and David, Achitophel, and Absalom on the other David and Charles had been familiarly identified for several years, indeed, Dryden had referred to Charles, in *Astræa redux* (see p 53, l 79), as "banish'd David" The name Achitophel had been used for several decades, by Royalists and Puritans before there were Whigs and Tories, as a designation for any corrupt political leader (see R F Jones, *MLN*, XLVI, 211-18) In 1680 a pamphlet entitled *Absalom's conspiracy, or the tragedy of treason* had definitely linked Monmouth and Shaftesbury as Absalom and Achitophel Dryden, then, was using material of a high allusive value, material which, as far as it concerned the three main personalities, must have met ready response He did not, moreover, obscure his allegory by too close an adherence to the Biblical narrative, in fact, his use of certain

details will be found rather inaccurate. The plot, such as it is, of *Absalom and Achitophel* treats both the Bible and the actual situation with great freedom. The Popish Plot, the Whig attitude toward the succession, the progress of Monmouth through England in the summer of 1680, are sketched briefly (see references above). Charles's multifarious efforts against Shaftesbury are reduced, in the poem, to a single long speech (ll 939-1025).

The nature of Dryden's political philosophy has been explained in a very clear-cut manner recently by L. I. Bredvold, in *The intellectual milieu of John Dryden* (Ann Arbor, 1934). Professor Bredvold points out that Dryden does not anywhere in his writings definitely depart from a sort of conservative skepticism—a conviction that radical reforms in government lead, not to the realization of lofty ideals, but merely to confusion, that change in government is therefore always to be distrusted, that security can be gained only by having a solid central authority which, though not indifferent to the people's needs, is still not at the people's mercy. In *Absalom and Achitophel* he expresses a strong grievance against the English for their unwillingness to let well enough alone in government. They are

“God's pamper'd People, who, debauch'd with ease,
No King could govern, nor no God could please”
(ll 47-48)

And

“once in twenty Years, their Scribes record,
By natural Instinct they change their Lord” (ll 218-19)

Moreover, to Dryden the English people shared the common quality of all crowds: incapacity to form anything like a stable government on democratic principles (cf p 91, ll 91-94). Democracy is at the very bottom of the political barrel (ll 226-27). To let the crowd decide is to let government sink, by a series of highly unpleasant stages, to that condition of savagery and chaos which Hobbes, in his *Leviathan* (1651), described as the “state of nature.” The only protection against this disaster is, it seems, monarchy—not an arbitrary and unprincipled monarchy, yet one which, granted its decisions are just, has the power to enforce them (see ll 753-94, 977-78, cf p 92, ll 113-18, p 95, ll 247-51).

That Dryden's partisanship was not narrow or mean-spirited is apparent from his appreciation of the Marquis of Halifax (see ll 882-87). Halifax was a leader among the group known as the Trimmers, who avoided committing themselves to either side of the Whig-Tory quarrel, and advocated (to use their own figure) keeping the boat on an even keel. A great deal of abuse was heaped upon the Trimmers, even Dryden, in the lines just referred to, preferred Halifax to be on the right side. Yet in respect to the importance and proper character of a monarchy, Halifax's

formulation of the Trimmer attitude in the *Character* agrees very harmoniously with Dryden's own view of the English constitution. The *Character* appeared in manuscript in 1684, and was first published in 1688. See H. C. Foxcroft, *The life and letters of Sir George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax* (London, 1898), II, 2667, 271-77. In the opening section, on laws and government, the *Character* reads:

" . . . a Prince that is so joined to his people that they seem to be his limb, rather than his subject; clothed with mercy and justice rightly applied in their several parts; that governs them by love as well as by power, and that is loved by all his subjects like a never-fading flower, till he can be said to be no more, looketh so like the best image we can form to ourselves of God almighty that men would have nothing to do but to adore and worship him . . ." (*ibid.*, p. 255)

A useful approach to the poem—at least, one which brings the reader quickly in view of its most pleasing aspects, while at the same time revealing its limitation as a narrative composition—is suggested in Samuel Johnson's criticism in his *Life of Dryden* (*Lives of the English poets*, ed. G. B. Hill, I, 136-37). In a brief position is that if the poem be considered as a political and controversial it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible: acrimony of censure, elegance of phrase, artful delineation of character, variety and vigour of argument, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of number . . . —which is to say, that it comprises within a short piece of verse the satire and invective, that it happily illustrates in this or that passage the art of ridicule, whether of person or of the thing joined with the art of argumentative eloquence, all carried out in expertly turned verse. Excellent poetic structure, however, Johnson does not find in the poem. As he says: " . . . there is . . . an unpleasing disproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed out of many sects, various in their principles, but agreeing in their purpose of mischief, formidable for their numbers, and strong by their supports, while the king's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are set forth to view, but when expectation is at the height the king makes a speech, and

Henceforth a series of new times began . . ."

89 THE MEDAL

The acquittal of Shaftesbury in November, 1681, on the charge of treason, caused Dryden to continue the attack begun in *Ab-salom and Achitophel*. Beginning with an allusion to the well-known joke about Shaftesbury's having once hoped to be elected king of Poland (ll 3, 15), he amplified the satirical character sketch (cf ll 6 ff with pp 70-71, ll 150-99) given in the former poem, and repeated his attack on democratic ideas of government

and his plea for conservatism. The parallelism of the thoughts on government in the two poems has already been pointed out in some instances (see note to *Absalom and Achitophel*), others are evident, especially in ll 167 to the end, which section elaborates the picture of the downfall of a democratic government as sketched in the former poem, p 84, ll 765-94. In his conclusion Dryden hints that even if Monmouth should become a king, he would come under suspicion for being the son of a king, just as Collatine, who helped overthrow the last of the Tarquin kings in Rome, fell under suspicion because he was himself a Tarquin (l 317), only a "rightful monarch" (l 322), whose place is not dependent on popular sentiment, can subdue faction and keep a country in a condition of peace.

96 MACFLECKNOE

Richard Flecknoe seems to have been brought into the scheme of the poem merely because he was recognized to be a very bad poet, had recently died (1678[?]), and was enough older than Shadwell to be pictured as handing down the realm of nonsense to the latter. Heywood and Shirley (l 29) suited Dryden's purpose because they were prolific dramatists—the former being the most prolific of the Elizabethan period—and were commonly thought to be bad, so also Dekker (l 87) and Ogleby (ll 102, 174). Dryden's real concern was with Shadwell alone.

The basis of that concern has for a long time been misunderstood. The traditional account of *MacFlecknoe* is that it was written as an answer to Shadwell's *The medal of John Bayes, a satire against folly and knavery* (1682), which in turn had been a reply to Dryden's *The medal*. This tradition rests, however, on no very solid ground. There is reason to doubt that *The medal of John Bayes* was Shadwell's at all (G. Thorn-Drury, in *Review of English studies*, I [1925], 191). And there are the strongest reasons to doubt that Dryden's poem was the product of the political war of 1681-82. To say the least, it is free from political reference, which circumstance would be remarkable in a satire motivated by such strong party animosity as Dryden possessed. But further evidence exists (see *ibid*, pp 187-90) in the shape of a transcript, found in the Bodleian Library, of a part of *MacFlecknoe*, bearing the date 1678 and not showing the subtitle "a satire upon the true-blue Protestant poet, T. S." The date might have been a scribal error, but the absence of the subtitle certainly suggests that it was not part of Dryden's original conception, and was probably added by the printer to appeal to the current interest in political affairs. And even the publication of *MacFlecknoe* may have preceded that of *The medal of John Bayes*. The latter supposedly appeared in May of 1682, whereas the *Loyal Protestant* for Feb. 9, 1681/2, referred to "a *MacFlecknoe*," a phrase which suggests a printed book rather than a manuscript.

and makes it possible that even the publication of Dryden's poem was not motivated by the supposed attack of Shadwell

Whether Shadwell wrote *The medal of John Bayes* or not, he had produced other pieces that were eligible for Dryden's satire His *Psyche* (1675), which Dryden takes pains to refer to three times (ll 54, 90, 179-80), was an ambitious piece of the operatic sort popular in the seventeenth century, with spoken dialogue, songs, dancing, and elaborate scenery It was an adaptation from Molière, and a bad one, but with the aid of magnificent staging it had considerable success Somewhat better, but not beyond the reach of criticism, was *The virtuoso* (1676), a comedy satirizing the Royal Society and containing some hits at Dryden himself Dryden takes his revenge in *MacFlecknoe* by making out that Shadwell writes as foolishly as the fop character Sir Formal Trifle in *The virtuoso* speaks (ll 168-70), and by adapting a scene from that play to bring the declamation of Flecknoe to a fitting close

As to the mock-heroic method used by Dryden, a comparison of *MacFlecknoe* with Pope's *Dunciad* reveals some interesting resemblances Pope was undoubtedly influenced to some extent by Dryden See also note to p 149

97, 53 St André was a dancing-master

98, 57 Singleton was a singer noted especially for his performance of songs and of the recitatives in operatic plays

59 Villerius was a rôle in D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes* The part included much recitative

64 "*Augusta*" is London The allusion is to the political uncertainties of the period

67 The Barbican was a remnant of the old fortifications of London—at the time of the poem a center for public amusements of the most vulgar order Note the following lines

78 Maximinus the Thracian (d 238 AD) was a powerful warrior who was elevated to the throne of the Roman Empire by his soldiers, but killed by them three years later for his cruelty He appeared as a character in Dryden's own early play *Tyrannic love* (1670)

84 "*Panton*" Apparently there was a celebrated punster of this name

91 "*Misers*" Shadwell had translated Molière's *L'avare* under the title *The miser* (1672)

97 Bun-Hill and Watling Streets are not actually very far apart, so that this line becomes a good sample of mock-heroic disproportion

99, 105 Henry Herringman was a bookseller and a prolific publisher of poems, plays, and minor pieces of various sorts

108-11 These lines parody two passages in the *Aeneid* Those passages, in Dryden's translation, are as follows

"Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed"

(Book II, ll 930-32, text of Cambridge ed)

"And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race"

(Book XII, ll 253-54)

151 "Gentle *George*" is Sir George Etherege, the Restoration comic dramatist

152-53 Dorimant, Lovett, and Sir Fopling Flutter are characters in Etherege's *The man of mode*, Cully and Cockwood, in his *Love in a tub*

100, 179 Prince Nicander is one of the noble lovers of Psyche in Shadwell's opera.

189-92 These lines are a parody on a passage in Shadwell's Epilogue to *The humourists* (1671), which reads thus

"A Humour is the Byass, of the Mind,
By which with Violence 'tis one way inclin'd
It makes our Actions lean on one side still,
And in all Changes that way bends the Will"

(*Dramatic works* [London, 1720], I, 213)

101. From THE SECOND PART OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

After the success of *Absalom and Achitophel* there was demand for a sequel Dryden was not disposed to take up the task again, and secured the services of Tate, who was a loyal young Tory and a passable versifier Dryden himself supervised the planning and writing, and contributed many actual lines Those given in this volume are definitely known to be by him, and his touch is apparent in various other parts of the poem

Perhaps the best sections of the whole poem are the characterizations of Doeg and Og, i.e., Elkanah Settle and Shadwell, respectively Dryden despised Settle as a feeble poet, a satirist without power to hurt anyone, and a turncoat (Settle had first been a Tory, then had turned Whig, some years after this poem he turned Tory again) As a Whig, Settle had replied to Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* with a poem entitled *Absalom senior, or Achitophel transposed* (see the allusion thereto in ll 444-46, l 446 is a take-off on one of Settle's own lines), and had also made himself contemptible as far as Dryden was concerned by being a leader in the ceremony of "Pope-burning" (see ll 451-52, also note to p 66) As to the characterization of Shadwell, cf *Mac Flecknoe*

106 RELIGIO LAICI

This poem needs to be read together with *The hunt and the panther*, and perhaps with the political poems also, if its place in

Dryden's thought and hence its full meaning are to be understood. Behind all of Dryden's shifts of position there is a consistent negative philosophy. In politics it takes the form of conservatism, a stress on stability as a prime virtue in a government. The *Heroic stanzas* on Cromwell praise, not Cromwell's Puritanism, but only his power to restore peace and order (see, e.g., pp. 48-49, ll. 41-48, 61-62). Similarly, *Astraea redux* welcomes Charles II as a new restorer of peace rather than one who has triumphed over Puritanism, and it says no word against Cromwell (cf. p. 69, ll. 69-74). In religion, this way of thinking takes the form of a qualified "fideism"—i.e., a denial of the power of the natural reason to establish firmly such fundamental truths as the existence of God and the historic fact of a revelation or to guide man to faith (see *Religio laici*, ll. 1-41).

Dryden wrote a prose preface to *Religio laici* in which he set forth his main positions very plainly. He began by owning himself a skeptic in philosophy and professing his unwillingness therefore to impose his opinions in religion, which is above philosophy. From this standpoint he protested against the claims of Deism in particular: what the Deists asserted to be the universal truth as perceived by human reason, Dryden dubbed merely the remnant of "reveal'd religion in the posterity of Noah." The powers of the human mind, even in the cases of Socrates, Plato, and other great "heathen philosophers," he considered to have been overestimated. Moreover, human reason leads to differences and confusions of opinion, he thought, when it is employed at an improper task, we must be content with what the Scriptures reveal, reason can do no more than assure us that the Bible is the word of God (cf. the poem, ll. 42-125, 168-211).

As to the character of this revelation, Dryden's position involved no subtleties. The Bible "in all things needful to salvation" is sufficiently clear, anything obscure is simply "not necessary to salvation" (cf. ll. 295-300, 311-25, 431-32).

To this faith, however, there are two sorts of enemies, said Dryden: the Papists, because they have "kept the Scripture from us" and what they have delivered they have assumed a right of interpreting "under the pretense of infallibility" (cf. ll. 370-87), and the Fanatics, that is to say, the Puritans and dissenters of various other sorts, because they assume "what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit" (cf. ll. 398-408), and turn Scripture to the uses of sedition. Of the two, he says, the Papists are the less dangerous, and when, some years later, he had reconciled himself to this same assumption of infallibility, the danger was forgotten (see *The hind and the panther*). The Fanatics, on the other hand, he denounced without restraint. They have distorted Scripture ever since it was translated into the vernacular, he said, and they have carried their rebellious spirit into politics, wherever

Calvin's discipline went, "rebellion, civil war, and misery attended it."

One impetus, apparently, behind the writing of *Religio laici* was the appearance in 1682 of Henry Dickinson's translation of Father Simon's *Histoire critique du Vieux Testament*. Whatever Dryden may previously have been thinking about the true basis of faith, Father Simon's demonstration that the text of Holy Writ was extremely hard to determine must have appealed to his naturally skeptical turn of mind (see ll 234-51). On this occasion he rescued his belief in the sufficiency of the Bible by several ingenious turns of argument. The position of the Roman Catholic Church, he recognized, was that church tradition was necessary for correct interpretation of the Scriptures (ll 276-81). His comment on this claim was that a church so omniscient that it can guide men rightly by tradition should be able to restore the Scripture itself (ll 282-94). If, on the other hand, the text of Scripture was actually in such a dubious state as Father Simon had shown, how much more carelessly must tradition, which was mostly a matter of oral transmission, have been preserved (ll 258-75)? Only one branch of tradition appealed to Dryden—the works of the early Fathers, because their antiquity put them nearer the source of knowledge and because they were written, not oral (ll 334-55). But these, he maintained, were not the exclusive property of the Roman Church, and that body had no rightful claim to be the sole expounders of them (ll 356-69).

The only right course, says Dryden in conclusion (ll 427 ff.), is neither to forego Scripture entirely in favor of tradition, nor to try what is beyond our power—that is, interpret it according to our own individual lights. The things necessary for salvation are "few and plain." Beyond them, we may most safely trust the early Fathers. If the Fathers and the Scripture disagree, the points of difference may be regarded as not essential. Finally, if our own reason and our Church are in contradiction, we had best be silent, for the sake of peace.

This whole confession of a layman's faith, in short, is a plea to rest religion on a simple, solid, enduring base, and not to disturb it by any of the devices of mere human reason, which, inferior to faith as a guide to salvation, can only work harm. In *Religio laici* the foundation is the Bible, in *The hind and the panther* it is the Roman Catholic tradition. Except for the strain of skepticism, the position of *Religio laici* in its main lines was that of the Latitudinarian divines of the Established Church, who, in their effort to mediate between Puritans on the one hand and Papists on the other, had for a generation been insisting (in the words of Joseph Glanvill, *Essays* [1676], Essay vii, pp 25-26) that "The principles which are necessary to Salvation are very few, and very plain, and generally acknowledg'd among Christians." *The hind and the panther* reveals how Dryden's skepticism of

reason, combined with his desire for authority and peace (cf the political poems), became moving causes in his intellectual conversion to Catholicism

116. TO THE MEMORY OF MR OLDHAM

9 "*Nisus*" See Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book V In the footrace during the games between the Sicilians and the Trojans, Nisus, having slipped and fallen near the goal, tripped up the leading Sicilian runner, so that the Trojan Euiyalus might win

15-16 The verse of John Oldham (1653-83) was more noteworthy for its vigor than for its smoothness, especially in his satires In his principal work, *Satyræ upon the Jesuits*, Oldham wrote, or affected to write, as a plain honest man rather than a skilled artist See pp 197-98, ll 28-31

117, 23 Marcellus, who like Oldham died young, was the nephew of the emperor Augustus He gave promise of great ability, and was expected to assume the throne on the death of Augustus He was praised by Virgil (see the *Aeneid*, VI, 860-65)

119 TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF MRS ANN KILLIGREW

Anne Killigrew, daughter of a minister and niece of two minor dramatists, was a young lady of talent and promise, though Dryden's lavish praise owes more to admiration of the subject's personality than to disinterested criticism. She died at the age of twenty-five, in 1685, and her poems were published in the following year, with Dryden's ode as introduction

124. THE HIND AND THE PANTHER PART I.

The first part of this poem introduces the various churches under the beast-allegory (see footnotes), with several digressions in which the poet directly states his views on certain points of faith, all this serving as an introduction to the long dialogue which occupies the remaining two parts of the poem

125, 62-71 Cf *Religio laici* In that poem the idea of private reason is used with a somewhat narrower application (see pp 114-15, esp ll 394-97, 445-48), Dryden is there contrasting two extremes—individual interpretation of Scripture as practiced by dissenters, and submission to church authority as practiced by the Catholics—not only with each other but with the happy medium, a direct interpretation not enforced by authority, yet also free from subtleties and disputes and easy for the layman to comprehend

128, 197-234 In these lines Dryden recurs to previously expressed ideas concerning the connection between religious dissent and political rebellion See note to p 106.

133, 410-29 The Anglican doctrine concerning the Eucharist offers a compromise between Catholic and Calvinist views, though it verbally rejects the former and in most respects agrees with the latter The Catholics hold that the bread and wine are actually transformed into the body and blood of the Savior (transubstantiation), whereas the Calvinists deny entirely the corporeal

presence, holding that the body and blood are present only in a spiritual way, hence present to believers only. The Anglican doctrine, as expressed in Article 28 of the *Thirty-nine articles of the Christian faith*, is ambiguous, or seemed so to Dryden, about the exact nature of the presence (see ll 414-16). In part the Article reads as follows: " . . . to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation, or the change of the substance of bread and wine, in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture. The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten is faith."

138 LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON

1-2 I.e., Homer, Virgil, and Milton

143. TO MR CONGREVE

48 "Tom the first" is Thomas Shadwell (see note to p 96), who succeeded Dryden as poet laureate after the Revolution of 1688, and also took Dryden's post of historiographer royal. "Tom the second" is Thomas Rymer, who succeeded Shadwell as historiographer. Rymer has since, whether with justice or not, become almost a symbol of the extreme of neo-classic dogmatism.

SAMUEL BUTLER

149. HUDIBRAS, PART I, CANTO I

The objects of Butler's satire in this poem were several. Like Dryden, he was a conservative in religious matters and despised all the left-wing sects of Christianity. In *Hudibras* he attacked the Presbyterians through the character of the Knight himself, and the various independent sects, including the Anabaptists and the Rosicrucians, through the character of the squire Ralpho. His common-sense, empirical attitude toward intellectual problems made him reject the subtleties of metaphysics, especially those of the scholastic sort (ll 127 ff). In fact, pedantry of any kind seemed to him a misuse of the intellect, and pretensions to intricate and esoteric knowledge were meat for his satire (see, e.g., ll 51 ff).

As to the literary method of this satire, it is interesting to note that it is the exact opposite of the mock-heroic. In the mock-heroic style, trivial matters are made ridiculous by being treated as if they were great ones. See, for instance, Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe* and Pope's *Rape of the lock* and *Dunciad*. But in *Hudibras* great matters—the church, the state, philosophy, scholarship—are treated as something low and vulgar. This comic vulgarization of weighty subjects has been a characteristic method of some of the world's greatest satirists—Swift, in English litera-

ture, being its foremost exponent (see *A tale of a tub* and *Gulliver's travels*) The distinction between these two types was well observed by Peter Motteux in the seventeenth century In his *Gentleman's journal*, January, 1692-3, pp. 26-27, he remarked that the art of what he called burlesque consisted in part in "a disproportion between the style in which we speak of a thing and its true *Idea*," and that that was "the distinguishing mark of French and Italian Burlesque, of which there seems to be two sorts, as when low and mean expressions are us'd to represent the greatest Events, as in *Scarron's Pungil Travesty*, or great and lofty terms to describe common things, as in *Boileau's Lutrin* . . ." As a matter of fact, the development of "burlesque" poetry did tend to fall rather definitely into these two varieties (see R. P. Bond, *English burlesque poetry, 1700-1750* [Cambridge, Mass., 1932], pp. 21-22 and *passim*)

Though this poem is not essentially a personal satire, it seems evident from the reference in l. 896 that when creating the character of Hudibras, Butler had in mind Sir Samuel Luke, a rigid Presbyterian, who had been a general under Cromwell Butler had been secretary to Luke during the Cromwell régime, and one easily imagines that he found his position unpleasant. The total personality of Hudibras, however, is a grotesque fiction that vastly exceeds any actual model.

Fuller annotations of this poem are given in the editions of Zachary Grey (1744) and of the Rev Treadwell R. Nash (1793)

150, 66 Analytic, or analytics, is that portion of logic which describes, in an exact terminology, the general forms which reasoning takes The term is derived from the Aristotelian *Organon* in which "Prior Analytics" and "Posterior Analytics" dealt, respectively, with syllogisms and the construction of scientific demonstrations

151, 120 By Erra Pater, Butler may have meant William Lilly the astrologer He had so referred to Lilly in his *Mercurius Memphis* [*Memoirs of the years 1649 and 50*] But there was also, apparently, a real Erra Pater—an old astrologer, who is referred to by various seventeenth-century writers (see Zachary Grey's edition of *Hudibras*) It may be, rather, that Lilly is Sidrophel "the Rosy-crucian," in Part II, Canto III of the poem (see note to p. 190, l. 15)

152, 152 Alexander of Hales (d. 1245), one of the scholastic divines, was called Doctor Inrefragible or Invincible

153, 189 Cf. Dryden's characterization of the Presbyterians, pp. 127-28, ll. 154-96

154, 258 The Order of the Cordeliers in France (corresponding to the Grey Friars in England) was the strictest of all the branches of the Franciscan Order

155, 279 Taliacotius was a physician at Bologna in the sixteenth century A facetious account is given in the *Tatler*, No. 260,

of his skill and reputation in the manufacture of noses. As to the sympathetic quality of the noses, the *Tatler* relates "The sympathy between the nose and its parent was very extraordinary . . . An eminent instance happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the porter did and heard, upon enquiry, that the *parent of the noses* had been severely kicked the day before."

"The basis of such tales as this was Taliacotius's own treatise on surgery by grafting, *De cunctorum chirurgiæ per incisionem* (1597)."

157, 370 Bailiffs arrested persons by giving them a tap on the shoulder.

159, 461 "*Tyrian Queen*." Dido, who, upon trying to purchase land on which to build a city, was offered, for a price, as much land as she could surround with an ox-hide. By cutting the ox-hide into small strips, she was able to claim a very large tract of land. Cf. *Aeneid*, I, 365-68.

470 "*Trojan Knight*." Aeneas. Book VI of the *Aeneid* relates Aeneas's descent into hell. Hell is also a name for a tailor's wastebasket.

476 "*New light*" was in Butler's day a popular term for current doctrines in religion which broke more or less sharply with tradition, and the holders of which claimed superior enlightenment.

504 This line alludes to the practice of immersion, which the Anabaptists declared to be the only efficacious mode of baptism.

160, 533 "*Sir Agrippa*." Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535), a German soldier and physician, wrote *De occulta philosophia*, a defense of magic as a way to knowledge of God and nature.

535-36 Anthroposophus was a nickname for Thomas Vaughan (1622-66), who was also dubbed "the Magician." He was a brother of the poet Henry Vaughan, and an illuminatus of the first rank. He wrote a treatise entitled *Anthroposophia theomagica*, upon the state of man after death, hence the nickname. Robert Fludd (1574-1637) was an English physician, alchemist, and Rosicrucian. Among his works was an *Apologetic tract* defending the Rosicrucians. Jakob Behmen, or Bohme (1575-1624), a celebrated German mystic, wrote *The way to Christ*.

540 "*Veré adeptus*." Cf. Zachary Grey's note in his edition of *Hudibras*: "A title assumed by such alchymists as pretended to have found out the philosopher's stone, called Adept Philosophers."

547 "Numbers." This line alludes to the Pythagorean theory of numbers, i.e., that numbers actually constituted the essence of material things.

554 "*First Matter*." In Aristotelian and scholastic metaphysics a thing could have determinate existence only by the addition of a particular form (see l. 556) to a formless and barely existent

component First matter was therefore what had this bare existence before the first act of creation

162, 640 George Wither, or Withers (1588-1667), William Prynne (1600-69), and John Vicars (1580?-1652) were Puritan pamphleteers Wither and Vicars were also poets The latter was notorious for the badness of his verse and the violence of his polemic writings Concerning Wither, see note to p 455, l 126

164, 730. The references are to the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643 and to the "Good Old Cause," as the Puritan movement was called in Commonwealth days Cf p 165, ll 756-64

736 "*Nare*" From Latin *naris*, nose

742 "*Cane & angue pejus*." "Worse than dog and serpent" The phrase is proverbial, and alludes to the Roman method of punishing parricides by tying them up in a sack with a dog, a snake, and a monkey, and throwing them all into a river

746 "*Cynarctomachy*" A concoction of Butler's, meaning bear-baiting It is derived from the Greek words for dog, bear, and fighting

165, 774 "*mordicus*" "With the teeth"

780 "*Boute-feus*" Artillery term, referring to the firebrand used to set off cannon

166, 799 "*Bear-baiting*" The Presbyterian Assembly, which Ralpho, as an Independent, rejects

807 Butler here refers to the three grades of assembly in the Presbyterian church the classis (see l 830, and note) or presbytery, the provincial synod, and the national synod

815-26 This passage is a burlesque on the subtleties and technicalities of scholastic disputations The argument of Hudibras runs as follows Ralpho's *thesis*, that bear-baiting is anti-Christian, may be granted to be precisely true, according to rule of reasoning (*ad amussim*), for Hudibras agrees word for word (*totidem verbis*) with Ralpho's denial that bear-baiting is more lawful than synods, according to divine justice (*jure divino*) (The denial appears in ll 805-07) But Hudibras nevertheless scents a fallacy in Ralpho's argument he suspects Ralpho of implying that if his first point were granted, that bear-baiting is unlawful because unscriptural, it would follow that synods are equally unlawful, by *homoeosis*, i.e., the formula that whatever can be predicated of a thing can be predicated of other things which resemble it in essentials (in this case, the thing predicated is lack of scriptural authority) It appears that Ralpho does actually intend such an implication, see his reply in ll 827-38

830 "*Classis*" The term, like "presbytery," was used in the Reformed Church to signify a minor assembly of ministers and elders in a district It was commonly used in England during the Puritan régime Butler seems to mean here not only the classis proper but the provincial synod also

841 "*Mira de lente*" "A great stir over nothing"

168, 909 "Phrygian Knight" Laocoon, who thrust his spear into the Trojan Horse to see if there were any men in it See Virgil, *Aeneid*, II, 50 ff

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

185. A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND

1-7 The paradox that animals are superior to man had considerable currency in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries It was of ancient origin, being found, for example, in Plutarch's *Gryllus*, a dialogue between Ulysses and several beasts who were men before they had fallen under the power of Circe It bears an obvious relation to primitivism (see p 749, ll 78 ff, and note), though it must be distinguished from the latter, since it does not assert *man's* natural state to be fortunate George Boas, in *The happy beast in French thought of the seventeenth century* (Baltimore, 1933), has given it the convenient name of "theriophily"

As Boas shows, the idea was often used for satirical purposes, especially for satire or censure of man's pride Among others, Montaigne, in "The apology for Raimond Sebond," contributed an important and influential treatment of the subject, stressing the theme that man is not so superior as he thinks, and condemning man's thirst for knowledge A work more directly related to Rochester's poem is the Eighth Satire of Boileau (1663) This piece has been called the source of Rochester's *Satyr*, at any rate, there are certain broad parallels of thought between the two poems Boileau begins with the idea that man is the stupidest of animals, and goes on to point out that he lacks true wisdom, that he is more murderous than other animals, that his much-prized reason only leads him into folly, and that beasts get along better without any such faculty

186, 13-30 Cf Montaigne, "The apology for Raimond Sebond," *Essays*, trans Cotton (London, 1902), II, 291 "And if it be so, that he only of all the animals has this privilege of the imagination, and this irregularity of thoughts representing to him that which is, that which is not, and that he would have, the false and the true, 'tis an advantage dearly bought, and of which he has very little reason to be proud, for from that springs the principal fountain of all the evils that befall him, sin, sickness, irresolution, affliction, despair"

33-34 Cf ll 94-97, and note

187, 73 Nathaniel Ingelo (1621?-83) was a divine, and the author of sermons and other religious works, including a religious romance entitled *Benvolo and Urama* (1660)

74 Simon Patrick (1626-1707), bishop of Ely, was the author of *The parable of the pilgrim* (1665) Richard Sibbes (1577-1635), a Puritan divine, wrote numerous sermons and devotional tracts

94-97 Rochester's doctrine in these lines is an allusion to the main teaching of Epicureanism concerning the end of life and the proper means of attaining that end Thomas Stanley, in his *History of philosophy, containing the lives . . . of the philosophers* (1655-62), had provided an account of Epicureanism which was well known and which Rochester had very likely read As Stanley explains (*Lives of the philosophers* [4th ed, London, 1743], p 618), the happy life, according to Epicurus, consists in "the Tranquility of the Mind, and Indolency of the body, but especially in the former . . ." To the attainment of such a life it is necessary that man's thinking be confined to its proper objects In Stanley's words (*ibid*, p 619), "Now whereas the principal Parts of Philosophy are held to be two, one *Physick*, consisting in Contemplation of Nature; the other *Ethick*, which treats of directing of manners in order to happy Life, it is manifest, either that *Ethick* comprehends all Philosophy, or that *Physick* comes to be a Part thereof, only inasmuch as it conduceth to happy Life"

The position against which this doctrine stands in contrast is that expressed in Aristotle's *Nichomachean ethics*—that the exercise of the speculative faculty is the highest human activity, hence the contemplative life, the life of the philosopher, is the best life of all Epicurus, on the other hand, rejects not only metaphysical speculation but also poetry (since it gives rise to useless fancies) and dialectic because " . . . it doth nothing but beget thorny Questions, being an empty Bubbling and Forge of Cavils" See Stanley, pp 618-19

100-01 Cf Stanley, *Lives of the philosophers* (1743), p 621

" . . . Sense is the first of the Criteries, to which we may appeal from the rest, but itself is self-evident, and of manifest Truth"

188, 120 Sir Thomas Meres (1635-1715) was a prominent member of Parliament and a Whig politician

189, 159 Cf p 325, ll 409-10

190 UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

11 Maastricht was a frontier town and fortress, the capital of the province of Limburg, Holland It was taken by the French in 1673

12 "Yarmouth Leaguer" The phrase is an allusion to the French-English campaign against the Dutch in 1673 The English troops were gathered at Yarmouth

15 "Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian" appears in Butler's *Hudibras*, Part II, Canto III He is an astrologer of great note, whom men consult on all sorts of problems It has been supposed that Butler was satirizing William Lilly, a famous astrologer and almanac-maker who was consulted by both Cavaliers and Puritans at different times during the revolutionary period Possibly Rochester is here alluding to Lilly rather than to the fictitious character in *Hudibras*

JOHN OLDHAM

197. SATYRS UPON THE JESUITS PROLOGUE

Cf note to p 116, ll 15-16 This poem was occasioned by the Popish Plot (see note to p 67)

17 Francisco Suarez was a Jesuit theologian, whose *Defensio fidei* (1613) was burned in England and France Antonio Escobari y Mendoza, another Jesuit, was identified with the doctrine that purity of intention justifies criminal acts

20 "Ignatian" A Jesuit, from St Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society

198, 31 The Royalist leanings of Robert Wild (1609-79), Puritan divine and poet, did not prevent his being coupled with the then notorious Withers, or Wither, one of the spokesmen of the Commonwealth cause (see note to p 162, l 640)

35 St Omer's was a famous Jesuit college founded c 1593 for the purpose of propagating Catholic doctrine in England Since at that time such an institution was forbidden on English soil, the College was established near Calais, to be as near England as possible The "dose" evidently means the body of doctrine and propaganda sent out by the College

199 THE CARELESS GOOD FELLOW

26 Sir Algernon Sidney was a veteran politician and intriguer, who had been involved in shady intrigues with the French In 1682 he was beheaded for treason Jean-Antoine, Comte D'Avaux, was for many years a diplomatic official, an ambassador and counselor, who took part in all the main negotiations of his time

40 "Mr Fox" The "careless good fellow" had evidently heard of John Foxe's *Actes and monuments* (1563), generally known as the Book of the Martyrs

MATTHEW PRIOR

207. ODE WRITTEN IN 1688

26-58 Cf p 8

209, 100 "Reason's glimmering Light" Cf p 106, l 5, and context

209. THE SECRETARY

Prior was for several years (1690-97) the secretary of the English ambassador at the Hague, in which post he established a reputation as a diplomatist, while not neglecting society or the poetic art

211. TO A LADY

29 The Parthians were traditionally noted for their ability to

inflict damage on an enemy while actually retreating and are supposed to have used this skill as a means of offense

216. WRITING IN THE BEGINNING OF MILLENNIUM'S HISTORY OF FRANCE

14. Pharamond was a legendary king, supposedly the first king of France, his reign has been placed in the early fifth century

217, 18 "Cambray" signifies the celebrated French author and "philosophe" Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, whose worldly wisdom might have been equal to the difficulties of Prior's question The famous *Fables* of Jean de La Fontaine qualified him also to speak of human nature

223 AN EPIGRAPH

The motto "Let who will stand firm upon the slippery pinnacle of princely power" Seneca, *Thyestes* 391-92.

DANIEL DEFOE

235. THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN PART I

This satire was occasioned by a piece by John Tutchin (1661?-1707) called *The foreigners* (1700), which had expressed discontent with the fact that England was at that time ruled by a foreign-born king, William, who had been the Prince of Orange, and that William was bestowing favors and offices on his countrymen Defoe, being a loyal supporter of William, responded with this poem in ridicule of English pretensions to, and pride in, racial purity See, e.g., ll 317-18, 349-53

238, 147 Charles Davenant, son of the poet Sir William D'Avenant, published in 1700 a *Discourse upon grants and resurrections*, in which he protested against the way in which forfeited estates had been given away by the Crown instead of being applied (as he thought they should have been) to the payment of the public debt

240, 213 See I Samuel xxvi David showed his generosity when he refused an opportunity to kill his pursuer and persecutor Saul at Hackilah He thereby won Saul's affection

218 "Pict-land" A name for the Scottish Highlands, or that part of Scotland lying north of the Forth River

249-50 "Italian Castlemain" was Barbara Villiers, later the Countess of Castlemain "French Portsmouth" was Louise de Kérouaille, who became Duchess of Portsmouth By "Tabby Scot" Defoe may have meant Lucy Walter, mother of the Duke of Monmouth (see note to p 67) The "Cambrian," i.e., Welsh-woman, may then signify Nell Gwyn, whose name at least was Welsh, though her parentage was a matter of doubt

256 Frederick Herman Schomberg, an old military commander who at various times had served the Germans, French, Portuguese, and English, eventually had the honor of helping William

of Orange enter England in 1688. He became naturalized and received several titles, among them that of Duke of Schomberg. William Bentinck, a Dutchman, diplomatic agent of William of Orange, was made Earl of Portland when William became King of England.

243, 354-55 The Bohn Library edition (adapted from Sir Walter Scott's edition) of Defoe's *Works* (1896), V, 443, supplies the names as follows

"Her Sackvills, Savils, Cecils, Delamers,
Mohuns, Montagues, Duras, and Veeres "

JONATHAN SWIFT

254 HORACE EPISTLE VII BOOK I

1 "HARLEY" See note on p 450

16 Erasmus Lewis was Harley's secretary

255, 36 Thomas, first Marquis of Wharton, was the guiding hand of the Whig faction during the years when it was opposing Harley. From 1710 to 1714, while Harley was in power, Wharton was a constant source of annoyance.

256, 111 Parvisol was Swift's agent in Ireland. He was apparently not a servant of scrupulous honesty.

257, 120 Read was Harley's porter

257. STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY

"Stella" was Esther Johnson, whom Swift met while he was living in the house of Sir William Temple. The meeting resulted in a friendship which terminated only with her death in 1728 and which, from the point of view of the world, has constituted one of the most famous and most mysterious of love affairs. Swift has been supposed to have been secretly married to Stella, but there is no substantial evidence on this point.

260. IN SICKNESS

During the years just previous to the Queen's death, Swift had enjoyed an extremely happy association with Arbuthnot, both being of the company of wits and literary men who gathered round Harley as lord treasurer.

267. THE BEASTS' CONFESSION

203-06 Cf p 185

268 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

Swift seems to have at first intended that this poem should remain in manuscript until after his death, it was published, however, with his permission.

271, 166 "*diapies*" See p 274, ll 291-93, and note

272, 177 Lady Suffolk had once been counted on by the members of the opposition to Walpole (see note to ll 187-94) as an aid to their cause at court, but by the time this poem was written they had come to believe that she had betrayed them.

179-80 See note to p 489, l 61.

187 "*Chartres*" Note probably by Swift (attributed to him by W E Browning, ed, *The poems of Jonathan Swift*, I, vi) "Chartres is a most infamous vile scoundrel, grown from a foot-boy, or worse, to a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland"

187-94 After 1721, when Sir Robert Walpole stepped into government leadership, political sentiment against him began to take a drift which presently brought into existence a group known as the Opposition This group, led after 1726 by Bolingbroke (Henry St John) and William Pulteney (see p 269, ll 57-60), attracted to itself nearly all the prominent literary men of the time, including Swift, Pope, Thomson, Gay, Fielding, and Aken-side The official journal of the group was the *Craftsman* (see p 273, ll 271-74), fruit of the alliance of Bolingbroke and Pulteney after the latter's formal rupture with Walpole in 1726 Bolingbroke, after some unhappy attempts to cooperate with Walpole's government, had been in retirement, and now welcomed the opportunity offered in the *Craftsman*.

195 "*Cull*" See note to p 453, l 38

198 Note probably by Swift (cf note to l 187) "Three stupid verse-writers in London, the last, to the shame of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was made laureate Moore, commonly called Jemmy Moore, son of Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Monaghan, in Ireland See the character of Jemmy Moore, and Tibbalds, in the 'Dunciad'"

273, 251 "*Lintot*" See p. 341, and head note

268 While he was poet laureate, Colley Cibber discharged his duties faithfully in the matter of New-Year and birthday odes See note to p 272, l 198

270 Stephen Duck (1705-56) was conspicuous in his time as a "natural" poet, who could compose verse without benefit of formal education His "unlettered muse" won favor with Queen Caroline

274, 276 "Orator" Henley (John Henley, 1692-1756) was an eccentric preacher, a Cambridge graduate, who remained in the Church for some time, but eventually found himself too restricted there In 1726 he set up a gaudy tub-pulpit in a market-place, whence he preached and lectured after his own taste, with great popular success His ingenuity in using the lowest tricks of mob oratory seems to have been remarkable He continued to be a public attraction for many years

291-93 In 1724 Swift had published, in Ireland, a series of brilliant political pamphlets under the pseudonym of "M B, drapier" The immediate occasion was the attempt of the English government to debase Irish money by introducing a huge quantity of copper coin, but there were broader implications, to Swift, the whole issue of Irish freedom was involved His pamphlets so aroused the Irish people that the English government was obliged

to give up its scheme, and Swift was hailed as the rescuer of the nation

JOSEPH ADDISON

277. LETTER TO HALIFAX

The motto, somewhat freely rendered "I salute thee, Saturnian land [Italy], great mother of harvests and of men! For thee I undertake the ancient task of praise and song, having dared to uncover the sacred springs" Virgil, *Georgica* II, 174-76 The Latin text as given is inaccurate For *Aggredior* read *Ingredior*, for *fontes* read *fontis*

281 THE CAMPAIGN

The political situation back of this poem was somewhat tangled The Tories were split into two factions the group in power under Godolphin, to which Marlborough belonged, and the High Church group, which was trying to belittle the importance of the victory at Blenheim for the sake of their own hero Sir George Rooke, who had won naval battles at Gibraltar and Malaga The Whigs, who had not let party spirit interfere with their genuine enthusiasm over Blenheim, now sided with Marlborough, and Godolphin was able to secure the services of Addison, who was a Whig, to write a poem celebrating the Duke's victory The result was the present poem, which, whether it accomplished all that Godolphin hoped it would, at least won Addison an under-secretaryship See G M Trevelyan, *England under Queen Anne Blenheim* (London, 1930), pp 418-23

32 "CHURCHILL" The Duke of Marlborough

283, 100 "Eugemo" Prince Eugene, the Austrian general whose forces were combined with those of Marlborough in the battle

291 ODE

Concerning the idea of this poem, Addison said, in the *Spectator*, No 465 (in which the poem first appeared) "The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own Existence, in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth, and these are Arguments which a Man of Sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noise and Hurry of Human Affairs Aristotle says, that should a Man live under Ground, and there converse with Works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open Day, and see the several Glories of the Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of such a Being as we define God to be" Though in Addison's day there was nothing novel about the idea that "the heavens declare the glory of God" (see Psalm 19), certain circumstances conspired to give that idea a fresh vitality—notably the advances in astronomical investigation and theory which culminated in Sir Isaac Newton See note to p 564

SAMUEL GARTH

294. THE DISPENSARY CANTO IV

In 1687 the College of Physicians of London passed an edict requiring its members to give gratuitous advice and assistance to the poor. The apothecaries of London made the carrying out of this edict difficult by failing in some respects to enter into the spirit of charity, and there was lack of harmony among the members of the College itself. In the Preface to the 1706 edition of the poem, Garth thus explained why he had written it: "finding the Animosities among the Members of the *College of Physicians* encreasing daily I was persuaded to . . . endeavour to Rally some of our disaffected Members into a Sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of Union." As to the personal references in the poem, Garth said in this Preface "If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presum'd to be engag'd in Dishonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, against the dignity of their own Profession. But if there be no such, then these Characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no Body Offence."

The outline of the story is as follows. Sloth, hearing of the plan to institute a free dispensary, feels that his rule of faction, feud, and neglect of learning is threatened. He sends an emissary to Envy, who, taking the form of an apothecary, incites his fellow apothecaries, who find their profits threatened, and some members of the College itself, to combine against the dispensary project. Their meeting of protest is portrayed in the canto here reproduced, it is followed by a violent battle, of which Garth himself said in his Preface "The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the dispensary, betwixt a member of the college with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines, and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious." At the end of the battle, the goddess Health appears, shames the faculty of the College for its dissensions, and shows the way to a proper fulfillment of its office.

5-6 Richard Bentley (not to be confused with the great scholar of the same name) was a bookseller who dealt largely in plays. Samuel Briscoe also printed and sold plays. The incident of his being "undone" is obscure. John Dunton, in his *Life and errors* (1705, see 1818 edition, I, 292-93), makes a cryptic mention of "revived Briscoe, who has printed for Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, &c. and, by contracting a friendship with Tom Brown [a popular satirist and Grub Street hack], will grow rich as fast as his Author can write or hear from the Dead, so that honest Sam

does, as it were, thrive by his misfortunes, and I hear has the satisfaction and goodness to forgive those enemies who are now starving, as a judgment upon them, for attempting his overthrow . . . ”

298, 211ff The following names of Garth's friends are to be supplied l 211, Wycherley, Dryden, l 214, Dorset, l 218, Normanbys, l 220, Addison, l. 226, Stepney, l 227, Prior, l 236, Montague.

AMBROSE PHILIPS

303. PASTORALS THE SIXTH PASTORAL

See note to p 497, l 179

311. TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS

Charlotte and Margaiet (see p 312) were daughters of Daniel Pulteney The poems to them were among those which earned for Philips the name of "Namby-pamby "

JOHN PHILIPS

314. THE SPLENDID SHILLING

27-32¹ It is part of the parody to refer to the modern Welsh towns by their ancient names, thereby giving a tone of supposedly Miltonic erudition to the manner of utterance For Cestrian read Cheshire, for Arvonian Mart, Aberavon, a small market town in Glamorganshire, for Mauidunum, Caermarthen, for Brechinia, Brecon, for the Vaga, the Wye, for Ariconium, Hereford

BERNARD MANDEVILLE

325 THE GRUMBLING HIVE

416 "*the Benefits* " *The fable of the bees* (1714, augmented in 1723, further augmented by a "second part" in 1728), a potpourri of notes and essays which Mandeville wrote by way of elaborating the "moral" of this poem, had as subtitle the paradoxical catchphrase "private vices, public benefits " See p 1134.

THOMAS TICKELL

335. TO THE EARL OF WARWICK ON THE DEATH OF MR ADDISON

This poem records a personal feeling amply motivated by the author's association with the subject of it Addison had been the friendly monitor of Tickell's literary career (of which the present piece is the principal ornament), and when Addison became secre-

tary of state (1717-19), he made Tickell his under-secretary. Tickell produced the edition of Addison's works in which this poem appeared.

336, 74 *Cato* was the title of Addison's tragedy, produced in 1713.

337, 102 See p 503, and head note.

COLIN AND LUCY

Footnote This poem was in print before 1729. The original edition was apparently a Dublin broadside of 1725.

GEORGE BERKELEY

340. VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA

This poem was first printed in 1752. It was, however, written much earlier. Its content is apocryphal of Berkeley's *Proposal for the better supplying of churches in our foreign plantations, and for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in Bermuda* (1725). A. A. Luce, in *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, XLII (1934), Section C, p. 116, quotes a letter of Feb. 10, 1726 (Deering to Lord Percival), which gives evidence that Berkeley had recently completed the poem at that date, though in Berkeley's own letter of the same date to Percival, the poem is attributed to "a friend."

5-12 See note to p. 749.

JOHN GAY

341. ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS TO BERNARD LINTOTT

Lintot issued in 1712 the miscellany in which this poem appeared. As leading rival to the great Jacob Tonson (see l. 12, and note), he hoped to break Tonson's monopoly of fame as a miscellany-publisher.

12 "*Jacob's mighty name*" Jacob Tonson the elder, sometimes called the first of the modern line of publishers, had a long and brilliant career. A man of learning as well as a publisher, he was noted for his judgment in choice of authors. Not the least of his exploits was his *Miscellany*, issued *seriatim* between 1684 and 1709 (date of the last part, first edition), which caused Wycherley to dub him the "gentleman-usher to the Muses."

343, 92 "*Pirate Hill*" Henry Hills, Jr., was a notorious pirate of poems and sermons. In 1709 and 1710 he had issued numerous pirated editions, done cheaply and without any distinction of workmanship.

94 John Morphew was one of the principal publishers and

booksellers of this period Popular novels, political pamphlets, and other ephemerae were his main productions

343 A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT

Cf p 291, "Ode"

344. THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK THURSDAY, OR, THE SPELL

This set of pastorals was begun as a parody on those of Ambrose Philips, but Gay did not overemphasize this original aim, and seems in fact to have lost track of it at times The most obvious satirical touches are the names of the characters

352 TRIVIA BOOK I

5 Trivia was a name applied to Diana as worshiped where three roads met It meant also, however, simply "public streets," being the plural of *trivium*, "a place where three ways meet"

354, 72 "*White's*" A chocolate house, famous as a gambling place Swift called it "the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies"

356, 164 "tilts" Small pleasure boats on the Thames, with awnings that could be spread over hoops These awnings were often more decorative than protective

195 "hat unloop'd" Men of this day usually cocked or looped their hatbrims up at some point, with a fastening which could be loosened in case it was desired to let the brim down

360 BOOK II

98 "the post" In most London streets the edge of the pavement was marked by a line of posts

363, 237 "*Samian*" Pythagoras, who was born at Samos The doctrine of transmigration of souls, here referred to, is supposed to have been taught by him

364, 254 "*Cornavian*" Cheshire The *Connoisseur* for June 13, 1754, remarked about the district producing this famous delicacy "I had rather live all my days among the cheese-mongers' shops in Thames Street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country"

288 "the thimble's cheats" Gay's note "A cheat, commonly practis'd in the Streets, with three Thimbles and a little Ball"—the equivalent of the modern shell game

365, 337 The New Exchange was a bazaar where milliners, seamstresses, and other women merchants did business

366, 344-45 St Paul's Church in Covent-Garden was supposedly designed by Inigo Jones, the famous architect of the early seventeenth century It was regarded as a fine example of classic simplicity

368, 475 William Fortescue (1687-1749), a friend of Gay from school days, was a capable lawyer, destined one day to become Master of the Rolls In the year before this poem was published, he was called by the Inner Temple

483 Arundel House, in the day of Thomas Howard, second Earl of Arundel (1586-1646), contained a fine collection of paint-

ings and other works of art, as well as a library. At the Restoration the contents of the house were variously distributed and the house itself was torn down.

370, 562. See note to p. 391, l. 270.

378. FABLE XVIII.

The theory of painting with which Gay here waxes facetious was one widely accepted in the eighteenth century. An exact copying of the particulars of the subject (see ll. 15-22 of the poem) was considered inartistic, because beauty did not lie in the individuality of any object but rose from a process of modifying individual forms toward a general and ideal conception of human character (see ll. 27-32). For an elaboration of this doctrine, see Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses on art* (1769-92).

381. THE BLOGGAR'S OPERA AIR I

7. This line is undoubtedly an allusion to Walpole. The opera makes extensive use of the theme that statesmen are thieves and rogues on a higher plane—though the satire appears in the general trend of the plot more than in specific lines. Gay was a member of the Opposition (see note to p. 272, ll. 187-94), and the idea that Walpole was a dishonest statesman was prominent in Opposition propaganda. In the opera, this air is sung by Peachum, a gang-leader who makes money on the side by betraying his followers to the law.

ALEXANDER POPE

386 AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

The conception of the rôle of the critic and of criticism which Pope sets forth here is best understood when it is placed in the context of other conceptions to be found in the European tradition before the eighteenth century. In the dialogues of Plato the critic is identified at different points in the dialectic (1) with the inspired interpreter of inspired poets, the rhapsodist who, lacking a mastery of any art for the illustration of Homer, praises his author by being possessed by him (cf. *Ion*), (2) with the philosopher-ruler who, having attained knowledge of justice and the good, banishes the poet from the ideal state as a mere imitator (cf. *Republic*, Book X), and (3) with the censor of the possible state described in the *Laws*, whose business is to regulate the activities of ignorant poets by inquiring as to the correctness and utility of their imitations. According to Aristotle, the critic is a man disciplined in the practical science of poetics—a science concerned with differentiating the possible kinds of poetical works and with investigating the conditions of excellence in each, in his examination of particular works he seeks the justification of anything in a given poem in terms of something else in the same poem. For Longinus the critic is essentially a man of taste who assesses the greatness

or "sublimity" of particular works or passages by means of touchstones supplied by the masterpieces of the past. For Horace, finally, the critic is again a man of taste, but one whose function is to be the spokesman of the best audience of his time and as such to instruct the poet in the conditions he must fulfill, or the "rules" he must obey, if he wishes to please this audience and attain lasting fame. In spite of Pope's respect for Aristotle (see, e.g., p. 388, ll. 138) and his admiration for Longinus (see p. 400, ll. 675-80), it is clear that on the whole his conception of the critic's function is Horatian, and the main content of the *Essay on criticism* consists of precepts addressed to the critic concerning what knowledge he must have, and what faults, both of taste and morals, he must avoid if he desires at once to serve the good poets of his time and to protect polite society against the influence of the bad.

12 Cf. Addison, *Spectator*, No. 409: "It is very difficult to lay down Rules for the Acquirement of such a Taste as that I am here speaking of [i.e., an acute discrimination of degrees and kinds of excellence]. The Faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other Qualities in Perfection are wholly void of this."

387, 68 ff. The word "nature" was much used in the eighteenth century, and had a bewildering variety of meanings. Pope's use of it in this passage illustrates one of its most important significations. In Professor Lovejoy's analysis (*MLN*, XLII, 444-50) this meaning appears as definition No. 17: "The universal and immutable in thought, feeling, and taste: what has always been known, what everyone can immediately understand and enjoy." The critic who "follows Nature," therefore, is one who knows what all people, or at least what all of the best people, usually think or feel and who is consequently able, in his judgments, to discriminate between what is and what is not sure to please a polite audience because of its conformity with universal sentiment. See p. 392, ll. 297-98, and note.

88-89 A very common formula among critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who, like Pope, conceived of criticism in a Horatian sense. The meaning is simply that the precepts contained in the works of ancient critics like Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Quintilian, could be safely taken as guides by modern poets and critics since they were descriptions of the practice of poets who had given pleasure to many readers through a long period of time and since "Nature" (in the sense defined in the last note) is always the same. It is of course not true that the so-called "rules" in Aristotle's *Poetics* are merely "just precepts thus from great examples giv'n"; they are propositions in an analysis of poetry which, though formulated on the basis of an inductive study of Greek tragedies and epics, has more than a merely descriptive validity. By Pope's time, however, the *Poetics* had been thoroughly assimilated to the essentially rhetorical approach

of Horace, Longinus, and Quintilian, and his principles had come to be looked upon as having the same character and status as the precepts for pleasing refined audiences of the later critics

388, 93. On this conception of "rules" as a code of literary etiquette prescribing what may and may not be safely said in a poem designed to please, cf Longinus, *On the sublime*, chap 11 "In all production Nature is the prime cause, the great exemplar, but as to all questions of degree, of the happy moment in each case, and again of the safest rules of practice and use, such prescriptions are the proper contribution of an art or system . . . For genius needs the curb as often as the spur"

112-13 Textual critics Cf Pope's sneers at Bentley and Theobald in the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot* See p 497, ll 157-72

114 "Invention" here means the faculty of discovering appropriate and interesting ideas on a subject It implies a certain measure of originality In the beginning a term in rhetoric, it had come to be applied to poetry and the arts in general, and meant that power of discovering new relations of ideas without which no great art (and, as Pope has it here, no great criticism either) is possible Cf also the discussion of "wit" and "fancy" in the note to p 2

115 Cf Pope's amusing essay, "A receipt to make an epick poem," in the *Guardian*, No 78, June 10, 1713

129-30 "Mantuan Muse," "Maio" Names for Virgil

138 "the Stagirite" Aristotle

389, 140 That is, to observe the rules of the ancient critics is the safest way to "copy Nature" For an analysis of the variant meanings of this latter formula in the ancient critics, see *Modern philology*, XXXIV (1936), 1-35

390, 208 ff Cf Longinus, *On the sublime*, chap xxxiii "I am well aware that lofty genius is far removed from flawlessness, for invariable accuracy incurs the risk of pettiness, and in the sublime, as in great fortunes, there must be something which is overlooked It may be necessarily the case that low and average natures remain as a rule free from failing and in greater safety because they never run a risk or seek to scale the heights"

391, 267 "La Mancha's Knight" Don Quixote The incident is from the spurious *Second part of Don Quixote*, by Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda (pseud), Book III, chap x

270 John Dennis (1657-1734), the famous critic and ambitious but unsuccessful dramatist, undoubtedly had ways of talking, as of writing, which were open to ridicule This fact scarcely prevented him from taking offense at Pope's references to him in this line and in a passage later in the poem (p 398, ll 585-87) The result was one of the long-drawn literary quarrels that mark Pope's career See note to p 498, ll 193-214

392, 297-98 Cf Boileau's declaration, in the preface to the 1701 edition of his works, that the poet achieves greatness by expressing

justly the thoughts already possessed, though inarticulately, by a majority of his readers. Such a definition of "True Wit" was a reflection at once of the "classical" revulsion against the "metaphysical wit" of the earlier seventeenth century (see note to p. 2) and of the prominence among the critics of this period of the type of rhetorical approach to works of art of which Horace had been the chief representative in antiquity and of which the dominant tendency was a subjection of the poet to the taste and "thought" of the audience (see note to p. 386).

328 "Fungoso" A character in Ben Jonson's *Every man out of his humour*, who aspired to be in fashion, yet was always out of it.

393, 365 ff. The tradition of poetical criticism which Pope follows in this passage went back at least to the rhetoricians of the Alexandrian period. The best-known ancient model was contained in the treatise *On the arrangement of words* by Dionysius of Halicarnassus (fl. late 1st century B.C.). Cf. J. W. H. Atkins, *Literary criticism in antiquity* (Cambridge, 1934), II, 118, and note to p. 399, l. 665. Pope was doubtless familiar with the passage in Vida's *Art of poetry* (see note to l. 704, below) in which that critic applied to Virgil's *Aeneid* the principle that the sound should be an echo to the sense. Cf. Samuel Johnson's trenchant criticism of the method in the *Rambler*, Nos. 92, 94 (1751).

372 Camilla was the virgin queen of the Volscians. See the *Aeneid*, trans. Dryden, Book VII, ll. 1094 ff.

"Last, from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame . . .

Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain,
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung."
(Text of the Cambridge edition)

394, 382-83. See p. 144, l. 20.

395, 463-65. Sir Richard Blackmore's *Satyr against wit* (1700) belittled the genius of Dryden among others. According to Blackmore, if Dryden's wit were to be put into a fire, a great stench would arise. Luke Milbourne attacked Dryden in his *Notes on Dryden's Virgil* (1698). Zoilus was the ancient critic whose strictures upon Homer have made his name a synonym for critical stupidity.

398, 585-87. The characteristics of John Dennis (see note to p. 391, l. 270) as a conversationalist are fairly well represented here, if tradition is not at fault. Dennis is called Appius from his tragedy *Appius and Virginia*, which had failed in 1709.

399, 648 "Mæonian Star." Homer, who was supposedly born in Mæonia, or Lydia.

665. Dionysius of Halicarnassus was a Greek rhetorician and historian who lived in Rome during the Augustan period. Among his important works are treatises *On ancient orators* and *On the arrangement of words*, in the second of which he made numerous analytical remarks about the style of Homer.

667 The *Satyricon*, a rambling novel by Petronius Arbiter (d. 66 A.D.), contains passages in which, in dialogue form, comments are made on the enfeebling of the arts by false standards, artistic and ethical, and criticism of both the past and the present thereby dispensed.

400, 669 The principal work of Quintilian (first century A.D.) was the *Institutes of oratory*, a comprehensive treatise on the training of men for the career of an orator. Though primarily concerned with the means of attaining eloquence, it touched, by implication if not otherwise, on many of the fundamentals of literary art in general.

675 The name "Longinus" remains a convenient designation of an unidentified writer (apparently of the first century A.D.) who composed a treatise *On the sublime*, one of the classics of literary criticism.

697 Giovanni de' Medici, or Pope Leo X (1475-1521), was a great patron of learning and the arts—befriending, among others, the poet Vida (see l. 704).

704 Marco Girolamo Vida (c. 1489-1566) was a scholar, poet, and ecclesiastic, who wrote, among other things, two Latin poems, the *Christiad* and an *Art of poetry*. The second of these puts him in the tradition of "arts of poetry" which stems from Horace and includes the *Essay on criticism*.

714 Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux (1636-1711) was the chief arbiter of French neo-classic taste. His *L'art poétique* (1674) won him the nickname of *Législateur du Parnasse*. It was, of course, suggestive of Horace's *Ars poetica*, hence Pope's line.

401, 723 "the Muse" John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, who wrote a verse *Essay on poetry* (1682). Line 724 is from that poem.

725 Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1633?-85), was a poet, translator, and critic who, according to Samuel Johnson (in his life of Roscommon), "improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge." He is now remembered principally for his poetical *Essay on translated verse* (1684).

729 William Walsh (1663-1708) was said by Dryden, in the "Postscript to the Aeneis," to be "the best critic of our nation." His few writings do not incontrovertibly support this judgment, yet Pope, at least, must have found his opinions valuable, in the two or three years before Walsh's death in which they were acquainted. It is possible that the *Essay on criticism* owes much to Walsh's teaching. See George Sherburn, *The early life of Alexander Pope* (Oxford, 1934), pp. 54-59.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

The occasion of this poem was a small episode in a country community the snipping off of a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair by Lord Petre Pope's friend Caryll, a relative of Lord Petre, thought that the animosity resulting from the lord's action might be dispelled in laughter if Pope could show in poetry how inconsequential the whole matter was Pope acted on the suggestion, but it appears that the desired end was not attained as far as Miss Fermor was concerned, and Pope did more for the world in general than for the neighborhood There are two versions of the poem The first, in two cantos, appeared in 1712 Two years later Pope revised the poem extensively, adding the machinery of the sylphs This addition has been universally agreed to be a great improvement to the piece, though Joseph Addison disapproved and thought the first version good enough to be let alone Later, at least, Pope seems to have taken this opinion of Addison's as a sign of the latter's jealousy See note to p 498, ll 193-214

418. CANTO V

137 Pope's note "John Partridge was a ridiculous stargazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the English" In 1707-09 Swift had his fun with Partridge by issuing an almanac of his own, in which he predicted the death of Partridge himself, and later publishing demonstrations that Partridge had really died, for all that person's denials of the fact

425 WINDSOR-FOREST

298 "Mira" Cf pp 292-93.

429. PROLOGUE TO CATO

42 "*Italian song*" The popularity of Italian opera in England at this time was a source of annoyance to more than one person of taste, both because it was a faddish importation and because it contained ridiculous features Addison himself made several remarks upon opera, some serious and some facetious See the *Spectator*, Nos 5, 13, 18, 29, 314

432. A FAREWELL TO LONDON

The Elwin-Courthope edition of Pope's *Works*, IV, 481-83, supplies the following names l 5, Brocas, a minor poet, and Craggs (see p 503), l 7, Viscount Hinchinbroke, a young nobleman with whom Pope had done some merrymaking, ll 31-32, Mrs Younger and Mrs Bicknell, two actresses who were friends of Pope

433, 24 Pope started work on his translation of the *Iliad* in 1714, and that task remained one of his chief occupations (and one which he seems to have found very irksome) until its completion in 1720

439 VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

This poem was thought, upon no apparent ground, to have been based on fact, and the lady to have been a lost love of Pope's

Successive editors and commentators upon Pope kept the fiction alive for several decades after his death.

441. ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The version of the letters upon which Pope drew for numerous phrases was not the original, in Latin, but a translation made by John Hughes in 1714 from a romanticized French version which had appeared anonymously at Amsterdam and the Hague in 1693. Most of the ideas which Pope borrowed from the Hughes translation are not to be found in the original Latin.

449 EPISTLE TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

The title of this poem is misleading. The name of Martha Blount was a later addition on Pope's part, the verses had originally been addressed simply to a "young lady," who was evidently Teresa Blount, Martha's sister. "Zephalinda" (l. 7) was a pseudonym used by Teresa, "Parthenissa" (l. 46), a name applied to Martha. See Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, III, 223-27, and George Sherburn, *The early life of Alexander Pope* (Oxford, 1934), p. 201. Martha and Teresa Blount and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were probably the women who figured most largely in Pope's life. Of the three, Martha remained the longest in Pope's affections, and he willed most of his property to her. Lady Mary eventually became an object of his satire (see p. 501, l. 369).

450 TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was one of Pope's best friends, and a member, with Parnell (see l. 1), Pope, Swift, and others, of the Scriblerus Club, the activities of which terminated in 1714 with the death of Queen Anne and the change in the political situation. He was confined in the Tower from 1715 to 1717, and though eventually acquitted of the charges against him, ceased thereafter to be influential in political affairs.

451 TO MRS M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY

Cf p. 449

452 THE DUNCIAD BOOK I

The 1728 text of this poem, as also that of 1729 here reproduced, shows Pope's original conception of the subject, in which the hero is Lewis Theobald ("Tibbald"), the lawyer and scholar, and lesser rôles are given to a great number of Pope's enemies as well as to many "dunces" of other days. Theobald's offense had been to publish a volume entitled *Shakespeare restored* (1726), which contained a number of strictures on Pope's own edition of the works of Shakespeare. Some of the strictures were justified, but Pope felt himself much abused, and that too by a mere dull, grubbing pedant (cf. "pidling Tibalds," p. 497, l. 164). In 1742 Pope published *The new dunciad*, which in the following year was transformed into the fourth book of a new and much changed version of *The dunciad* itself. Before this 1743 version appeared, Pope had had a falling-out with Colley Cibber (1671-1757), the famous

actor-manager-dramatist-laureate, and had determined to "elevate" him to the position of hero, reducing Theobald's rôle to a minor one. The numerous alterations necessary to effect the change of hero and the incorporation of the new fourth book into the design make the "Cibber" *Dunciad* something different from a mere final improved handling of the original idea. The 1729 *Dunciad* remains a highly polished piece, worth much on its own account.

Of the "dunces" that people this poem, some may have deserved the title in its most drastic sense, that of a mere dullard, whose mind shows little activity of any sort. But to Pope the term had also the meaning of a person who simply misapplies his mind, uses it upon unworthy subjects or in some illogical, perverse, nonsensical fashion. Theobald was (if we take Pope's judgment) a dunce of the latter sort. He did not lack mental capacity, but he insisted upon doing things which lay outside his proper talents (see l. 190).

2 "Smithfield Muses." Pope's note: "Smithfield [in the northern part of London] is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I and II."

6 Cf. p. 143, l. 48, and note. Pope doubtless felt himself in a position similar to Dryden's, as one maligned by dunces and forced to witness their triumphs.

453, 22. See note to p. 274, ll. 291-93.

38 Edmund Curll was a publisher notorious for his low ethics, a specialist in scandal and pornography. He was also expert at pirating, and drew upon Pope's works among others. Pope and Curll had become permanent enemies by the time the *Dunciad* was composed. Pope's falling-out with Lintot (see p. 341, and head note) was over matters connected with the publication of Pope's *Odyssey* (1725-26). Pope explained the phrase "rubric post" (misprinted in the text "rubric's post") by saying that Lintot "usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters."

55 "genial Jacob." Jacob Tonson. See note to p. 341, l. 12. "Third-day" refers to the custom of devoting the proceeds of the third performance of a play to the benefit of the author.

454, 83. Sir George Thorold became Lord Mayor of London in 1719, with much ceremony. Just why Pope chose this occasion as the framework of his satire, is not apparent.

88 "Settle." See note to p. 101. Settle was city poet of London in 1719, and as such commemorated the induction of Thorold in verse.

96 The note in the 1729 version refers to John Heywood, poet

and dramatist of the time of Henry VIII, who is best known as the "father of English comedy" His non-dramatic works by which he is supposed to have set some store, have since been rated below his comic interludes

101 Pope links William Prynne and Defoe together as typical political writers Prynne (1600-69) was a writer for the Puritan cause, Defoe a pamphleteer for different factions

102 Lawrence Eusden was poet laureate at the time the poem was written Sir Richard Blackmore (1655-1729) the author of several epics and of *The creation*, a philosophical poem (1712), was to Pope a representative bad poet. In 1728 Pope published a burlesque treatise entitled *Peri bathous, or, the art of sinking in poetry*, in which he quoted copiously from Blackmore

103 "Philips" See note to p 497, l 179 Nahum Tate, minor poet, contemporary and friend of Dryden, was described by Pope as "a cold writer, of no invention"

104 See note to p 498, ll 193-214

455, 112 "Sinking" See note to l 102 above

121-22 John Ogilby (1600-76) and the Duchess of Newcastle (1624-74) were type-instances of voluminous authors more noted for quantity than for quality So also were De Lyra and Philemon Holland (1552-1637), mentioned in ll 133-34

126 George Withers, or Wither (1588-1667), and Francis Quarles (1592-1644) were poets and pamphleteers of the earlier seventeenth century Wither, at least, was on occasion a better poet than Pope implies, yet both he and Quarles suffered from having subjects and styles which the neo-classic taste abhorred Richard Blome (d 1705), a compiler and publisher of the latter part of that century, was an expert at getting persons, sometimes for reasons of necessity, to write upon various subjects for him He issued numerous volumes on geography, heraldry, and other learned subjects

129 William Caxton is known as the first English printer Wynkyn de Worde was his immediate successor

142 "a little Ajax" Theobald's own translation (1714)

148 The balls used in lawn bowling are not perfectly spherical, but have two somewhat flattened sides opposite each other This shape enables the bowler to give the ball a curved path, a trick which, when mastered, results in increased accuracy

456, 161-68 See note to p 452

164 Theobald contributed notes on Shakespeare to *Mist's weekly journal* for some time after he had published his *Shakespeare restored* in 1726

194 *Mist* was the publisher of a famous Tory periodical called *Mist's weekly journal* (1716-37)

200 Edward Ward (1667-1731) was a voluminous minor poet and writer of dialogues, sketches of London life, etc Pope said

of his works that a great number "were yearly sold into the Plantations," i.e., the colonies

457, 214 "Thulè" Pope's note "an unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb Philips, a northern author [see note to p 497, l 179] It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it"

240 Colley Cibber (see note to p 452) was the author of several plays and the reviser of several more His revamping of Shakespeare's *Richard III* was one of his most notable exploits Charles Johnson (fl 1724-34) was a dramatist of some ingenuity but an abject plagiarist given to understating, or forgetting acknowledgment of, his borrowings John Ozell (d 1743) was a prolific translator One of his ventures had been a version of Homer which some persons declared superior to Pope's—a judgment which of course Pope resented

244 John James Heidegger, a Swiss, succeeded in London as an opera producer, became manager of the Haymarket Opera House, and Master of the Revels under George II He was remarkably ugly, and once won a bet with Lord Chesterfield that the latter could not, within a given number of days, find an uglier person in London

247-48 Settle died in 1724 See note to p 454, l 88

458, 250 Charles Gildon (d. 1724) had been a poet, dramatist, and critic of no great merit He had coined for Pope the name "Sawney Dapper," and had otherwise abused Pope's reputation John Banks had been active during the latter half of the seventeenth century as a writer of bad blank-verse tragedies His only recommendation was a certain ability at melodramatic pathos, which prolonged the life of a few of his plays Sir Robert Howard (1626-98) had been a friend of Dryden and had collaborated with him on the heroic drama *The Indian queen*

260 Pope's note "See Ogilby's Aesop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistic is to be found"

459 EPIGRAM II

"D——s" John Dennis See p 398, l 585, and note

EPIGRAM ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-KAT CLUB

The Kit-Kat Club was a select group of Whig wits and politicians, which originated about 1699 Its name was derived from Christopher Cat, keeper of a pie-house in which the club at first met (see l 3) The membership included Robert Walpole, Congreve, Steele, Addison, Vanbrugh, the secretary was Jacob Tonson (see note to p 341, l 12) In 1716 there appeared, in the fourth edition of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, Fifth Part, a set of "Verses written for the toasting-glasses of the Kit-Kat Club, in the year 1703"—which evidently constitutes the "pell-mell pack of toasts" mentioned in l 7 See Robert J Allen, in *Review of English studies*, VII (1931), 57

460 AN ESSAY ON MAN

When Pope began to plan and write this poem is not altogether clear, but he seems to have been actively engaged in its composition from at least the year 1730. Pope was at this time closely associated with Bolingbroke, who had become deeply interested in philosophical questions during his exile in France after 1714. It has often been supposed that in writing the *Essay* Pope did little more than put into verse ideas supplied to him by his friend, partly through conversations, partly through written memoranda drawn up at the poet's request. It is in every way probable that the *Essay* owes much to the immediate suggestion of the man whom Pope called (IV, 390) his "guide, philosopher, and friend," although the parallels which have been pointed out between lines of the poem and passages in Bolingbroke's posthumously published *Fragments* occasionally suggest that the philosopher may likewise have been indebted, at least for images and turns of expression, to the poet. The problem, however, is of minor importance since there are very few ideas expressed in the *Essay on man* which are not to be found widely diffused in the reflective literature of Europe throughout the whole period of the Enlightenment. Of most of them, indeed, Pope could hardly have been ignorant even if he had never known Bolingbroke.

The *Essay on man* has been characterized as "an undisguised panegyric of Reason." In one sense nothing could be farther from the truth. If by "Reason" is meant man's capacity for knowledge, his ability to construct metaphysical or physical systems, as these powers had been conceived in certain ages of the past, the whole tendency of Pope's argument is to destroy any such rationalistic pride in the human intellect. In passage after passage he insists upon man's speculative limitations, and he concludes with a pronouncement the effect of which is to confine the intellectual curiosity of mankind to questions of the most immediately useful and practical sort—"And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW" (See, e.g., I, 17-32, 35-36, 61-66, 101-02, 123, II, 1-2, 19-52, IV, 19-34, 259-62, 398.) Again, if "Reason" is taken in the sense of man's practical intellect—his intellectual powers as ordered to action—the same trait is manifest: the doctrine which Pope expounds in Epistle II is not only hostile to the exalted claims of the Stoics (see II, 101-22) but, in one passage at least (II, 133-74), approximates very closely the type of extreme anti-rationalism preached by Mandeville in the early eighteenth century (see the introduction to F. B. Kaye's edition of *The fable of the bees*, Oxford, 1924). Finally, the primitivistic philosophy of history adumbrated in Epistle III has as one of its elements the idealization of a state of nature in which "pride" was not, "nor Arts, that Pride to aid" (III, 151), and as another the notion that the peculiar rôle of reformers of civilization lies not in the discovery

of new truths but in the recovery of the simple "Faith and Moral" taught by Nature to the first of men (III, 283-87)

In another sense of the word "Reason," however, the statement quoted expresses an important truth about the *Essay*. Pope's announced purpose in the poem is to "vindicate the ways of God to Man," and his vindication consists in his saying over and over again that "Whatever is, is right," that is to say, that things as they are, the physical world with all its occasions of evil for man, man's nature with all its intellectual and moral limitations, constitute a universe which obeys rational necessities in all its parts. Man, Pope believes, can be urged to forego his "pride" and to "submit" because the world in which he lives has nothing arbitrary about it but is built according to principles which, when properly understood, must fully commend themselves to his reason. These principles are three in number. The first is the principle of plenitude—that God, being good, must manifest his goodness by the creation of a universe which is "full" (see I, 45) in the sense that every possible form or idea is actualized in it, subject of course to the law of contradiction. The second is the principle of continuity—that in such a universe there can be no gaps, but rather, as a late medieval writer expressed it, "such an order among species that the highest species of one genus coincides with the lowest of the next higher genus, in order that the universe may be one, perfect, continuous." The third is the principle of gradation—that a full and coherent universe must necessarily be one characterized by a hierarchy or "chain" of unequal created beings and objects, ranging from the highest conceivable, short of God, to the lowest conceivable, short of nothing (see, e.g., I, 233-41). The conception of the general pattern of the universe involved in these three closely related principles was by no means a new one in the eighteenth century. Developed in antiquity by the Neo-Platonists out of doctrines expressed by Plato (particularly in the *Timaeus*) and by Aristotle, it had had a continuous life in the philosophical and theological literature of western Europe through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the seventeenth century, until in the eighteenth century it attained almost (though not quite) universal diffusion and acceptance. Its history has recently been told in detail by A. O. Lovejoy in *The Great Chain of Being, a study of the history of an idea* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1936), the student who wishes to understand this central aspect of Pope's poem, by virtue of which it can legitimately be described as a "panegyric of Reason," is urged to read Professor Lovejoy's volume.

469. EPISTLE II

131 Cf. p. 492, l. 174

475. EPISTLE III

148 See note to p. 749

485. EPISTLE IV.

278 "Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy" The former is Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, a man of some prominence in political affairs and a patron of literary men (Pope later referred to him as Bubo—see, e.g., p 500, l 280, p 512, l 12) The latter is Sir William Yonge He was thus described by Lord Hervey (the "Sporus" of the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*—see p 500) [Sir W Yonge] "had a great command of what is called parliamentary language and a talent of talking eloquently without a meaning and expatiating agreeably upon nothing beyond any man, I believe, that ever had the gift of speech" (*Memoirs*, ed Sedgwick [London, 1931], p 36) Pope was fond of linking the personalities of Dodington and Yonge together (see p 500, l 280, p 512, ll 12-13, p 514, l 68), perhaps because they were both inveterate place-seekers

488 MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE I TO LORD COBHAM

Cobham was an army officer, a politician, and a patron of letters, Pope being one of those literary men whom he had befriended Cobham laid out the famous gardens at Stowe (see p 615, l 1053)

489, 54 See note to p. 500, l 299

57 Manly was the name of the hero of Wycherley's comedy *The plain dealer* The name was commonly used also to refer to Wycherley himself See p 142, l 30

59 "Umbra" Possibly Bubb Dodington Cf p 485, l 278, and note

61 Queen Caroline seems to have been the object of some amusement for being more anxious to please people than her regal dignity required

62 This is apparently an allusion to Swift

490, 86 Newmarket was a famous horse-racing town

87 The French moralists, Michel de Montaigne (1533-92) and his disciple Pierre Charron (1541-1603), were for Pope and many of his contemporaries models of penetration into human motives The former was the author of a collection of *Essays* which had been twice translated into English The latter composed treatises *On the three verities* and *On wisdom*

108 Charles V of Spain (1500-58), after an unsuccessful conflict with religious factions in his realm, abdicated in 1556 and spent the few remaining years of his life in a small house attached to a monastery. Philip II of Spain (1527-98), son of Charles, is said to have been a grave, abstemious, and studious man, much given to reading and annotating The abdication of his father, however, made him king at a time when war was essential to the preservation of the Spanish empire, and his reign was marked by continual conflict

492, 187 Wharton, that is, feels he must rival not only Cicero but also the Earl of Rochester, the latter being perhaps the most notorious rake of the Restoration Philip, Duke of Wharton

(1698-1731), was prominent in politics in the reign of George I. His political connections varied from support of Walpole's government to espousal of the cause of the Pretender.

493, 231. Pope's note "An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing."

494. EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT

Dr John Arbuthnot (1667-1735) and Pope had become fast friends many years before, and their association in the Scriblerus Club had made them well acquainted with each other's tastes in satire.

1 "good John" John Seail, Pope's servant.

495, 53 "Curl." Cf. p. 453, l. 38, and note. Curll's productions were multifarious, and he gave employment (for small remuneration) to many poverty-stricken writers.

62 Pope's "interest" with Lintot was at one time very considerable, the latter having published Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

496, 97-98 Colley Cibber, the actor-manager and buffoon, "Orator" Henley, the charlatan preacher, and James Moore Smyth (cf. p. 678, ll. 31-32), the poet and witling, had been satirized in the *Dunciad*. Later (1743) Cibber was to be elevated to the rôle of hero in that poem.

100 "Philips." See p. 497, ll. 179-82, and note.

101 "Sappho." See p. 501, l. 369, and note.

135-41 In his younger days Pope met numerous men of importance, among whom the ones he names in this passage were possibly the most influential in furthering his career. George Granville, Baron Lansdowne (1667-1735), a prominent politician, doubtless increased Pope's acquaintance with affairs, William Walsh (1663-1708), poet and critic, much admired in the latter capacity by his friends, seems to have exercised a strong formative influence on Pope's notions of poetry, Sir Samuel Garth (1661-1719), physician, famous as author of *The Dispensary* (see p. 294), possessed a good-natured but pungent wit which seems to have been a source of attraction for Pope, Congreve approved of some of Pope's earlier pieces, and Swift long continued to be Pope's friendly though frank adviser, though he had but slight acquaintance with Bishop Talbot (1659?-1730) and Lord Somers (1651-1716), men in public life, he had a long friendship with John Sheffield, the Duke of Buckinghamshire (1648-1721), and he came to know the Bishop of Rochester (Francis Atterbury, 1662-1732) and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), in the Scriblerus Club—forming, indeed, with the latter one of his strongest friendships (see note to p. 460, *Essay on man*).

497, 146 Thomas Burnet (1694-1753) and John Oldmixon (1673-1742) had been political place-seekers in the Whig faction.

and literary hacks of no distinction Burnet had been a favorite of Addison and one of those, apparently, whom the latter had taught to sneer (see p 498, l 202) Thomas ("Hesiod") Cooke (1703-56), another scribbler, had written *The battle of the poets* (1725), which represented Pope as having used shady methods with his collaborators in the translation of the *Odyssey*

149 "gentle *Fanny*" Lord Hervey, referred to later (ll 305-33) as *Sporus*

150 The "painted mistress" is evidently Belinda, in *The rape of the lock* (see p 404, ll 121-48), the "purling stream" is a reference to the Lodona episode in *Windsor Forest* (see pp 422-23) Dennis had attacked both these poems (see l 153)

151 See note to p 458, l 250 Pope suspected Gildon of having been hired by the Whigs, or possibly by Addison (see p 498, ll 193-214, and note), to write attacks on him One attack in particular, a *True character of Mr Pope* (1716), issued anonymously, was attributed by Pope to Gildon and John Dennis (see the 1729 *Dunciad*, introduction to the "Testimonies of authois") As Mr A E Case has pointed out, in "Pope, Addison, and the 'Atticus' lines," *Modern philology*, XXXIII (1935-36), 187-93, common gossip plus a malicious hint from Addison's young stepson, the Earl of Warwick, would have been convincing enough to Pope This hypothesis explains further why Gildon and Dennis are juxtaposed in the present passage

153 "*Dennis*" See note to p 498, ll 193-214

156 "the *Mint*" A district in Southwark, London, which for many years was a sanctuary for debtors, by common consent The privilege of immunity was abolished during the reign of George I

164 Richard Bentley (1662-1742) was Master of Trinity College at Cambridge, and one of the greatest classical scholars of his day, as well as one of the severest critics of the scholarly shortcomings of others According to tradition, he had once said of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, "It is a pretty poem, but it is not Homer"

"pidling *Tibalds*" See note to p 452

179 The "Bard" is Ambrose Philips (1675?-1749) Pope seems to have been jealous of the success of Philips's *Pastorals*, which many readers preferred to his own He wrote anonymously for the *Guardian* (No 40) an essay in which he praised Philips's pastorals with such obvious irony that Philips became violently angry Pope also encouraged Gay to write *The shepherd's week* in ridicule of Philips's pastorals, but Gay as satirist turned out to be anything but severe

180 In 1714 Philips had brought out a collection of *Persian Tales* in two volumes See *Times literary supplement*, November 16, 1935, p 752, December 14, 1935, p 864

498, 193-214 The "Atticus" of this portrait is Joseph Addison

The quarrel between Pope and Addison is more difficult to explain than some of Pope's other quarrels. It was not an open quarrel like the one with Dennis, consequently the motives are not clear. Professor George Sherburn has given a very penetrating account of the subject in *The early career of Alexander Pope* (Oxford, 1934), see esp. chap. v.

In the beginning, Pope and Addison were friends, though not intimate ones. When, in 1713, John Dennis published a derogatory criticism of Addison's *Cato* (*Remarks upon the tragedy of Cato*), Pope responded with a pamphlet entitled *The narrative of Dr Robert Norris, concerning the strange and deplorable frenzy of Mr John Dennis*. In Professor Sherburn's words, Dennis "was never called a fool more artistically than on this occasion" (p. 110). Addison, however, expressed disapproval of the vigor of the attack, indeed virtually disavowed responsibility for it, through a letter written by Steele to Lintot, who had published the pamphlet. If Pope knew of this letter (as is likely from his acquaintance with Steele), he had perhaps a right to think he had been let down. This may have been the beginning of Pope's dislike of Addison.

At any rate, the two gradually drifted apart. One cause beyond the above-mentioned incident may have been Pope's feeling that the group headed by Addison (the "little Senate" mentioned in l. 209) preferred the pastorals of Ambrose Philips to his own (see note to p. 497, l. 179). Another was that Addison seemed interested in Tickell's proposed translation of the *Iliad*, which was a potential competitor of Pope's. Besides, Pope became a member of the Scriblerus Club (with Arbuthnot, Swift, Gay, and others), the political tone of which did not fit with Addison's Whiggism.

Eventually an "overt act" was committed against Pope—not by Addison himself but by Burnet and Duckett, two members of the "little Senate," with Addison's advice (see Sherburn, pp. 133 ff.). The title was *Homerides or, a letter to Mr Pope occasion'd by his intended translation of Homer* (1715). About the same time appeared the *True character of Mr Pope* (see note to p. 497, l. 151), which Pope probably thought had been written at Addison's instigation (A. E. Case, in *Modern philology*, XXXIII, 191). These pamphlets precipitated a series of attacks and counter-attacks in print, in which Pope certainly felt that Addison was his real, if hidden, opponent.

ll. 202-03 of the present poem might be construed as an allusion to these events. It seems, however, that the "Atticus" sketch itself was conceived before, not after, the attacks—that it existed in some form in 1715 (Sherburn, p. 146). It is to be thought of as a carefully considered opinion formed at leisure, not as part of a verbal war. And ll. 202-03 express what Pope might well have known about Addison without having been a victim himself.

232 "*Bufo*" Probably Lord Halifax. Halifax had been the

patron of Tickell, whose translation of the *Iliad* had been in competition with Pope's. There is evidence that Pope originally intended these lines to refer to Bubb Dodington (see note to p 485, l 278). L 230 in one of its manuscript forms reads B—b for Bufo (see Pope's *Works*, ed Elwin and Courthope, III, 258-59). The lines about Dryden, however (p 499, ll 245-46), make the passage in its present form inapplicable to Dodington for chronological reasons.

500, 280 Cf p 485, l 278, and note

299-300 In his *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington* (1731) Pope had pictured a lavish estate (the "dean and silver bell" are two minor details of that picture) characterized by very bad taste. The source of his central idea may well have been certain remarks about bad architectural taste which had appeared in the Preface to Burlington's *Fabbriche antiche designate da Andrea Palladio Vicentino* (London, 1730). When Pope's *Epistle* appeared, however, it was immediately assumed to be a picture of Cannons, the estate of the Duke of Chandos. Cannons was a notably elaborate estate, but it is not possible to say now whether it significantly resembled the estate described by Pope. The fact that Pope and Chandos were very good friends makes it the less likely that the former intended to ridicule Cannons. See George Sherburn, "Timon's villa' and Cannons," *Huntington Library bulletin*, No 8 (Oct, 1935).

305 "*Sporus*" Lord Hervey (in l 149 called "Fanny") The original cause of Pope's animosity toward him is a matter of conjecture. By the time the present attack was written, however, sufficient motives existed, for there had been open warfare between the two. In 1733, Pope, in his *Horace, the first satire of the second book*, had ridiculed Lord Hervey under the name of Fanny. This attack was replied to in *Verses addressed to the imitator of Horace*, apparently a collaboration between Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and in *A letter from a nobleman at Hampton Court to a doctor of divinity*, by Hervey. Pope's principal rejoinder was *A letter to a noble lord*, which has been called the prose counterpart of the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. (See Courthope, *The life of Alexander Pope* [1889], pp 260-67.)

501, 363 "*Japhet in a jail*" Pope referred to this person several times in his poems. His note to the name in *Moral essays*, III, l 86, reads thus: "Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts [nose and ears], for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till

his death, and quietly left to his successor" See also p 515, l 120, p 517, l 57, p 520, ll 185-90

369 "*Sapho*" Lady Mary Wortley Montagu See note to p 449

373. "rhym'd for *Moor*" See note to p 678, ll 31-32

502, 375 Leonaid Welsted had written a poem entitled *Of dulness and scandal*, in which he had suggested the existence of scandal behind Pope's "Verses to the memory of an unfortunate lady" See note to p 439

378-79 Eustace Budgell was in the company of persons who had attacked Pope Matthew Tindal, author of a celebrated deistic work, *Christianity as old as the Creation* (1730), had apparently willed Budgell a large portion of his property, but Budgell was suspected of having forged the will himself

380 "the two *Cuils*" Edmund Curll and Lord Hervey See, respectively, note to p 453, l 38, and note to p 500, l 305

503. To JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ

Craggs had a brief but brilliant political career, somewhat marred by entanglement in the affairs of the South Sea Company, which collapsed in 1720 He died in 1721 of smallpox Pope's admiration for him had a foundation in an intimate friendship, and was doubtless influenced by the fact that Craggs was an opponent of Walpole (see note to p 272, ll 187-94)

IMITATIONS OF HORACE THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE, TO AUGUSTUS

I "great Patron of Mankind" This and the succeeding compliments are of course ironical The indifference of George II to literature was well known (see p 511, l 356) Moreover, at the time when this poem was written, it was a constant theme among the writers in the Opposition (see note to p 272, ll 187-94) that England's rights abroad, especially on the sea, were being trampled upon and that the government was pursuing a cowardly policy of peace

504, 40 "Christ's Kirk o' the Green" Title of a comic ballad traditionally ascribed to James I of Scotland

42 "the Devil" A tavern of Elizabethan times in London, where Ben Jonson presided over a poetical club

505, 66 "Stowe" John Stow published *The chronicles of England, from Brute unto this present year of Christ, 1580*

75-78 The reputation of Cowley, great during his life, suffered considerably in the eighteenth century from a widespread reaction in favor of what was considered a simple and natural manner, lucid and devoid of excess ornament Cowley's poetry is an example (though not an extreme one) of the style which Samuel Johnson, in his life of Cowley, called the "metaphysical," characterized by an excess of "wit" Concerning this quality and its effects, Johnson says "Wit may be considered as a combination of dissimilar images, or a discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike Of wit, thus defined,

they [the metaphysical poets] have more than enough . they were not successful in representing or moving the affections As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment, which enables us to conceive and excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds " It does not appear that Cowley was as completely eclipsed as Pope implies in l 75, he remained, in fact, the best-known poet of the "metaphysical" group See A H Nethercot, "The reputation of the 'metaphysical poets' during the age of Pope," *Philological quarterly*, IV (1925), 161-79

91-92 *Gammer Gurton's needle* was one of the first English comedies—1575, if not earlier Pope describes it as "a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries" *The careless husband* (1705) was a comedy by Colley Cibber It was, as a matter of fact, very successful, though Pope's line seems to say the contrary

98 Sir Philip Sidney, a classicist in literary theory, advocated the use of ancient metrical forms in English poetry—for example, the dactylic hexameter of Virgil's *Aeneid* His own efforts to apply the theory were far from happy

104 One of the less fortunate performances of the great scholar Richard Bentley was his edition of *Paradise lost* (1732) with numerous textual emendations, in which, needless to say, he failed to improve on Milton The "desp'rate hook" probably refers to the use of brackets to set off interpolated words and phrases in the text

507, 182 Pope describes Ward as "a famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects"

183 The holders of the Radcliffe fellowships in University College, Oxford, were required to spend at least half of their time improving their experience and wisdom by foreign travel

186 In the *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington* Pope placed the following note to Ripley's name (l 18 of that poem) "This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister [Walpole], who raised him to be an Architect, without any genius in the art, and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works"

508, 224 See p 274, ll 291-93, and note

509, 290 *Astrea* was a common nickname for Mrs Aphra Behn (1640-89), the well-known writer of scandalous plays and novels in the Restoration period

293 "Pinky" William Penkethman, a comic actor who specialized in buffooneries which, as Colley Cibber remarked, were "more whimsical than natural" In the *Tatler*, No 188, it is said that Penkethman "devours a cold chick with great applause" In the *Spectator*, No 370, Steele said "Mr *Penkethman* is also Master of as many Faces in the Dumb-Scene as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of

Fear and Hunger He wonders throughout the whole Scene very masterly, without neglecting his Victuals "

510, 309 "The coal-black joke" was the name of a very indecent popular song, the tune of which had great vogue and was doubtless used often with other words

313 This line evidently refers to the successive rise to popularity of opera, which Pope considered to have spoiled public taste for drama proper, and of pageantry and pantomime, which carried even further the work of corruption

511, 355 Merlin's Cave was built by the order of Queen Caroline in the royal gardens at Richmond, and adorned with astronomical figures and characters

512, 419 "rails " The stalls of unhoused booksellers on these streets, who dealt mainly in old books By Soho is meant, not the then fashionable Soho Square, but "Old Soho," later Wardour Street

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT

17-18 One Captain Jenkins was the person thus victimized, by his own account This supposed outrage, among many others committed upon the English merchant marine, resulted, in 1739, in the "War of Jenkins' ear "

513, 24. The members of the Opposition (see note to p 272, ll 187-94) were fond of alluding to one another as "patriots " Walpole, in their propaganda, was no patriot, because he was indifferent to the welfare of the country, and was not only corrupting the government but enslaving the people It was the duty of the patriotic Opposition, then, to revive in the English nation the spirit of liberty, which alone could resist the process of enslavement, and which had very much decayed in the régime of Walpole See p 515, ll 160 ff

27-36 The political character of Sir Robert Walpole was a frequent source of allusion in the verse and prose of this period, and the inspiration of a good deal of satire Pope's position toward Walpole was ambiguous He had known him and been friendly with him, as these lines state On the other hand, he was a staunch friend of Bolingbroke, one of Walpole's most implacable foes Ll 151 ff are in marked contrast to 27-36

38-40 Pope's note "Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh of ONE who bestowed it equally on religion and honesty " The "one" may mean Walpole See Pope's *Works*, ed Elwin and Courthope, III, 460

45-48 Pope's note "George Lyttleton, secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty " Cf note to l 24

51 Cf p 519, l 137

65 ff The "harmless characters" named all deserve the epithet except perhaps Lord Hervey (p 514, ll 71-72), who had aroused Pope to such a pitch of satiric zeal, in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, as would seem unlikely for a harmless person

514, 68 Cf p 485, l 278, and note

71-72 Lord Hervey, Fox, the Senate

74 Lord Hervey had composed an epitaph on Queen Caroline in Latin and English

92 The Earls of Selkirk and of Delaware

515, 120 Cf p 501, l. 363, and note

135 Ralph Allen was a self-made man of wealth who was famous for his munificence Pope's praise of him in these lines gains interest from the fact that he was also the original of the magnanimous Squire Allworthy in Fielding's *Tom Jones*

153-54 At this time the Opposition was trying to force England into a war with Spain over the depredations committed by the latter on British shipping, while Walpole was determined to preserve peace War was declared in 1739

516. ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT DIALOGUE II

11 Pope's note "The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation as to set down no more than the initials of their name" One of Goldsmith's *Essays* (first published in 1760) is a memoir "supposed to be written by the Ordinary of Newgate," the subject being Theophilus Cibber, the son of Colley Cibber

517, 54. "Wild" Jonathan Wild (1682?-1725) was an informer and a receiver of stolen goods who for a long time managed to preserve an appearance of honesty, behind which he committed various sorts of crimes He was eventually hanged

57 See note to p 501, l 363

61 "S—k" is probably Lord Selkirk, an old courtier who had been active since the time of James II Cf p 514, ll 91-96

67 William Kent was an artist and landscape designer In the latter art he was something of an original genius, and had a great deal to do with advancing the informal type of landscape design The phrase "Kent and nature" not only echoes the expression "art and nature" but suggests that Kent is an artist whose work is "natural" rather than formal Pope had a great taste for wildness and irregularity in scenery, and carried out what he conceived to be those effects on his own estate at Twickenham Cf A O Lovejoy, "The Chinese origin of a romanticism," *Journal of English and German philology*, XXXII (1933), 1-20

69 "CRAGGS" Cf p 503, and note

77 ff Lord Somers and the Earl of Halifax had been friends of Pope in his younger days Somers was deprived of his office of

Lord Keeper in 1700, while Halifax was turned out in 1710 when Harley came into power. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Carleton, and James, Earl of Stanhope also hold places in Pope's earlier life. St John (Bolingbroke), Lyttleton, Pulteney, and Chesterfield, as leaders of the opposition to Walpole, were prominent in Pope's present interest at the time of composition of the poem.

518, 82 Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was perhaps the best preacher of his day. Upon being exiled as punishment for Jacobite activities real or supposed, he was by many regarded as a martyr.

86 This characterization of the Duke of Argyll is apt. He had been a distinguished soldier under Marlborough, and was apparently a man of vigorous manner and speech in state affairs.

88 Sir William Wyndham was a friend and political tool of Bolingbroke, whom he served capably during most of his career.

99 The "Man of Ross" was John Kyrle (1637-1724), so called from his estate at Ross, Herefordshire. He was famous for his philanthropic activities. The Lord Mayor of London at this time was Sir John Barnard, who, with Polwarth (see p 519, l 130), constituted an important part of the Opposition's oratorical battery. Walpole is supposed to have said that after Barnard and Polwarth had spoken, the worst part of the attack was over.

519, 129 As a writer in the pay of Walpole, Arnall was to all friends of the Opposition such as Pope an excellent exemplar of the art of lying.

130 "COBHAM" See p 493, ll 262-65 "POLWARTH" See note to p 518, l 99.

133-35 Cf p 513, ll 29-30.

158 Cf p 514, l 92, and note.

159 Sir Francis Page, a judge of the Common Pleas, seems to have been something of a bully in his courtroom. See Fielding, *Tom Jones*, Book VIII, chap xi.

520, 185-90 See note to p 501, l 363.

521, 230-31 That is to say, the poetical skill of Waller's panegyric on Oliver Cromwell and Boileau's making a star out of the feather on a king's hat, cannot conceal the unworthiness of the subjects they treated.

237 John Anstis was king at arms of the order of the Garter. As such, he performed the ceremony of casting into the graves of peers their various insignia of honor.

238 The Elwin-Courthope edition of Pope's *Works*, III, 487, accepts the names George and Frederick for the single and double asterisks, respectively.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

This poem was, apparently, written as early as 1715. See George Sheburn in the *Philological quarterly*, XII (1933), 403.

522, 21-24 Cf the *Essay on man*, see p 465, ll 233 ff.

ALLAN RAMSAY

533 AN ODE TO MR F——

"*Solvitur acris hiems*" "Sharp winter is passing"—literally, "is being dissolved" Horace, *Carmina* 141

534. A POET'S WISH

The Motto "What sacred thing does the poet require of Apollo?" Horace, *Carmina* 131 1-2

EDWARD YOUNG

543 NIGHT-THOUGHTS NIGHT I

67-80 As to the ideas expressed in these lines, cf p 466, ll 3-18

73 Cf p 464, ll 207 ff

547, 234-36 Cf p 473, ll 27 ff

549, 340-43 Cf Johnson, *The vanity of human wishes*, pp 675-76, ll 431 to the end

551, 452 ff This refers to Pope's expressed refusal, in the *Essay on man*, to explore the mysteries of the universe See p 466, ll 1-2

JOHN BYROM

553. EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI

At the time of the first publication of this poem, the great composer Handel (1685-1759) had been engaged for some years in warm rivalry with Giovanni Battista Bononcini, or Buononcini (b 1672), in the composition and production of operas

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

561 FAREWELL TO BATH

17-24 Two of the most famous of the so-called assembly rooms at Bath were those conducted by Dame Lindsay, an opera singer, and by her sister Mrs Hayes (See Edith Sitwell, *Bath* [London, 1932], p 45) The principal amusements in these places were dancing and gambling Dame Lindsay had a bad reputation in some quarters, Goldsmith, in his *Life of Richard Nash*, described her as having an outwardly pleasant manner but as being at heart a scoundrel who exploited helpless persons for her own profit (*Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, ed Gibbs, IV, 94) The best of society frequented the assembly rooms The dancers mentioned by Lady Mary were doubtless all good friends of hers, the Brownlow family, at least, she had known for some twenty years (see *The*

correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, ed Thomas [London, 1898], I, 31-32)

25 Richard Nash (1674-1762), generally known as Beau Nash, had risen by his own ingenuity to the position of gambling entrepreneur, arbiter of fashion, and master of ceremonies at Bath. The author's solicitude here, if not ironical, must have been occasioned by a minor misfortune only.

JAMES THOMSON

564. A POEM SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON

The enthusiasm of the early eighteenth century over Newton's discoveries and ideas was intense and widespread, and this poem of Thomson is a representative expression. Newton had rectified what seemed to be the old errors of the scholastic approach to nature (ll 19-29, 82-90, cf note to p 8). He had reduced to terms of gravitation and projection not only the motions of the solar system (ll 39-42) but those also of all other visible bodies in the universe (ll 57-67). Besides, he had given man, through his statement of the laws of optics, a fresh guide to the beauties of nature, these beauties emanating specifically from perception of phenomena in the light of natural law (ll 91 ff, for an instance of "Newtonian" beauty in nature, see ll 119-24). Such discoveries seemed evidence, not only of a perfect order in the universe, but of God's wisdom in the creation of such an order and of His constant presence as a guiding force (l 138, cf p 623, ll 29-36). As a matter of fact, Newton himself took this view of his work (see ll 137-43).

566, 83 "*Vortices*" Descartes believed that all the particles of the universe were moving in innumerable vortices or whirlpools of varied sizes and velocities.

"*Spheres*" This is an allusion to the astronomical system usually called Ptolemaic, in which the motions of the heavenly bodies were explained on the hypothesis of spheres revolving variously about the earth. Ptolemaic astronomy prevailed virtually undisputed until after the time of Copernicus.

567, 157 John Conduitt, nephew of Newton by marriage, wrote a memorial sketch shortly after the latter's death, and seems to have attempted a larger biography of Newton—which, however, was not completed, though Conduitt possessed some valuable materials.

577. WINTER

360 The practice of loading prisoners with irons, to simplify the problem of preventing escape from dilapidated prisons, became so common during the early eighteenth century that Parliament finally saw fit in 1729 to appoint a committee of investigation, which exposed many cases of excessive cruelty on the part of the wardens.

579, 441 ff The passage on ancient governments which begins at this point reflects, in its stress on freedom against tyranny and servility, the propaganda of the Opposition See note to p 513, l 24.

582, 558 James Hammond the poet, who died in 1742 at the age of thirty-two, was one of the younger men associated with the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, and belonged to a clique that gathered around Frederick, Prince of Wales, in whom the Opposition professed to find an embodiment of their ideal conception, the patriot king

584, 650 Monimia was the heroine of Otway's *The orphan* (1680) The rôle was a popular tear-producer

651 Belvidera was the wife of Jaffier, the conspirator, in Otway's *Venice preserved* (1682) Actresses favored this part in the eighteenth century

660 "Patriot-Virtues" See note to p 513, l 24

590, 965 Peter the Great of Russia

592, 1049-51 Cf p 485, ll 309 ff

594. AUTUMN

13 "Patriot-Virtues" Cf p 584, l 660, and see note to p 513, l 24

607, 653-55 John Philips wrote a long blank-verse poem entitled *Cyder* (1708), in which he displayed a love of country scenes very similar to that of Thomson himself Philips's skill in copying Milton's style was highly praised by some of his admirers

613, 939 Cf p 518, ll 86-87

615, 1053 ff Cf note to p 488

618, 1215 Palermo had been visited by a disastrous earthquake in 1726

622, 1363 ff Cf note to p 564

HENRY FIELDING

662 A LETTER TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Fielding was for several years an adherent of the Opposition cause (see note to p 272, ll 187-94), though he eventually lost patience with its internal disagreements In 1737 Fielding had been driven out of his career as dramatist and producer by the Licensing Act, which put an end to his political satire as far as the stage was concerned Ll 40-41 are probably an allusion to this event.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, BARON LYTTTELTON

663. ODE IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

Pastor Fido was an Italian pastoral tragi-comedy by Guarini, produced in 1585 It was extremely successful, and the elegance of its language was much admired

SAMUEL JOHNSON

667. PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR GARRICK

36 A pantomime entitled *Harlequin Doctor Faustus*, produced by John Thurmond, dancing-master of Drury Lane theater, in 1723, did much to promote the fortunes of the art of pantomime, and was itself one of the most famous pieces in this genre

668, 42 Aphra Behn (1640-89) was a somewhat scandalous playwright and romancer of the Restoration period, Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723), a prolific dramatist and song-writer of the same period

46 Hunt was a famous boxer, Mahomet a recently arrived rope-dancer, supposed to be a Turk

671. THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

127 George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, was assassinated in 1628 by a discharged officer, after he had made himself an object of popular hatred by his determined prosecution of war to the exhaustion of his men's strength and patience

129 Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford, was detected in a plot with Charles I to use the army for the purpose of overthrowing Parliament, and executed for treason Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the great Royalist statesman, was exiled in 1667 after his actions had put him in the bad graces of Charles II and the House of Commons

137 "Bodley's dome" The Bodleian Library at Oxford

138 "Bacon's mansion" Roger Bacon, the thirteenth-century philosopher, is supposed to have lived at Oxford The tradition was that a certain cell in a tower on Folly Bridge in Oxford (still standing in Johnson's day) had been occupied by Bacon, and that if any one greater than Bacon should ever pass beneath that cell, it would fall down upon him

672, 162 Thomas Lydiat, the divine and chronologer, underwent some severe hardships, among others being persecution during the 1640's for his Royalist belief

190 The Hon Eveline Godley, in *Charles XII of Sweden a study of kingship* (London, 1928), pp 4-5, says "Legends gathered round his name, in his own country, even while he lived Half a century later, 'Swedish Charles,' as seen by Voltaire and by other leading writers of the age, had become an almost mythical figure, the symbol for all time of empty military renown"

673, 239 The "bold Bavarian" was Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria and Roman Emperor, who died in 1745, after his plans of conquest, at first successful, had at length come to ruin

244 Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, was perhaps the principal opponent of the

Bavarian Charles ambitious, her temperance, hence an easy object of his attack—and her husband, Leo, the Great Duke of Tuscany, having been once fully opposed by Charles for election to the title of Holy Roman Emperor.

676. ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT

Levett was characterized by Boswell (*Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill, I, 243) as “an obscure practitioner in physic among the lower people.” He lived in Johnson’s household for many years, and Johnson respected him highly—on one occasion he addressed him thus: “Levett . . . a brutal fellow, in whose case I respect for him, for his brutality—in his nature, not in his conduct.” Levett appears to have had some unusual talent, though he never became famous (*ibid.*, II 3).

MATTHEW GREEN

677. *From THE SPLEEN*

“The spleen” was a common eighteenth-century name for a settled or recurring condition of melancholy, moodiness, and irritability. The ailment had been a subject of medical interest from Elizabethan times onward, especially under the designation of “melancholy” and had occasioned Burton’s great work, *The anatomy of melancholy* (1621). Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 387, voiced the opinion, not original with him, that melancholy or the spleen was a characteristically English malady. Many literary persons, among them Samuel Johnson, shared the medical men’s notion of melancholy as simply a disease necessary to be cured for human happiness. Green’s poem carries out this idea. On the other hand, the idea of melancholy as a pleasurable feeling had currency in this day, witness Young’s *Night-thoughts* (p. 542), Blair’s *The grave* (p. 658), Gray’s *Elegy* (p. 765), Thomas Warton, Jr.’s *The pleasures of melancholy* (p. 802), and other pieces of the “graveyard school.”

678, 15 Charles Gildon (1665-1724) was one of the neo-classic critics who made a great point of the “rules” of poetry. His *Complete art of poetry* (1718) is a characteristic work.

31-32 James Moore, or James Moore Smyth, once a member of the circle of friends of Alexander Pope, was accused by the latter of using, in his comedy *The rival modes*, certain lines (ll. 243-48) from Pope’s *Moral essays*, Epistle II. Pope pilloried Moore in the *Dunciad* (see beginning of Book II, also the “Testimonies of authors”). L. 373 of the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (p. 501) has been taken as an admission on Pope’s part that he had permitted Moore to use the lines, though the meaning is not perfectly clear.

688, 763 “Entium Ens” Literally, “thing of things,” or quintessence of being.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

692. VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S SHERLOCK "UPON DEATH"

William Sherlock, Dean of St Paul's (d 1707), wrote a *Practical discourse concerning death* (1689), which became highly popular

ADVICE TO A LADY IN AUTUMN

Apparently the first publication of this poem was in the *Gentleman's magazine*, November, 1736

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

695. THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

The motto, freely translated, is as follows "Voices were heard, and a great noise of children at the threshold of life" Virgil, *Aeneid* vi 426-27

701, 255 "Dennis" See p 398, ll 585-87, and note

703 A PASTORAL BALLAD

Motto "*Arbusta humilesque myricæ*" "Trees and low tamarisks." Virgil, *Eclogue* iv 2

MARK AKENSIDE

712. HYMN TO SCIENCE

The word "science" is here used in its broadest sense to designate all forms of rational inquiry Akenside, after expressing the usual scorn of the eighteenth century for the "monk's philosophy" of the Middle Ages, passes in review, first mathematics and physics (ll 19-24), then psychology, conceived more or less in Lockian terms (ll 25-42), then metaphysics (ll 43-54), then the practical sciences of politics and ethics (ll 55-72) Characteristic of the time are the lines on the Chain of Being (ll 43-48), the exaltation of ethics as the "best efforts of thy skill" (ll 67-72), and the concluding emphasis on the practical functions of science

714 From THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, Book III

By "imagination" Akenside means simply impressions of the phenomena of nature and the world of human activity, and reverie upon what one has seen Addison used the term similarly in his essays on the imagination in the *Spectator*, Nos 411-21 In the first of those essays he says "by the Pleasures of the Imagination . . . I here mean such as arise from visible Objects, either when we have them actually in our View, or when we call up their Ideas in our Minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like Occasion"

716 ODE I

The motto "I, after the custom and the fashion of the bee of Mount Matinus" Horace, *Carmina* iv 2, 27-28.

WILLIAM COLLINS

727. PERSIAN ECLOGUES PREFACE

The prevalent manner of dealing with national character in the eighteenth century was, after a possible prelude to the effect that human nature is fundamentally the same the world over, to assign some prominent and easily describable trait of temperament to a people as a whole, and to assume that the average member of that people would show the predicated trait to a marked degree. See, e.g., Goldsmith, *The traveller*. Even the most thoughtful and broadly educated persons of the day were not likely to be critical of this method.

729 ODE TO PITY

This ode and the one that follows are an allusion to Aristotle's definition of tragedy as "the imitation of an action that is serious, complete in itself, and of a certain magnitude, in language made beautiful by different means in different parts of the work, in dramatic, not narrative, form, through scenes of pity and fear bringing about its purgation of such emotions." This famous passage has been subjected to numerous varying and conflicting interpretations. The general tendency of neo-classic critics, and one to be noticed in these poems of Collins, was to think that Aristotle had made the purgation, or catharsis, of pity and fear the principal end of tragedy, though Aristotle's own statement that the end of the tragedy is the plot is inconsistent with this construction. Sometimes the catharsis was explained in terms of direct moral edification. Rapin, in his *Reflections on Aristotle's Poetics*, Sect. XVII (*Works* [London, 1706], II, 205), said that tragedy regulates the weaknesses of undue compassion and fear by showing what objects should and should not arouse those emotions, by showing how not to pity the unworthy or to fear ordinary accidents. Similarly, Lord Kames, in his *Elements of criticism* (1762), chap. xxi, distinguished between "pathetic tragedy" and "moral tragedy." The former, he said, produces only pity, the latter, which is the higher form, raises in the beholder "an emotion of fear or terror, and it is by this emotion, frequently reiterated in a variety of moral tragedies, that the spectators are put upon their guard against the disorders of passion." On the other hand, Rapin also described the effects of tragedy in psychological, not to say medical terms. In Section XVIII of the work cited (*Works*, II, 206-07), he said "as of all Passions Fear and Pity are those that make the strongest impressions on the Heart of Man Aristotle has chosen these when the Soul is shaken, by Motions so Natural and so Humane, all the Impressions it feels becomes

[sic] Delightful And in this *Agitation* consists all the Pleasure that one is capable to receive from Tragedy " Cf also Burke, in his *Inquiry into . . . the sublime and beautiful* (1757), Part IV, Sect VII "As common labour, which is a mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terrour is the exercise of the finer parts of the system . . . if . . . terrour is not conversant about the present destruction of the person, as these emotions clear the parts . . . of a dangerous and troublesome incumbrance, they are capable of producing delight, not pleasure, but a sort of delightful horror, a sort of tranquillity tinged with terrour, which, as it belongs to self-preservation, is one of the strongest of all the passions" It appears to be to the second of these interpretations—the medical rather than the moral—that Collins inclines, as far as one may judge from the content of these two odes

730, 7 "*Pella's Bard*" Collins's note "Euripides, of whom Aristotle pronounces, on a Comparison of him and Sophocles, that he was the greater Master of the tender Passions . . ."

19-20 Otway's reputation had as one of its main supports his power to create pity—perhaps nowhere better shown than in the delineation of Monimia's sufferings in *The orphan*

733. ODE TO SIMPLICITY

16 "Her," etc Collins's note "The . . . Nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar Fondness" Sophocles is of course "sad Electra's Poet," so called from his tragedy *Electra*

19 Cephissus was the largest stream in ancient Attica, the state of which Athens was the chief city

734, 35 "one distinguish'd Throne" That of Augustus, in whose period Latin poetry reached its height

735 ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER

This poem appears to have been very obscure to many persons in the eighteenth century The cause of the difficulty probably lay in Collins's departure from the conventional neo-classic view of the poet's character—the view that the poet "follows nature" (see p 387, ll 68 ff), and is therefore fundamentally a reproducer of things already existing though hidden from the ordinary man As Mr A S P Woodhouse has explained in his study of Collins's view of the poetic imagination (see p 1127), the allegory of the poem concerns the union of the Deity with Fancy (the "lov'd Enthusiast") to create the universe, with the attendant creation of the magic girdle (i.e., the poetical faculty—see ll 19, 23-24)—the inference being, in Woodhouse's words, that "the activity of the poetic imagination is, in some sort, a counterpart of the divine act of creation, that the poet, too, is a creator . . ." and not a copyist, even in the most exalted sense of that term

One instance of the unsympathetic reception of this ode is a poem in the *Student*, II (1751), 313-15, entitled "Ode to Horror,

which ridiculed Collins, along with the Wartons, for their love of the "Gothic" and the romantically dismal Cf this anthology, pp 731-33, 802 ff Some of the lines in the satire allude obviously to the *Ode on the poetical character*, e g, the following

"O goddess, erst by SPENSER view'd
What time th' enchanter vile embru'd
His hands in Florimel's pure heart
Till loos'd by steel-clad BRITOMART

O curfeu-loving Goddess haste,
O waft me to some SCYTHIAN waste,
Where in *Gothic* solitude
Mid prospects most sublimely rude
Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chasm
Thy sister sits ENTHUSIASM
Let me with her in magic trance
Hold most delirious dalliance "

(See H O White, in the *London Times literary supplement*, Jan 12, 1922, p 28) A S P Woodhouse (see p 1141) has argued that the author of this "Ode to Horror" may have been none other than the younger Thomas Warton himself He finds Warton addicted to "literary jests even at the expense of his own cherished interests," and reminds us that all the Wartons were as much eighteenth-century wits as early Romanticists

736, 46 "Tarsel" The tercel, or male falcon

742 ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS

I "H———" John Home, later author of *Douglas* (1757), a tragedy based partly on the old Scotch ballad "Childe Maurice" Some of Collins's knowledge of the Scottish Highlands is generally attributed to conversations with Home

745, 155-171 See note to p 749 In this passage Collins is indebted to Martin Martin's *Voyage to St Kilda* (1698), a book which had some influence on eighteenth-century contemplations of primitive virtue

746, 197 Edward Fairfax published in 1600 a translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata*, alluded to in the preceding lines

JOSEPH WARTON

747 THE ENTHUSIAST OR, THE LOVER OF NATURE

The term "nature" here means not only natural scenery and its accompaniments (though these figure prominently in the poem) but the innate constitution of man as opposed to the alterations in it resulting from the arts and devices of civilization The theme of the poem is the superiority of nature to art, whatever aspect of

nature be taken Wild landscape is preferred to the finest of gardens (ll 4-14), the warblings of birds excel the sounds of man-made instruments (ll 36-44), the colors of nature are preferred to those of the greatest paintings (ll 45-50), in poetry, the "natural" poet surpasses the mere artist (ll 130-31, and note), and as regards the life of man as a whole, he was more happy and more virtuous in his original, or "natural," state, than under the conditions of civilization (ll 78 ff., and note)

This poem has been taken as an important early expression of Romanticism—"nature" symbolizing the new, free spirit which was to characterize Romantic art Professor Lovejoy has effectively shown that there is no foundation for this judgment (see p 1141) Warton's general theme, far from being a novelty, had been a commonplace all through the neo-classic period, in various guises The noble savage, for example, or the "natural" poet (see notes to ll 78 and 131, respectively), were familiar conceptions If there is novelty in the latter of these two, it lies, as Lovejoy suggests, in Warton's taking a bolder stand than was customary for natural wildness and departure from conventions as a criterion of excellence in poetry specifically But a similar position in the theory of landscape gardening had already been common since the late seventeenth century See Lovejoy in *MLN*, XLVII (1932), 419-46, and in *Journal of English and Germanic philology*, XXXII (1933) 1-20

Indeed, all of the Wartons were probably much less in revolt against accepted standards than has often been supposed As regards Thomas the younger, for example, D Nichol Smith, in "Warton's history of English poetry," *Proceedings of the British Academy*, XV (1929), 97-99, points out that he was far from being a consistent rebel against neo-classicism, that whereas he could at one time deplore the loss of the extravagant and fanciful from English poetry (as in the conclusion to Volume II of his *History*), he could at another praise the art of Reynolds (see p 815) for exhibiting just the qualities which had replaced the extravagant and fanciful, that in many parts of the *History* he disparaged the "Gothic" qualities of medieval literature in terms quite typical of neo-classic criticism

749, 78 ff This passage illustrates one of the constantly recurring ideas of the eighteenth century that man was better off, and perhaps would still be better off, in a "state of nature" than in a state of civilization This view, known as "primitivism," has been mistakenly supposed to be the invention of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, it had, as a matter of fact, an extensive history before his time, and most aspects of it, indeed, date back to antiquity From antiquity comes the idea expressed by Warton in the present passage, that in some bygone age man lived a simple and happy life, without vices and without the miseries that accompany them in our civilized world The idea was first set forth at length by Hesiod

in his *Works and days* He there mentioned five ages of man the Golden Age, when a happy people lived in a pleasant environment, enjoying the bounty of nature, carrying on an indolent existence and never turning to violence and war, a Silver Age, not quite so ideal as the first, then a Bronze Age, still less so, then an Age of Heroes, in which men for a time threw off some of the baseness they had acquired, and finally, an Iron Age, or the present deteriorated state of man See A O Lovejoy and George Boas, *Primitivism and related ideas in antiquity* (Baltimore, 1935), pp 25-31 The primitivistic ideal here is of what Lovejoy calls the "soft" variety Somewhat sterner views of primitive virtue were also current in ancient thought, a notable example is found in Lucretius, *De rerum natura*, Book V, in which the early state of both man and nature is represented as more vigorous than the present, and civilized man, for all his arts, is shown to be morally degenerate The primitive life pictured by Lucretius is not entirely idyllic, it has its ugly spots as to both morals and outward circumstance Yet this very passage is the main source of the details in Warton's picture of primitive man, the "hard" touches being altered or omitted (see p 1141, article by Audley L Smith), and the whole being romanticized in terms of a thoroughgoing golden-age idealism—though, to be sure, Warton does make some concessions to "hard" primitivism in ll 110-29 These concessions take the form of extolling the merits of life under rigorous conditions, and making the enduring of hardship, rather than the enjoyment of ease, its central theme Cf Collins on the inhabitants of St Kilda (p 745, ll 155-71)

Another phase of primitivism, perhaps most popular of all in the eighteenth century, was that of the "noble savage," supposedly still extant The American Indian and, later in the century, the South Sea Islander had special prominence as noble savages The climate and the ease of living (real or supposed) in the South Sea Isles recommended them to the fancy of parlor primitivists (see note to p 1102, l 1)

750, 131 It was a familiar opinion in the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that Shakespeare was a "natural" poet, who had not received much formal instruction and who had little need of it, being able to do instinctively what other poets had to learn to do by long application Dryden expressed such a view in the *Essay of dramatic poesy* ("He needed not the spectacles of books to read nature"), so also did Milton, in *L'Allegro*, in a passage contrasting "art" and "nature" in comedy

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild"

THOMAS GRAY

763 THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT

The motto "Begin, my friend, for surely you can in no way carry your song with you into Hades, the place where everything is forgotten" Theocritus, *Thyrsis* 62-63.

This poem presents the politico-ethical phase of the idea of nature as a changeless universal principle, expressed on its aesthetic side in Pope's *Essay on criticism*, ll 68-79 (see p 387) Gray's stand represents a compromise often arrived at All peoples have a certain share of "reason's light" (ll 26-37), hence *should* develop the same essential virtues, national differences are signs of weakness On the other hand, within limits the environment will inevitably bring out some virtues more than others Goldsmith, in *The traveller* (see pp 836 ff), enumerates at length the virtues, as well as the defects, of various nations.

773. THE PROGRESS OF POESY

95 "He, that rode sublime" Milton, in *Paradise lost*

105 "Two Coursers" The lines of the closed heroic couplet

112 "what daring Spirit" Gray's note "We have had in our language no other notes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St Cecilia's Day Mr Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses . " Concerning Mason, see note to p 784

115 "the Theban Eagle" Pindar, the ancient writer of odes, who, as Gray says, compared himself to that bird

778 SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER

6 Charles Townshend was one of the most brilliant orators of the day In 1766 he became chancellor of the exchequer Samuel Squire became a bishop in 1761, an event at which Gray privately sneered (see letter of Gray to Wharton, May 9, 1761, in *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, ed Toynbee and Whibley [Oxford, 1935], II, 737)

THE FATAL SISTERS

This and the following translations or paraphrases of Old Norse and Welsh odes were originally intended by Gray to be used as illustrations in the opening chapters of a projected history of English poetry The original of *The fatal sisters* is an Icelandic poem of (perhaps) the eleventh century, Gray's translation was based on a Latin paraphrase accessible to him in two late seventeenth-century works of Scandinavian erudition—Thomas Bartholin's *De causis contemptae a Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis* (1689) and Torfæus' *Historia Orcadum* (1697) See the Appendix (by G L Kittredge) to W L Phelps' *Selections from the poetry and prose of Thomas Gray* (Boston, 1894), and Roger Martin, *Essai sur Thomas Gray* (Toulouse, 1934), chap II

780. THE DESCENT OF ODIN

Translated from the Latin version in Bartholin

783 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN

In the 1768 edition of his poems, Gray adds to the title the following "From Mr [Evan] Evans's Specimens of the Welch poetry, London, 1764, quarto"

784. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE TO MRS ANNE, REGULAR SERVANT TO THE REV MR PRECENTOR OF NEW YORK

The Precentor was William Mason, poet and biographer of Gray, who, with Gray and others, had been styled at Cambridge the "polite scholars" Mason responded to the raillery of this poem by saying that although it was poor, he would paste it in his Shakespeare anyway, to enhance the value thereof

CHRISTOPHER SMART

785. A SONG TO DAVID

See 1 and 2 Samuel and 1 Kings

789, 175 Though the "pillars" are here entirely a matter of symbolism, the symbol derives ultimately from the use of actual pillars in a religious connection Primitive Semitic peoples believed that rocks were deities, and later, "pillars" of a more or less conical shape were erected as emblems of divinity, and served as altars

181-222 Cf Genesis 1 1-11

THOMAS WARTON, JR

802. THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY

The motto "Teach me funereal songs, O Melpomene!" Horace, *Carmina* 1 24 2-3

804, 96 Cf p 441

806, 215 See Otway's *The orphan*

220 Jaffier was the remorseful conspirator in Otway's *Venice preserved*

226-43 See note to p 749

813 SONNET III.

Sir William Dugdale published between 1655 and 1673 his *Monasticon Anglicanum*, a history of English monasteries Its tremendous store of original documents and its prosaic seriousness seem to have touched Warton's feeling for the medieval and romantic

SONNET IV

Of the various theories to which Warton refers, those involving the Danes (cf p 59, l 45) and the Druids were the most seriously

considered during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries William Stukeley, in his *Stonehenge, a temple restor'd to the British Druids* (1740), elaborated the theory that Stonehenge was a temple built by the Druids, and though his evidence cannot stand the test of modern criticism, this theory retained its popularity up to recent times. The Merlin theory goes back to the first definite mention of Stonehenge in writing—that by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey's account was that the Saxon leader Hengist massacred by treachery many chiefs of the Britons at a conference on peace terms at Amber (Amesbury), and that later Uther Pendragon, the father of King Arthur, headed an expedition to Ireland, whence, with the aid of the magician Merlin, he brought back huge stones to build a memorial.

11 Brutus, grandson of Aeneas, was the legendary founder of Britain.

815 VERSES ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW

28 "Vitruvian symmetry," that is, symmetry achieved according to the rules of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, Roman architect under Caesar and Augustus, whose treatise *De architectura* had been the classic textbook of architectural theory and practice since the Renaissance.

816, 65-68 Reynolds himself, in his third *Discourse* (1770) had written "When the artist has by diligent attention acquired a clear and distinct idea of beauty and symmetry, when he has reduced the variety of nature to the abstract idea, his next task will be to become acquainted with the genuine habits of nature, as distinguished from those of fashion. For in the same manner, and on the same principles, as he has acquired the knowledge of the real forms of nature, distinct from accidental deformity, he must endeavour to separate simple chaste nature, from those adventitious, those affected and forced airs or actions, with which she is loaded by modern education." The peculiar qualities of Gothic art, though not strictly "modern," nevertheless were to most judges before the middle of the eighteenth century aspects of a merely local and temporary spirit in art, they represented an artistic feeling which, however quaint or romantic, did not rise to universal and timeless conceptions of beauty. Beginning in the 1740's or shortly before, a revulsion of taste had set in in certain quarters, with the result that many Englishmen (including Warton himself, see p 806, ll 196-210) had become enthusiastic admirers of Gothic buildings and had sought to justify their taste by insisting on the superior "naturalness" of the Gothic style as compared with the classical (see A. O. Lovejoy, "The first Gothic revival and the Return to Nature," *MLN*, XLVII [1932], 419-46). The present poem represents a return, on Warton's part, to the earlier and more exclusive taste.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

817. THE TIARS OF SCOTLAND

Dr Alexander Carlyle (1722-1805), a friend of Smollett, in his *Memoirs* (publ 1860), gave as the occasion of this poem the rumored English atrocities after the defeat of the Pretender at Culloden in April, 1746. He also seems to have meant to say that the poem was published in the same year. The *Gentleman's magazine* for July, 1746, advertised the publication of *The groans of Scotland*, which may have been Smollett's poem. The earliest extant text, however, is apparently a leaflet (undated) now in the Harvard Library, lacking the title page and showing some inferiorities to the standard version here given, but giving the present title on the first page of the text. In 1753 the poem was printed in *The union*. See H. S. Buck, *Smollett as poet* (New Haven, 1927), pp 21-29.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM

822. A LANDSCAPE.

The motto "Let my pleasure be the country, and the running streams among the dells" Virgil, *Georgica* II 485. The text given in the motto is inaccurate. For *irrigui* read *rigui*; for *omnes* read *amnes*.

JAMES GRAINGER

828. SOLITUDE.

9 Tadmor, or Palmyra, was an ancient city in the desert east of Syria. Modern European interest in its ruins dates from the visit of Dr William Halifax to the site in 1691. An elaborate study of the architecture was made by Wood and Hawkins, who published their results as *The ruins of Palmyra* (1753). Numerous other books on the history and remains had appeared in the interval.

829, 43 "Cean" Simonides, the Greek lyric poet, who was born on the island of Keos.

45 "Naso" The Roman poet Ovid.

51 Hagley was the ancestral estate of the Lyttelton family. See p 833, l 223, and note.

831, 130 "Ausonian" Italian.

131-33 Bion (*fl* 280 B.C.) and Moschus (*fl* 200 B.C.) were two Greek writers of pastoral elegy.

832, 185-86 Cf p 465, ll 267-68

833, 217 Socrates

223. The "Lord of Hagley" was George, first Baron Lyttelton (1709-73) He was both a scholar and an orator His effectiveness in speaking seems to have been hampered by his voice and appearance, he could be, however, very eloquent in set speeches

234 "Allen" Cf note to p 515, l 135 Brunswick was the name of the great German ruling family, to one branch of which, the Hanoverian, George II of England belonged

834, 245 Sir Philip Sidney died of a wound received at the battle of Zutphen (1586), where he had behaved with a heroic and perhaps extravagant disregard for his own safety

246 Anytus was one of the accusers of Socrates

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

835. THE TRAVELLER

The fifth paragraph of the dedicatory epistle has been thought to be an allusion to Charles Churchill. Churchill's *The farewell* had been published a few months before *The traveller* appeared (see note to p 877) Goldsmith's insistence (ll 63-80) on the falsity of the "patriot's boast," coupled with the remarks in this paragraph of the dedication, makes it a plausible theory that one impetus toward the publication (though not the writing) of the poem was a desire to answer Churchill Many of the ideas of the poem had been in Goldsmith's mind for some time (see R S Crane, *New essays by Oliver Goldsmith*, p xxxix), and, if Goldsmith's statement in the dedication may be believed, a portion of the text had been composed as early as 1754 or 1755, when the author was in Switzerland

844, 401-12 Cf p 860, ll 395-402

851. THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The parts of this poem best remembered and most often quoted are those relating to the village in its happy state The desertion of Auburn has been less valued and has been the cause of unfavorable comment for the inconsistency and unsoundness of its economic thought This second aspect of the poem, however, must not be forgotten if the poet's purpose is to be appreciated

Macaulay (see his article on Goldsmith in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th ed) thought two unrelated pictures had been incongruously joined "The village in its happy days is a true English village The village in its decay is an Irish village by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world" But Goldsmith himself had anticipated and answered this objection in the dedication of the poem itself There is no reason to doubt that Goldsmith's

purpose was to portray the effects of one aspect of the enclosure movement (see also the poem, ll 303-08, 395-402) His conviction of the reality and importance of that contemporary phenomenon should be evident Whether he exaggerated, and whether his condemnation of luxury is unsound economics, we do not have to decide

An essay in *Lloyd's evening post* for June 14-16, 1762, identified as Goldsmith's (see R S Crane, *New essays by Oliver Goldsmith*, pp 116-24), describes the eviction of the inhabitants of an English village, in terms similar to those of *The deserted village*, ll 371-84 The description is followed by this commentary ". . . I am informed that nothing is at present more common than such revolutions In almost every part of the kingdom the laborious husbandman has been reduced, and the lands are now either occupied by some general undertaker, or turned into enclosures destined for the purposes of amusement or luxury" Goldsmith's treatment of the subject of enclosures in this earlier piece should (if indeed any added evidence is needed) dispel the notion frequently held that *The deserted village* was an attack on the Industrial Revolution or a reminiscence of Ireland It is evident that the enclosures were what had interested him for several years before he wrote the poem, the selfish landlord, not the slave-driving manufacturer, was the object of attack

860, 418 "Torno," or Tornea, is a river in Sweden which flows into the Gulf of Bothnia Pambamarca is a mountain peak in Ecuador

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON, A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE

The Lord was a hearty, jovial Irishman of considerable wealth, who had Goldsmith as house-guest on many occasions, and whose sense of the comic Goldsmith enjoyed, though it was apparently far less subtle than Goldsmith's own

861, 16 "MR BURNE" Lord Clare's nephew

22 "MONROE'S" Dorothy Monroe, a famous beauty

25 "HIFF." Paul Hiffernan, a quarrelsome Irishman, and a hack-writer He had been a friend of Burke in his younger days, and was later a friend of Goldsmith The identity of the others mentioned is obscure

862, 71-72 The names in these lines are fictitious ones signed to articles appearing in newspapers of the day

THOMAS PERCY

868 THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

For the Shakespearean borrowings, see as follows ll 1-2, *The taming of the shrew*, IV, 1, ll 9-12, 18-21, 25-28, 57-60, 84, *Hamlet*, IV, v; ll 65-72, *Much ado about nothing*, II, iii.

CHARLES CHURCHILL

877. THE FAREWELL

Dated conjecturally July, 1764, by James Laver, ed., *The poems of Charles Churchill* (King's Printers edition, 1933), II, 388 See note to p 835

879, 105 Diogenes trod on Plato's robe, exclaiming, "Thus I trample under foot the pride of Plato" Plato replied, "Yes, and with greater pride, Diogenes"

880, 132 "N——" Sir Fletcher Norton, at this time Attorney General, was a persistent foe of Wilkes See note to p 886, l 419

136 "M——" The Earl of Mansfield was a brilliant lawyer, for whom Churchill had formerly expressed admiration He had, however, become hostile to Wilkes, thereby earning Churchill's enmity

886, 419 Not long before this poem was written, the papers of John Wilkes, Churchill's associate on the *North Briton*, an anti-ministerial journal, had been seized The person accused of the seizure was defended by testimony which brought the giver thereof under the charge of perjury, but the jury in Middlesex acquitted the supposed perjurer

887, 473 "the Company" The East India Company

491 Robert Clive was a director of the East India Company His military victory at Plassey, India, in 1757, had increased the Company's power to such an extent as to lead, in Churchill's view, to serious abuses

JAMES BEATTIE

903 THE MINSTREL BOOK I

534 This line has since been altered to read

"But on this verse if Montague should smile "

See Beattie's *Poetical works*, ed Dyce (London, 1894), p 32

ROBERT FERGUSSON

930 THE FARMER'S INGLE

The motto "—and first of all rendering gay the banquets with much wine before the hearth, if it shall be cold" Virgil, *Eclogae* v 69

GEORGE CRABBE

935. THE VILLAGE

Pastoral poetry was an integral part of the neo-classic tradition, and enjoyed much popularity in the early part of the eighteenth century. By the time Crabbe wrote *The village* pastoral-writing was a faded art, and Crabbe's strictures upon it could not have occasioned much surprise. Such poems as Gray's *Elegy* and Goldsmith's *Deserted village*, however, had served to keep alive some of the romanticism that had earlier been distinctive of the pastoral pieces.

Boswell reports (*Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill, IV, 175) that Samuel Johnson made several revisions in *The village* while it was in manuscript, and particularly notes that he revised ll. 15-20, which embody part of the well-known condemnation of pastorals. This report gains interest from the fact of Johnson's chronic dislike of the pastoral tradition. The references to pastoral poetry in Johnson's works are several, and none of them is without some measure of contempt. See, e.g., in the life of Milton: "Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping, and how one god asks another god what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell." In *Rasselas*, chap. xix, Johnson shows a group of shepherds whose life and way of thinking are far from the pastoral ideal, and makes the Princess comment "that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions, and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustick happiness."

WILLIAM COWPER

957 ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Selkirk was a sailor and adventurer, who, as a result of quarrelling aboard ship, was left on Juan Fernandez Island, four hundred miles out from Chile, for five years (1704-09). His experiences were retold in Captain Woodes Rogers's *A cruising voyage round the world* and Captain Edward Cooke's *A voyage to the south sea and round the world* (both 1712). Sir Richard Steele made him the subject of a paper in *The Englishman*, No. 26 (1713). It was apparently from these sources that Defoe drew the main ideas for *Robinson Crusoe*.

965 THE TASK BOOK I

Cowper suffered all his life from a tendency to melancholia, and his association with the Evangelical revival was not always

the best antidote A certain Lady Austen, whom Cowper knew during his later years, suggested that he take a lighter subject than he had been wont to write upon—to wit, a sofa (see ll 1-7)—and develop it in blank verse The suggestion he humorously styled his “task,” and treated it at the start in a mock-serious fashion, parodying the manner of Milton

967, 61 The “alderman” may have been either a debtor or trespasser, or a city water-bailiff The postern at Cripplegate was used, in different periods, for a prison and for the bailiff’s office

78 The “two kings of Brentford” appear in Buckingham’s famous farce at Dryden’s expense, *The rehearsal* (1672) They always enter together and do exactly the same things

971, 262 “Benevolus” was one John Courtenay Throckmorton, a great friend of Cowper

974, 413 ff Cf. p 748, ll 45-56

980, 700 Cf p 816, ll 45 ff

702 John Bacon was a very successful sculptor of Cowper’s day, who executed various public monuments and statues in London Two of these were of William Pitt the elder, first Earl of Chatham (see l 704)

988 Book III

258 Sir Matthew Hale was a great legal scholar and antiquarian of the seventeenth century, author of numerous works on law and religion

992, 453 “the Mantuan bard” Virgil

454 The “Grecian” is Homer, who was supposed to have written the mock epic entitled *The battle of the frogs and mice*

456 See p 313

997, 714-15 The reference is to King Ahasuerus and his queen, Vashti, mentioned in the Book of Esther Shushan was Ahasuerus’s capital

998, 766 Lancelot Brown (1715-83) was a famous landscape gardener

1000 SONNET TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ

Wilberforce was a philanthropist who spent a long parliamentary career in the interest of humane legislation This sonnet was occasioned by a partial success of Wilberforce in his long fight against slavery—the passage, in 1792, of a bill in the House of Commons providing for gradual abolition of the slave-trade The event was somewhat disappointing to the abolitionists, who had been fighting against the insertion of the word “gradually” into the bill (see Earl Stanhope, *The life of William Pitt* [London, 1861], II, 142-46) Wilberforce was a friend of John Newton, the evangelist and former slave-trader who dominated Cowper’s life for many years (see p 952, footnote)

THOMAS RUSSELL

1006 SONNET TO VALCLUSA

Valclusa was the place where Petrarca spent a number of years living a hermit's life and devoting himself to study and writing. He wrote the sonnets to Laura during this period.

SONNET SUPPOS'D TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS

3 "Great Pæan's Son." Hephaestus, the son of Zeus and Hera ("Pæan" was a surname applied to various gods), and the god of fire. He was thrown from Olympus by his mother when a child because of his frailty, and lived for nine years in a grotto by the sea (cf. ll. 2, 6). Later, he was thrown from Olympus a second time by Zeus during a quarrel, and landed upon the island of Lemnos in the Aegean. Russell appears to have combined these two incidents.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1017. THE BOOK OF THEL

Thel has been variously described, but the sum of all descriptions seems to be that she is humanity in a state of innocence, a pagan spirit who, in the words of Swinburne, "feeds upon the sorrow that comes of beauty, the heathen weariness of heart, that is sick of life because death will come" (*William Blake, a critical essay* [new ed., New York, 1906], p. 222). Through conversing with the Lily, the Cloud, and the Worm, she learns that "the secret of creation is sacrifice, the very act of growth is a sacrament, and through this eternal generation in which one life is given for another and shed into new veins of existence, each thing is redeemed from perpetual death by perpetual change" (*ibid.*, pp. 223-24). All this is given in the first three parts of the poem. In life as so far pictured, on an idyllic plane, the ethic of humility is pleasant enough. But when Thel goes on to inquire into the meaning of life and death, and sees the misery of life as it actually is, all complacency is lost in terror. The voice from the pit offers only problems, no solution. The poem thus ends enigmatically, the only conclusion seeming to lie in the cryptic "motto" at the beginning. The meaning of life is not easily found, the sources of knowledge are obscure, the means of expressing it subject to confusion. Concerning the symbolism of the last two lines, the following statement is given in Edwin J. Ellis, *The real Blake* (New York, 1907), p. 156: "*Silver* is, in his [Blake's] system, the metal of heart's love, *Gold*, of mind's enthusiasm."

1021. THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

Blake's Satanistic pose must not be taken literally. He is speak-

ing ironically and in paradox. He puts himself in the Devil's party because what he really believes to be the good is what the conventionally religious call evil. His view of life is essentially dynamic ("energy is the only life," "energy is eternal delight," etc.), perpetual conflict and resolution he postulates as necessary to any development of the human spirit. The title of the piece reflects this idea of the meeting of opposites. It is an allusion to Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*, in which the orthodox view was expressed that evil must be put down if good is to prevail. Accepting the usual senses of those terms, Blake violently disagreed, and affected to be on the Devil's side, as a means of showing his contempt for the spiritual deadness, the hypocrisy which he saw in conventional morality and religion. This satire is only a mask, however, for a profoundly religious feeling. Here he is being negative: conventions and laws are tyranny, man must have free expression of his impulses if he is to realize himself. But in his work as a whole, Blake presented a positive view of the nature of man, of the world, of the universe, though in symbolism not easy to follow.

ROBERT BURNS

1051. THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

The "R A ——" of the inscription was Robert Aiken (see also l. 8 of the poem), who saw genius in Burns's work before it had become known to the public. Burns once referred to Aiken as "a great critic of songs."

1056. TO A MOUSE

Cf p. 1107, ll. 119 ff. In Burns, however, the sensibility pose is far from extreme.

1063. EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK

John Lapraik was a Scottish poet, about sixty years old when this poem was written. Burns apparently regarded him as a fine exemplar of Scottish genius. The song (see stanza 3) which had aroused Burns's admiration for Lapraik's "spark of nature's fire" was called "When I upon thy bosom lean." The fact that it closely resembles a poem published anonymously in *Ruddiman's magazine* (1773) entitled "When on thy bosom I recline," has made Lapraik's piece look like rank plagiarism. It is possible, however, that Lapraik wrote both poems. (See Burns's *Works*, ed. Henley and Henderson [1896], I, 380-81.)

WRITERS FOR THE ANTI-JACOBIN

1100. THE ANTI-JACOBIN, OR, WEEKLY EXAMINER. This periodical ran during 1797-98, at the time when English political opinion was bitterly divided over the activities of republican

France. The liberals were inclined to apologize for the military aggressiveness shown by the French under Napoleon, but the ministry, headed by William Pitt the younger, held stoutly to the position that Napoleon was threatening the peace and safety of Europe. Needing the assistance of one capable of offsetting the eloquence of the liberal element, Pitt managed to enlist George Canning, whom Byron has described as "a genius—almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman." Canning conceived the idea of the *Anti-Jacobin*, a pot-pourri of prose and verse aimed at making ridiculous the whole intellectual basis of the French Revolution. William Gifford, later famous as an editor of the *Quarterly review*, became editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Prominent among the contributors were John Hookham Frere and George Ellis (see pp 1100 ff, footnotes). For some new light on the authorship of the individual pieces, see Owen E. Holloway in the *Review of English studies*, X (1934), 3-4.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE GRINDER

The clumsiness of the meter in this poem is intentional. The authors were burlesquing a poem by Robert Southey entitled "The widow," in which the Sapphic meter had been employed very ineptly, in their opinion. In strict Sapphic meter, the first two lines of the present poem would have to be accented as follows:

*Needy knife-grinder*¹ whither *are* you going?

Rough is the road, your wheel is *out* of order—

1101, 38 "*universal philanthropy*" Cf p 1106, ll 89-114

1102 THE PROGRESS OF MAN, CANTO TWENTY-THIRD

Numbers XV and XVI of the *Anti-Jacobin* contained fragments of the "first canto" of this poem. The editor affected unwillingness to print the poem entire, because of various criticisms. The piece is a burlesque of Richard Payne Knight's *Progress of civil society* (1796).

1 "Southern Seas." This "canto" treats of arguments against marriage which the *Anti-Jacobin* attributed to the Revolutionaries and their English sympathizers. The arguments are based on one variety of the popular primitivism of the eighteenth century—the idealization of life as it was supposed to be led in the South Sea isles. Cf note to p 749.

6 James Cook, on his first voyage of exploration, made with several scientists aboard, arrived at Tahiti in 1769. His findings there, as interpreted by London popularizers, gave fresh life to the age-old and always enticing theme of the happy isles in the west. In London, interest in the South Sea Islands was raised to a high point by the arrival in 1776 of Omai, an Otaheitan savage. Omai appears to have been an affable and not unintelligent young man, and London society made much of him. He attained the dignity of an allowance from George III and of portraits by various artists, including Sir Joshua Reynolds. See C. B. Tinker, *Nature's simple plan*, pp 75 ff.

1103, 48 The editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* annotates this line as follows: "A beautiful figure of German literature The Hottentots remarkable for staring at each other—God knows why"

THE ROVERS, OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT SONG BY ROGERO

The writers of this piece saw a connection between the emotional extravagances of German romantic literature and the subversive ideas of the Revolution—both characterized by "a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance,—an aspiration after shapeless somethings that can neither be described nor understood" (see the *Anti-Jacobin*, No XXX) In this burlesque on German drama, Rogero is a high-minded youth held captive by tyrannical authority

1104. NEW MORALITY

The number of the *Anti-Jacobin* in which this poem appeared was the final one, so that the poem is a sort of valedictory It is a fair collection of the general themes and personal attacks which characterized the magazine throughout its career Representative of the vigorous conservatism of its writers is the rough handling of Louvet the political litterateur (l 261) and of Madame de Stael the prophet of German life and culture to the rest of Europe (l 295), for the private scandals which, in conservative opinion, showed the true corrupt nature of the new order Representative, also, is the attempt to condemn in one sweep such diverse characters as Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Priestley, Paine, Godwin, and Holcroft (see ll 336-45)

1105, 29 "G—ff—rd" William Gifford

31-32 Cf the motto prefixed to Gifford's satire *The Bavard*

43 "the nameless Bard" T J Mathias, teacher to the family of King George III

1107, 143 This line is an allusion to the episode in Laurence Sterne's *A sentimental journey*, the section entitled "Nampont The dead ass," in which a man sits down beside a road and weeps over the carcass of a dead donkey

1109, 233-34 This couplet alludes to La Fayette, imprisoned at Olmutz General Fitzpatrick (see l 236) made a speech on his behalf to the House of Commons, in which he moved that Commons demand from the Emperor of Germany the release of La Fayette This speech is described in ll 237-48

1110, 247 "C—w—n" Curwen

248 "St A—dr—w" St Andrew

254 "C—rtn—y" Courtenay

1111, 316 "Lepaux" Louis-Marie de la Réveillère-Lépeaux was one of the five members of the Directory of France, which came into existence in 1795 The others were Rewbell (see l 303), Barras (see l 302), Carnot, and Letourneur La Réveillère was the leader of a new sect, the Theophilanthropists, who were bitter foes to other religions, and to the Catholic Church in particular When he was at the height of his power, La Réveillère turned

many churches into Theophilanthropic temples Besides being a religious fanatic, he was an ardent Republican and Jacobin in spirit Though possibly the most powerful member of the Directory for a time, he was forced, in 1799, to resign his office

336 "C—dge" Coleridge. "S—th—y" Southey "L—d" Lloyd "L—be" Lamb

338 "Pr—tl—y" Priestley "W—f—ld" Wakefield

340 "Th—lw—l" Thelwall

1112, 345 "W—ll—ms" Williams. "G—dw—n" Godwin "H—lcr—ft" Holcroft

346, 352, 353 The editor annotated the blanks thus "The Reader is at liberty to fill up the blanks according to his own opinion, and after the chances and changes of the times It would be highly unfair to hand down to posterity as followers of *Leviathan*, the names of men who may, and probably will soon, grow ashamed of their leader "

